

THE *Journal*

O R.

Rational AMUSEMENT;

BEING

A Series of LETTERS, PHILOSOPHICAL,
POETICAL, HISTORICAL, CRITICAL,
AMOROUS, MORAL, and SATYRICAL.

WHEREIN

Are introduc'd a great Variety of instructive and
delightful Incidents, both in Prose and Verse.

Among those of the Entertaining KIND, are,

The Story of ALONZO and ELVIRA, — of TORQUATUS and MELISSA — of BELINDA and ADOLPHUS. Remarkable Story of a *Scottish* Lady, — another of a Divine who married a Shrew.

History of SOPHRONIA, — of
PHAON and ELIZA — of
HONORIA and MYRTILLO.
— of CELADON.

Adventures of a Foot-Boy.

Pleasant Story of a *Romish*
Monk, — of Pope INNO-
CENT XI.

A strange Story of a Turkish
Slave.

An odd Story of a Criminal
in the Inquisition, — Re-
markable Accident in a
Conclave.

A short History of the Mounts
of Piety, or *legal Lumber
Houses*.

Story of a pretended Magician
at *Naples*, — an *Indian*
Tale, &c. &c.

POETRY.

A Birth-Day ODE, — Verses on the Power of LOVE. — The Bracelet, a POEM, — Life, an Elegiac POEM, — Verses on HOPE, in the Manner of *Spencer*. — An Instance of *British* POETRY. 1200 Years old, — A Specimen of *Saxon* POETRY, — of *Danish* POETRY, — and several Specimens from various Nations — Verses by a Jesuit on the Death of his Cat, — A POEM in the Manner of *PHÆDRUS*, &c.

L O N D O N:

Printed and Sold by JOHN ATKINSON, in *Lincoln's-Inn*; S. BIRT, in *Ave-Mary-Lane*; JOHN HINTON, in *Pauls-Church-Yard*; J. MARSHALL, in *Newgate-Street*; JOHN CLARK, in *Duck-Lane*; GEO. STRAHAN, in *Cornhill*; T. HARRIS, and J. HODGES, on *London-Bridge*; and T. WRIGHT, in *Exeter-Change*.



To be given

The Duties of



BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

approaching
 In this light therefore, my
 section of the most illustrious Per-
 sons of the Kingdom, the Pro-
 Right to such as publish
 Force of a Law, gives a
 USTOM which hath the



To her GRACE

The DUTCHESS of

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.



USTOM which hath the
Force of a Law, gives a
Pretence at least, if not a
Right, to such as publish
their Writings of seeking the Pro-
tection of the most illustrious Per-
sons. In this Light therefore, my
approaching

DEDICATION.

approaching your GRACE is very natural, since I could scarce have found elsewhere, so noble a Patron.

THE Subject of these Sheets, was as strong an Inducement. I was apprehensive the World might think I set the Character of Female Perfection too high, and that what I offered was rather an Idea than a Picture. To remove this Objection my sole Resource was this Dedication, since even the present Age, bad as it is, universally allows, that in every Part of Life, in the most arduous, as well as the most happy Circumstances, your GRACE hath shewn all the Virtues which can adorn, without betraying, any of those Weaknesses incident to your
Sex

DEDICATION.

Sex. If all this should not avail to excuse this Presumption in a Stranger, I must rely on that Clemency, which is natural to your Family, and which has rendered it more glorious than all its Titles, though these were the most resplendent which the Great, in this World can boast.

I am,

May it please your GRACE,

7 OCT 63

Your GRACE's most Humble

and most devoted Servant,

The

without betraying, my

those Weaknesses incident to your

Sex

THE AUTHOR.



THE PREFACE.



HERE is no Sort of Literature, in which Forreigners value their own Authors more, and ours less, than in this of Letters, and therefore I think no kind of Writing deserves Encouragement so much. In the past Age, we had some valuable Productions in Point of Business, such as the Letters; of Lord Bacon, and Sir William Temple. Some too, calculated purely to please, such as Mr. Howel's, which, take them all together, are at least, nothing inferior to any that have been furnished us by Translators. Of late Years, we have had many Collections of Letters, none of which I incline to mention, because I cannot commend them, and to speak the Truth, which I think, a Man ought always to do when he speaks to the Public; if I had not disliked them, the World had never seen these.

HERE are two Extremes, fatal to most who have written in this Way. The first, an Affectation of



The P R E F A C E. vii

of writing in a sublime Stile, and swelling, even the Prose of their Letters, into a Kind of Poetry, which is always unnatural and frequently ridiculous. I have known a Writer of this Cast, well pleased with being thought obscure, and who valued nothing so much, as putting the Reader's Understanding to the utmost Stretch. On the other Hand, there have been Writers, who to avoid Bombast, have sunk into a mean Stile, and mistaking Buffonery for Freedom, have written such low Descriptions, and employed such base Language, as rendered their Works very unfit for young People to peruse. It is equally wrong for a Man to think of running upon House-tops, or walking in the Kennels, when the Street is broad enough, and the proper Place for him to move in.

TWO Things are principally to be regarded in Letters; the Nature of the Subject, and the Character of the Person who writes. A Billet to a Lady, and a Letter of Business, require very different Stiles, neither does it become a Man of Years and Gravity, to use those Turns of Wit, and free Strokes of Humour, which would look extremely well in an Epistle from his Son. In one Word, in this, as in all other Kind of Writings, Nature ought to be our great Guide, whatever is forced and affected, whatever is above or below what is natural; must be unpleasant. This is the Reason that many judge well of a bad Book, who are incapable of writing better themselves.

Com-

viii *The* P R E F A C E.

Common Sense is the Conscience of the Understanding, and when a Man reads, what Shocks it, he cannot help being displeased.

THE following Sheets contain a very great Variety, and this I can say for them with Certainty, that there is nothing in them can sully the purest Mind, or offend the chastest Ear. The first Book contains a Novel in a Series of Letters, which have nothing in them wonderful beyond Belief, or passionate beside the Bounds of Reason. It is usual for a Lover, not to have the free Exercise of his Senses, but Men of solid Understanding do not make their Court to their Mistresses by turning Ideots. Those who have dealt in Romances, carry Things to an extravagant Height, and introduce such a Purity of Affection, as is incompatible with our Nature. Others again, give into grosser Conceptions, and write in a Language much too strong for the Perusal of Persons of nice Taste. After all, the true Delicacy of Love is a Thing not easy to be described; It does not certainly consist in treating Ladies, as if they were Goddesses, and yet a polite Man will scarce be brought to believe that the Object of his Wishes, is a mere Woman. There is something in the Sex, superior to ours, and whatever some Brutes may fancy, though we are certainly necessary to them, yet by Nature, we are not above them. Our Complaisance for them, is so far from being a Foible, that it is a Virtue, to which we
owe

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owe the most amiable Qualities we have, and the most solid Happiness we possess.

THE second Book exhibits the free Commerce of two Friends, who chuse to entertain each other, on such Subjects as may instruct as well as please, and render even the Circumstance of their Separation not altogether disagreeable. Few Books of Travels are written with true Judgment, for many are so partial to their own Country, and its Inhabitants, that every Thing Abroad appears ridiculous; and again, there want not others, who from a Spirit of Singularity, affect the Manners of all Nations, but their own, To see without Surprise, and write without Partiality, shews the Wisdom of a Traveller; and if this does not appear in the following Description of Naples, it was because, I was willing to indulge a natural Foible, rather than tire my Readers with too uniform a Discourse.

LETTERS of a Moral and OEconomical Nature, take up the third Book. The Affairs of private Life not only concern most Men, but in Truth concern us most, and yet by an unaccountable Desire of employing our Parts on more sublime Subjects, we daily see new Arts of War, and of Government, while the Art of passing thro' private Life in Peace and Honour, is little consider'd, and less understood. The Occurrences mentioned in this Part of the Volume, are not only natural, but such as are common;

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and the Reason which induced me to chuse them was plainly this, because I saw People much to seek even in these Occurrences every Day, and very rarely observed any Propensity in Friends to run the Hazard of losing a useful Acquaintance, for the Sake of giving plain and unpleasant Advice. These are Evils I have studied to correct, and if in any Respect I have failed, I hope the judicious Reader, out of Regard to my good Intentions, will excuse any Deficiency in the Performance, or which is better, supply it to the utmost of his Power.

THE Design of the Fourth Book is to prove, that Men of Genius may make a contemplative Life in the Country, useful to the Public, as well as agreeable to themselves. The Accounts we have hitherto had of English Poets, have generally begun with an Apology for the Barrenness of those Times, of which these Letters treat. Now to me, this seemed always a Cover for Idleness; and because I found the greatest Part of my Acquaintance of another Opinion, I took this Opportunity of vindicating our Ancestors, and of offering some free Thoughts on ancient and modern Poetry to the View of the Public.

THE fifth is a Prosecution of the Scheme laid down in the fourth Book, the Subject being changed from Poetry to History; and if in any of these Letters, the

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the Thoughts appear more rational, and of greater Utility than in other Parts of the Book, I must freely own, they were owing to the Conversation of the Author of the British Librarian, a Person with whom it is impossible to spend an Evening without being wiser for it, as long as one lives.

THE Philosophical Letters in the last Book are intended to shew how some Passions may be regulated, and how some Notions, which though very erroneous, are but too common, may be corrected by the Application of the Lights of Experience, according to the Rules of good Sense. The last Letter is designed to shew the Use of Epistolatory Correspondence, and on the Plan laid down in these Letters to account for their Publication. The whole is an Attempt to reconcile Usefulness with Variety, and to amuse and instruct in the most familiar Way. How this is performed, I leave to the Censure of the World, without any great Concern; for he who means well, has a sufficient Consolation, even supposing his Endeavours should not be well received, which I must confess, is a Case I have seldom seen, it being commonly the self Conceit of an Author, which inclines him to impute the Effects of his own Ignorance to the Ingratitude of a thankless World; whereas the Writer who is not conscious of deserving Censure is not apt to fear it.

SELECT

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SELECT
EPISTLES,
OR THE
Rational AMUSEMENT.

BOOK I.
LETTER I.
FLORIMOND to EMELIA.

FAIR ONE,



F you meant last Night to be extremely malicious, you certainly succeeded; you distinguished yourself by severe Reflections on our Sex, and you distinguished me by pointing all those Reflections against a very trivial Expression, which drop'd from me by Chance. Well, Madam, you railed at Men, but I don't believe Mankind are much affected with it; you have mortified your Admirer, meerly because he is so, is not this playing the Tyrant? They say the late Emperor of *Morocco* used to
B threaten

threaten all the Princes of *Europe*, but they did not much regard it, because they were out of his Reach; but when he threatened his Slaves they trembled like me, because they were at the Tyrant's Mercy.

You twice mention'd *Alonzo* to that most humane Lady, who put you upon declaiming; shall I ask you who that *Alonzo* was? Perhaps some Tale hangs by it, not unlike that which the Spectator tells us of *Yarico* and *Inkle*; but grant it so, or worse, it only proves that there are Monsters among Men, and not that Men are Monsters. You may doubtless, if you will ransack all your Novels and Romances, pick up a hundred Instances of Falshood, Treachery, and Baseness; but of what Use they will be to you when they are pick'd up I cannot say, unless it should be to encourage you in the laudable Project of either turning Nun Abroad, or living an old Maid at Home.

Believe me, Madam, Men of Honour think as contemptibly of bad Men, as any of you can do; they scorn to undertake their Defence, and therefore it is Cruelty to upbraid them with Stories of their Misdeeds; their Faults regard not them, why then should their Punishment? That they are Men as well as we, is true; but that we are as bad as they, for that very Reason, would be an odd Inference.

*Two' Man to Man must ever be ally'd,
As of one Mass alike in Birth and Death;
Still, in their Worth, Men differ much from Men.
So of one Matter Stones are all compos'd,
Yet on the Gravel with Contempt we tread;
While Diamonds glitter on the Brows of Kings.*

Be

*Be it your Pride still to distinguish Worth,
And mine, to aim at Worth, that you may prize.*

St. Edmonds-Bury,
Tuesday Evening.

Your faithful

FLORIMOND.



LETTER II.

To FLORIMOND.

Good Grave SIR,

I Have read your Epistle, which is indeed a very moral and a very rational Discourse; only methinks it is a little too solemn, considering the Subject was a Woman's Wit. I grant you that I was a little malicious, and that it is fit you should know something of the Story of *Alonzo*; I wou'd fain put you in good Humour, if I could; and therefore I will first tell you the Tale, and then say a Word or two of the Occasion of it.

Last Summer, there was a fine Gentleman from *London* lodg'd in our Neighbourhood; by Degrees he became known to several Families hereabouts, and among the rest to a Clergyman's of my Acquaintance. The Doctor's eldest Daughter was a Wit; she had read whole Shelves full of Romances, spelt better than most of her Sex, and ventur'd now and then to make Verses; our *Londoner*, whose Taste turn'd the same Way, was mightily smitten with her. To cut my Story short,

short, an Amour was commenc'd, Billets pass'd between them, which were sign'd by him *Alonzo*, and by her *Elvira*; one of them fell into her Father's Hands, who show'd it to my Mother, and as Women are communicative, myself and that humane Lady, as you call her, got a Sight of it; it's ending I shall never forget, thus it ran:

*Our Fondness, sweet One, shall at length become
Love's Standard; so that future Folks shall say,
When they wou'd paint a Passion pure and bright,
They're faithful as Alonzo and Elvira.*

The Doctor, who, it seems, did not understand this sort of Preaching, sent his Daughter into *Oxfordshire*, upon which *Alonzo* fell so ill, that his Relations thought proper to send for him up to *London*; but my Brother who is come from thence last Week informs me, that by the Help of the Town Air, and the Town Diversions, he recover'd so effectually in six Weeks, that he compleated a Match his Mother had made for him, with a rich *Haberdasher's* Daughter he had never seen till he came to Town; and this without the least Enquiry after *Elvira*, or his Mother's Handmaid *Susanna*, with whom he wou'd certainly have contracted Matrimony, if he had not been happily banished into our Part of *Suffolk*.

This, *Florimond*, is the Story of *Alonzo*, in which I believe you will see nothing shining or uncommon; nothing of the Wonderful that *Eliza* tells me was in the Story of the *North British* Lady, who died so strangely on her Wedding Night; which with a sober Face, and a Train of curious Circumstances, you were pleas'd to tell at our Tea-Table, the Day I went with my Aunt

to *Cambridge*. Indeed, Sir, it had a mighty happy Effect, the whole Family was full of it when I came Home, and old Nurse began to tell it with Tears, when she went to conduct us to Bed; what View you had in frightening so many innocent Females I know not, but supposing myself some way concern'd, I confess my Intention to mortify, t'other Night. I wou'd not hear your Story from Nurse or *Harriot*, so write it as you dread the Frown

Of your Tyrant,

EMELIA.

P.S. *How well your Lines describe a Woman's Life,
Unwed a Gem, a Pebble when a Wife!*



LETTER III.

FLORIMOND to EMELIA.

FAIR ONE,

IN Love and in Loyalty, Obedience is always the best Expression of Duty; I shall therefore send you the Story you are pleased to treat me so severely upon, and, in spite of your Raillery, am very well pleased you would not receive it from another Hand. Your hopeful Cousin, who is always doing me one good Turn or other, introduced a Discourse of the unlucky Consequen-

ces which sometimes attended Breaches of Faith in Love; I am now persuaded she did it maliciously, but at that Time look'd upon it as an innocent and casual Topick, on which it is very possible I might talk with more than usual Warmth.

*Words of themselves with easy Current flow,
When we discourse of Things that well we know,
But when the Heart impels 'tis then they run,
Like Torrents over Mountains rolling down,
Where much of Haste and little Judgment's shewn.* }

After this short Excuse, perhaps you will think my Tale not so absurd; and as to its being incredible, all I can say of it is, that I had it from the Mouth of a Gentleman of great Worth and Honour, who would not have uttered a Falshood knowingly, as he must have done if this had been so. A Lady in *Scotland*, of a great Family, had, with the Consent of her Relations, promised Marriage to a Gentleman of equal Birth, and afterwards for Reasons best known to herself broke her Promise, which I conceive was not much for her Reputation, and thereby broke his Heart; such is the Force of manly Passion! Some Years afterwards, the Lady made a second Promise, which, to shew she would not be true even to Inconstancy, she kept; the Wedding was celebrated at her Father's House, who entertained his own and the Bridegroom's Relations, in a Dining Room under the Nuptial Bed-chamber; when Night was come, and the married Pair were put to Bed, the Company returned to this Dining Room, disposed to continue their Mirth for some Hours; long they had not been there, before a great Noise was heard above; for some Time the
Lady's

Lady's Father would not suffer any Body to go up, but it encreasing, himself and another Gentleman went to the Chamber Door, and receiving no Answer on repeated Calls to the Bridegroom, they broke open the Door; then it was they discover'd the most dismal Spectacle that can be imagin'd, the young Gentleman in strong Convulsions on the Floor, the Lady sitting up in her Bed with her Head leaning on her Arm, but without Life, and almost without Heat. This, Madam, is the Story as I heard it without Exaggeration, and leave you to judge how applicable it was to the Subject talk'd of, and what Right I had to bring it in.

You will forgive me, Madam, if, after so melancholly a Relation, I conclude this Letter somewhat more gravely than usual. Marriage is a very serious Thing, and I never knew any Body trifle with it, without finding Cause to repent such a Conduct: This is the true Reason why I cannot be so gay as perhaps some other of your Admirers; but this I hope will not draw either my Sincerity, or my good Nature into Question; the former is seldom pointed out by laughing, and the latter, when attended with Levity, is not so much a good Quality as a Weakness. This I know, that in all Tempers I am, and always shall be,

Your devoted Servant,

FLORIMOND.



LETTER IV.

EMELIA to FLORIMOND.

My sober LOVER,

I HAVE receiv'd and read with great Edification your last Epistle; but as you are a Man of Verse, I wonder you did not digest it into a Ballad, under the Title of, *The broken Vow, or the false Lady's Fall*, To the Tune of *Aim not too high, Grim King of the Ghost*, or, *The Children in the Wood*. But now I think on't, Mr. Dryden has a Tale to this Purpose, and a very moving one it is; so you chose to write in Prose, to avoid contending with so great a Master. Indeed you are very modest, for had you gone about it, I am verily persuaded you wou'd have out-done him, at least in Moral Reflections.

*For when the Heart the Tongue doth teach,
Then we with mighty Success preach;
Conjure up good old Womens Fears,
Till out they burst in Sighs and Tears.*

I protest I am so affected with your Story, that I think I could attempt something myself in the same Taste, if *William* and *Margaret* did not stand in my Way. Besides, there's the old Ballad of *The wand'ring Prince of Troy*, and *Patient Grizzel*, tho' as to any Thing in Prose, as solemn and as well attested as your Relation, I confess I know

know not where to meet with it ; but assure you I will most industriously enquire for such a one among all the ancient Ladies of my own and my Mother's Acquaintance ; I did but mention my Mother, and here she is.

You Lovers are a sort of Fools, always unlucky in your Prophecies ; here is some Mischief brewing in the Family, but I know not what ; Mamma has made me a tedious Sermon on Decorum, Quality, and what she calls laudable Ambition. What she aims at I cannot with all my Penetration discover ; but this I am convinced of, that it bodes us no Good ; for she told me she would persuade my Father not to go to your Uncle's in the Holidays as he promised, but I believe that will be a hard Task ; for as our old Gentleman seldom gives his Word, so I never knew him break it.

It is very possible I may not have an Opportunity of writing to you again in haste, I mean directly ; for I shall always find a Method of corresponding, by a Way you little thought of, that is, by the Means of my hopeful Cousin as you call her ; she is so far from being your Enemy, that she is the only Person I can trust in this Affair, and never rallied you with any other View than to make your Sincerity more apparent. See, Sir, another Stroke of Female Politics, and rest satisfied that Women are inscrutable. As to that, you may think it as long as you please ; but as to Female Sincerity, I don't know what to say, methinks I would not have you entertain any Doubt about it ; if I were in better Temper, perhaps I should give you some Reasons ; as it is, believe it for the Sake of,

EMELIA.

LETTER



LETTER V.

FLORIMOND to EMELIA.

Mistress of my Heart,

I HAVE always admired, however charming your Person, the Perfections of your Mind, rather than that Bloom of Beauty which may be in the Power of Accident, and must feel that of Age; but your Conduct and that of your Cousin's, have, as you judiciously remark, given me such an Idea of Female Policy, that to speak ingeniously, sets it above another kind of Policy that I am acquainted with; for if to be always successful, if always to surprize, if to penetrate all Things, and to remain undiscovered by all Persons, constitute true Policy, then to me it would not seem strange, if all the Empires of the Earth were govern'd by Women; and perhaps, if the Curtains of all Cabinets were drawn, it might not prove more strange than true.

The Steadiness you express, and the Assurances given me by your Cousin, leave me nothing to fear, but that ill Fortune may oppress so many good Qualities; and that, while I admire their Beauty, I may be driven to deplore the Occasion of seeing them display'd. I am led to these grave Reflections by an Accident that has happen'd, not only within the Compass of my Knowledge, but almost under my Eye. There lives in this Neighbourhood a Lady almost as accomplish'd as yourself;

yourself, and not above three Years older ; she is the Wife of a Gentleman of Distinction, and the Daughter of a Man, who, when living, was of still greater Distinction. Her Husband, who is not less sensible, or less good natur'd than young Gentlemen usually are, hath lately taken it into his Head to keep a Mistress, and to keep her with *Eclat*, a Woman inferior to his Wife in Person, in Temper, and in good Sense ; but she abounds with that sort of intemperate Wit which becomes Ladies of her Profession, and which has captivated this unhappy young Man, in a Manner which differs little from what the common People call Witchcraft.

Under this Misfortune, and sure a greater could not well happen, *Sophronia*, so I chuse to call his Wife, behaves with a Discretion which charms all the World, and surprizes even her nearest Relations ; perhaps I cannot paint her Conduct better than by repeating what a Libertine, who is one of her Husband's Companions, said of her, *The Woman is so very good, that she may place the Man in the worse Light.* It is impossible for me to tell you what a Noise this Affair makes, or how great a Reputation *Sophronia* has obtain'd, by what would have lessen'd a Woman's Character who had fallen short of her in Prudence. At another Time perhaps I should have been cautious of telling you such a Story ; but I fancy we have done with Raillery, and my Heart is so full of my own Affairs, that I should have wrote you a very dull Epistle, if this Episode had not fallen in my Way. May that Providence which delights in Innocence, and is never deficient in protecting Virtue, watch over you in all your Actions, and prevent you from suffering by the ill Qualities of others,

others, as I am confident you will never be in Danger from any Errors of your own. Forgive this Solemnity, which is the Effect of that Sincerity wherewith I am, and shall be,

Ever yours,

FLORIMOND.



LETTER VI.

EMELIA *to* FLORIMOND.

My sober LOVER,

THE great Mystery is at length come out, and I can write you now a full and true Account of Mamma's prudent Circumspection, and of her saucy Daughter's Folly and Obstinacy. You must know, that in the next Street there lodges a Baronet, and his eldest Son and Heir, the young Gentlemen every Body agrees hath a good Person, and better Sense; but the Father is said to be deficient in all kind of Knowledge, except what relates to the Respect due to his Title, which no Body in the *Heralds-Office* knows so well. To support the Grandeur of his Family, he has less'n'd very considerably his paternal Estate; and it is propos'd that my Father shall Mortgage his, in order to increase my Fortune, so as to render me a proper Match for his Son: This is the Scheme form'd by my Mother, in Concert with the Knight's

Knight's House-keeper. Don't fall into your Raptures again about Female Policy, nor into Despair, least this Scheme, silly as it is, should take Effect; but have the Goodness to appear indifferent, and for once to disguise your Temper, hereafter I will assign you my Reasons; at present I have a Right to Obedience, and therefore I say dissimble, because it is my Will.

I am oblig'd to you for your News, because among other Precautions, Mamma has interdicted going abroad, for how long a Time I know not; I have since heard the same Tale from another Hand. Well, *Sophronia* is a wiser Woman than I, and bears with Patience what I am persuaded would go near to deprive me of mine; shall I tell you my Sentiments freely, *Florimond*? Perhaps *Sophronia* was too Prudent. I fancy that Men are not always charm'd with these regular Ladies, who move like the Spheres harmoniously indeed, but by Rules incomprehensible to common Understandings; who are so long in their Closets, so long at their Toilet, sit so long after Dinner, and, in short, are at every Thing so long and no longer. Variety is always pleasing, and for my Part I the less wonder at the Giddiness of *Sophronia's* Husband, when I consider how tedious the Motions of my regular Aunt have seemed to myself. If you will trust me, *Florimond*, this Sameness in Conduct is meer Affectation, or else springs from a Deficiency of good Sense, which puts a Woman on supplying that by Habit which she wants in Abilities, if the Furniture of a Female Mind may be honour'd with that Name.

The Character, you give the Enchantress, makes my Conjecture the more probable; for what besides the Inclination of seeing something
more

more than the same Thing over again could induce a Man to leave a Woman of Virtue, for a Woman void even of its Appearance. It was certainly a wrong and a precipitate Choice ; but, *Florimond*, let us avoid the Rock upon which others strike, and rather bear with the Frailties incident even to the best Natures, than attempt by a studied Disguise, to appear Persons without Failings, *a faultless Monster which the World ne'er saw*, as one of your favourite Writers expresses it ; at least this is the Sentiment of

E M E L I A.

P. S. To divert you a little (for you must know I have the Vanity to think you are melancholy) I send you the following Verses written on my Cousin's Birth-Day, by her Admirer PHAON, who is said to have a good Vein in Poetry.

TO ELIZA on her BIRTH-DAY.

An ODE.

I.

Hear, Heaven, on this propitious Day!
O bear ! and on the Nymph bestow
Whate'er may make her blest'd and gay,
For whom my Verse and Wishes flow.

II.

Let ev'ry Morn of her dear Life
Be mild and fair, and bright as she ;
Free from all Clouds of Care or Strife,
And sweet to her as she to me.

III. Long

III.

*Long let Mankind her Charms admire,
And longer still her Virtues prize;
Late may her Seraph Soul retire,
To join its kindred in the Skies.*

IV.

*For me, whose only boast is Love.
O grant me leisure to adore!
Let Time, our mutual Flames improve,
Compleatly blest'd, I ask no more.*

V.

*Be Wealth, on Citizens bestow'd,
To Soldiers, grant a deathless Name,
Let STATESMEN, shake of Envy's Load,
And rise in Power, and rise in Fame.*

VI.

*Unmov'd, in their superior Spheres,
I shall, these mighty great Ones see;
Nor warm'd with Hopes, nor chill'd with Fears,
Who LOVES, from other Cares is free.*

LET-





LETTER VIII.

FLORIMOND to EMELIA.

Charming WOMAN.

THE Desire I have, rather to amuse your Melancholy than to increase it, engages me to be more assiduous in picking up little Stories to divert you, than would otherwise become me. A spreader of Scandal is a detestable Character ; yet to moralize on the Incidents in private Life, is just and reasonable. But to put off Reflections and come to my Tale.

Torquatus, is a Man of Title, Family and Fortune, he is said, to have a solid Understanding, and therewith a great deal of good Nature. He married lately *Melissa*, the Sister of a Man of Quality, a Woman of Sense, Spirit and obliging Behaviour. Their might not be much Love in their coming together ; but it was a matrimonial Bargain of the best Sort. *Torquatus* was ambitious of being ally'd to a Peer ; *Melissa* found no Fault with his Person ; her Brother, and his Lawyers, were satisfied with his Rent Roll, and Settlements. All this took up Time ; but at last they were join'd in Wedlock.

The Honey-Moon is not yet over, or to speak more properly, ought not to be over, even according to common Forms ; and yet *Torquatus* is out of the Kingdom, and *Melissa* a kind of a single Woman again. Would you know the Cause ? Then you must be wiser than the Parties them-

themselves, for they know it not. *Torquatus* took it into his Head to Marry, and he did it. *Torquatus* had a fancy to leave his Wife, and so he did. But *Torquatus* married and unmarried, like a Man of Honour. His Settlement was fair, his separate Allowance generous. *Melissa* is not very uneasy; she lives like a Woman of Quality, at ease and at large; and while her Honour is unstained, and her Fortune unabridged, hath no Notion of being unhappy.

I was going to make some of my grave Observations, when I received yours. But alas! those Observations are no more, I have no Will, no Understanding but for our own Affairs, and am so effectually puzzled by them, that I have not the least Leisure to judge of other Peoples. Hitherto I approve your Conduct, and am sorry that you would put me upon such a Conduct as I can never approve. You bid me dissemble; I do not question but you have Reasons, but whatever Dissimulation may produce in female Politics, I never knew it do any Thing but Mischief amongst us Men. I could tell you that there is nothing in its own Nature more hateful than this Quality; I could prove to you, that there is nothing more delusive than the hopes raised therefrom. I could shew you from various Instances, that in public and private Life, it is equally scandalous and pernicious. Yet I am afraid I shall obey.

But remember, Madam, you bid me dissemble; it was well you did not bid me Murder, or Fire a House; either would have been as just and reasonable, and I might do either with as safe a Conscience; but to what purpose do I torment myself and you: When did any Thing but Experience convince a Lady that she was in the Wrong.

Shield me Providence from being in the Right
when I say this.

*O Woman, Woman! how extreme thy Power!
How weak our Reason in the Love-sick Hour!
In vain we think, in vain we strive to act,
What Reason dictates, Passion will retract:
Against our Wills, we own our lawless sway,
Distrust your Sense, but dare not disobey.*

In what I shall ever remain,

Your faithful FLORIMOND.



LETTER VIII.

ELIZA to FLORIMOND.

Constant LOVER.

MY dear Cousin *Emelia* being abridged of
her Freedom, affords me this Opportunity
of entring into a Correspondence with a Man
whom I infinitely esteem. You will wonder at
this Declaration, considering the Plague I have for-
merly given you. But know good *Florimond*,
that nothing pleases a Woman so well as to see a
Man of Sense play the Fool for her Sake. We
know that you are superior to us in Sense, and we
are glad of shewing that there is something in us,
which can more than Ballance that Superiority.
By this Time, I dare say, you forgive my Raillery,
and since it has been a Means of fixing the Af-
fection

fection of *Emelia*, I flatter myself, I have merited your Friendship, as well as extinguish'd your Spleen.

Emelia tells me, that she sent you some Verses upon my Birth-day. The Verses have Merit, tho' I have none ; I will make you acquainted with their Author, and with my own Story, which 'till this Time, I dare say, you have never heard. I am unfortunate, because my Father is not so. He was once in Trade, and having got wherewith to purchase a good Estate, hath Insured his Felicity in spite of the fickle Goddess, and is now for Life, a Gentleman of *Suffolk*. My Lover's Father was a Merchant, and once much richer than my Father. In those Days it was thought a Condescension in him to propose a Marriage between *Phaon* and Me. It was purely the Effect of that Friendship for my Parent, and of which he gave another extraordinary Instance, in making him his Executor, and Guardian to his Son. He was thought to die worth half a Plumb ; but his Banker going off the Week after, and his Correspondent in *Italy* proving Insolvent, the Affairs of the Family are in much Confusion. When they are settled, *Phaon* and I shall know our Destinies. For my Father is too much a Man of this Age, to think that Merit can subsist without Money. To prevent his Daughter's Fondness from getting the better of his Prudence, he has sent *Phaon* to *Leghorn*, under Pretence of looking after his Father's Concerns ; but in Truth, that he may be out of my Sight.

The young Man inherits the Candor and noble Spirit of his Father ; he has too much Discernment not to penetrate my old Man's Projects, and yet he always defends his Proceedings, that he may

not seem to suspect his Father's Friend. For me, knowing well, that I am to be disposed of according to the Ballance of the Account, I put on a false Gaiety in my Lover's Absence, that the old Gentleman may be in no haste to rid himself of me, before his Return. You see *Florimond*, a naked Description of our Circumstances; judge you, whether they are worse or better than your own. You see the Foibles of our Parents, are the Source of our Misfortunes; but alas! that do's not dissolve the Ties of Duty: Nature, in having made us their Children, hath left us no other Weapons, than innocent Precautions, fervent Prayers, and honourable Resolution. They cannot sure, have a right to make us miserable, any more than we have a right to make ourselves happy, without their Consent.

See, *Florimond*! how little in this World, must be trusted to Out-side; *Eliza*, to all who converse with her, is the gayest of giddy Girls, and this, with a Load of Care at her Heart; her Wildness screens her from the Addresses of the Men, and from the Jealousies of the Women, and all the World esteems her Happy in an Inconstancy of Temper, which nothing but Constancy could produce. *Emelia* has just sent me a Letter which I inclose, and a Message which I must immediately obey. Excuse the Abruptness of my Conclusion, and believe that you have a sincere Friend, in,

E L I Z A.

L E T.



LETTER IX.

EMELIA to FLORIMOND.

Disconsolate LOVER,

OUR Affairs go worse and worse. My Father is a better Husband, and at the same Time not so good a Friend as I thought him. This Morning he has written to your Uncle to excuse his coming for the Holidays to your House in *Suffolk*. The Pretence, is a bad State of Health; but if I had written the Letter, I should have ascribed it to weakness of Mind. Bless me! can a Man who spends all the Morning in his Study, who can read *Greek*, has travelled over the greatest Part of *Europe*, and had a Seat in Parliament these twenty Years, be worded out of his Promise by a Woman? But hold! I forgot, this Man is my Father, and this Woman my Mother. Well! we are apt to forget all Things when the Mind is occupy'd by any darling Passion. But to be Wife a little, since our Concerns need it. By this Specimen, I guess, that my Papa will discover Justice and Reason, in whatever his Wife shall propose to him. He has hitherto indeed, highly approved the Proposals made by your Uncle; and it was on that, I chiefly depended. All I now hope is, that if upon this breach of Promise you appear cool, he may apprehend the Danger of losing what he once thought a good Match, for the meer View of One which he cannot be sure

will

will prove a good one. — I have another Project in my Head; but I hear my Mother coming up Stairs.

We have had but a short Conversation; she has seen the young Gentleman she would have me Marry, and is so charm'd with him, that if she were a young Woman, I dare say, we should be out of our Pain. But to deal freely with you, she is not more pleas'd with his Person, than I am with his Behaviour. He talk'd to her very coolly of the Affair, said, that Marriage was a Matter of great Importance, that Concerns of another Nature, took up his Thoughts at present, and that it would be sometime before she should have leisure to think of settling in the World. Well! my Mother's hopes are now centred in me. My Beauty forsooth! is to thaw this frozen Spark, and the better to enable me to make this Conquest, O' my Conscience, I believe the good old Lady would dispense with a little Pain, and take the Trouble of laying it on her self. Mr. *Tinkle* is to come in the Morning and put the Spinnet in order; the Servants are cleaning the Plate, three Dozen of Wine have been taken out of her Ladyship's private Cellar, and all the other necessary Precautions have been used to catch the 'Squire, who is to Sup here to-morrow Night.

Tell me, *Florimond*! do's not your Heart ach? have you no Suspicions of my turning Coquette? Do you really think there can be such a Think as Constancy with a Cap on? — But if I should prove false, you know the *Scotch* Story gives you hope of Revenge. In Truth this is barbarous; but this Gaiety of mine, like Oil mix'd with Vinegar, will every now and then be getting uppermost. Be satisfied, however, I have sent for

Eliza,

Eliza, we will consult together, what is best to be done, and be assured, that nothing shall give you any lasting Uneasiness, which can be prevented by,

EMELIA



LETTER X.

FLORIMOND to ELIZA.

Excellent WOMAN,

IT is impossible for me to express how well pleased I am at the Detection of my own Mistake, in looking upon you as a downright Hoyden, full of Mirth and Gaiety, and altogether a Stranger to that steadiness of Temper, for which now I know you better ; I do, and must ever Admire you. How happy is *Phaon*, in having fix'd his Affections on so amiable, so worthy an Object ! and how well do's his Virtue deserve, so great, so invaluable a Reward.

I am extremely obliged to you for sending me your own Story. It puts me in Mind of one that I heard some Years ago from the Mouth of a *Turkey* Merchant, who knew every Incident of it to be true. There was a Merchant, who for Distinction Sake, we will call *Honorius*, who before the Restoration, had acquired a very considerable Estate in Trade. This by an unaccountable Fatality, he vested for the most part in Houses, which

which brought him in a very considerable Revenue, and thereby establish'd his Reputation for Wealth, higher than it ought to have been. He was Guardian to a young Gentleman, the Son of a Person who had been once his Partner; and this young Man whom we will stile *Myrtillo*, was bred up in the full Expectation of marrying *Honorio*, the Merchant's only Daughter. But in process of Time, the Father affecting rather to match her with a Peer, sent *Myrtillo* to his Uncle in the *Indies*. The Year after, came the Fire of *London*, which swept away the Merchant's Houses, and his Hopes, and left him in such Circumstances, that he was obliged to take up a *Coffee-House*, to avoid going to an *Alms-house*: Three Years past in this Way; and *Honorio*, now about eighteen, had the chief Management of her Papa's little Concerns. It happen'd one Day, that a Stranger call'd twice for Coffee: *Honorio*, who was making it, trembled at the Voice, she knew not why. Going to present it to the Gentleman, she fell backwards on the Floor, at the same Instant that he tumbled from his Chair. The Father came running at the Noise, and with great Amazement, saw *Myrtillo* and *Honorio*, pale and breathless. Proper Application soon brought them to themselves. Time and Absence had made no Impression on the Lover's Constancy, and his Flame was rather heightned, than abated by *Honorio's* Reverse of Fortune. His Uncle had left him an immense Estate, which yet he thought too small a Present for the fair *Honorio*. They lived many Years happily together, and there are still some Gentlemen living, who remember both the Gentleman and the Lady.

You

You will certainly think me an odd Fellow when you perceive my first Letter fill'd with a melancholy Story ; but alas! our Memories are generally subservient to our Inclinations, when we are full of Mirth and in high Spirits, we call to Mind a number of gay and pleasant Stories, which have slumber'd perhaps for many Years. When again the Spirits flag, and the Soul finds herself diseased, the Memory sympathizing with the troubled Imagination, soothes our Melancholy with Tales like this. Indeed *Eliza*, I begin to feel so strong, so irresistible a Gloominess o'er spread my Thoughts, that I think I cannot make you a greater Compliment, than to bid you adieu. I have inclosed however a little Poem, to make amends for the dulness of my Prose, which will not, I hope, lessen your Regard for him who is with Zeal and Esteem

Yours,

FLORIMOND.

SONG to E M E L I A.

To See! See! my Seraphina comes.

YOU bid me Fair, conceal my Love,
Ab! Think how hard the Task ;
 Think of the mighty Pains I prove,
 Then think of what you ask,

Go bid the fev'rish Wretch forbear,
'Midst Burnings to complain ;
Go bid the Slaves who fetter'd are,
Forget the galling Chain.

Shou'd

*Shou'd they obey, yet greater far
The Torments which I feel;
Love's Fires than Fevers fiercer are,
Love pierces more than Steel.*

*Pain but the Body can controul,
The Thoughts no Cord can bind;
Love is a Fever in the Soul
A Chain which holds the Mind.*



LETTER XI.

FLORIMOND to EMELIA.

Sole Object of my Thoughts,

I HAVE read over and over your last Favour, sometimes with the Passion of a Lover, and sometimes with a Portion of that Discretion which I possessed before I was honour'd with that Name. You must therefore expect a Mixture of Passion and Prudence in this Epistle, the Intent of which is to tell you, that I am not more charm'd with your Kindness and Constancy, than I am amazed and confounded at the Nature of your Projects.

Your Mother must certainly desire to see you happy, and your Father, tho' he may suffer his good Sense to give Way sometimes to his Fondness, can never sacrifice his Paternal Affections, either to his Tenderness or Respect for his Wife. Would it not then be the most natural Method to try to reclaim the old Lady, and if we
prove

prove unsuccessful there, to endeavour the undeceiving your Papa? Is not your Happiness theirs? Or rather, is it not their own Happiness they seek in disposing of you? Are not mine, and my Uncle's Intentions fix'd on the same End, and after a little Altercation, is it reasonable to suppose, that People who agree so well in the main Design, should be irreconcilable about the Means?

Thus far I have follow'd the Dictates of my Understanding; and tho' that tells me I can never err, more than in offering to sacrifice it; yet after all, I yield entirely to your Pleasure, tho' I shou'd be glad when you honour me with your Commands, you wou'd favour me also with their Reasons. Even absolute Princes, who do not affect to be thought Tyrants, condescend sometimes to acquaint their Subjects with the Motives whereon they act, especially when those Subjects give them the strongest Proofs of Loyalty, and receive those Things as Acts of Grace, which among a freer People would pass for meer Matter of Right.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that I have written a strange Letter to *Eliza*, wherein I have absolutely forgot to thank her for the good Advice, which I dare say, she gave you at your last Consultation. Let me intreat you to supply this Omission, and to assure her, that when I write next, there shall be less of Distraction, and more of Amusement in my Epistle; but then you must let me hear good News from you. I say, this alas! as if Events were in your Power, which however from one, who knows nothing without it, is an excusable Error. A Coach has just stop't at the Door, and therefore I can only add what I have

have told you a thousand Times already, that I
am,

Yours without Reserve,

FLORIMOND.

P. S. I open my Letter again to tell you, that the Person who call'd just now was my Friend *Hypolytus*, who is intimately acquainted with my new Rival. He says, that as the Gentleman is descended of a very ancient and honourable Family, so he has receiv'd from Nature an agreeable Person, and from an excellent Education, all the Advantages which Art can bestow. You see *Emelia*, how well placed your Raillery was in your last; you see how ready I am to be jealous, and how troublesome I am like to be to you on that Head. See Madam, a Sketch of my Politics. From the Character I have receiv'd of my Rival from *Hypolytus*, I depend no less upon him than upon you. It is impossible that a Man of Birth, of Honour, and of good Sense, can be capable of doing a base Thing; I know that I wou'd not do it to another, how then shall I justify suspecting it from a Man better than myself? No, *Emelia*, I will never be persuaded that a Gentleman of his Distinction, will in a Point of the greatest Importance, lay aside all Sense of Reputation, and in an Affair which so nearly concerns his own Peace, begin with breaking the Peace of those who never wish'd him ill.

LETTER



LETTER XII.

ELIZA to FLORIMOND.

Much esteem'd FRIEND.

YOU will think when you have read this, that some ill Spirits have been lately abroad in *Suffolk*, and breath'd into its Inhabitants a Spirit of Discord and Confusion. I am at the writing of this a Prisoner in a Chamber three Story high, where my Father has confin'd me for fear I should run away——with his Footboy. You must know *Florimond*, that this Lad is my Nurse's Son, and she the Daughter of the Curate of the next Parish; on this Account I had a great Kindness for him, and used to intrust him to fetch and carry my Letters to and from the Post-House; on this Account I spoke to him oftener perhaps than I should otherwise have done, tho' I dare say, not in kinder Language; for having always had a kind Affection, or rather a Duty for his Mother, I could not but have a proportionable Concern for him.

In our Family you must understand, the supreme Person is a *French* Lady, who, for her eminent preciseness, was recommended to my Papa to be a kind of upper House-keeper; she has been with us now a Twelvemonth, and in that Time has discarded every Servant, except my Father's Man, and this Footboy. This good old Woman having seen me give the Boy two
or

or three Times Money, and not perfectly understanding some Questions he ask'd my Maid, went to my Father with a circumstantial Account of my intending to dishonour his Family. The old Gentleman therupon went directly to my Chamber, and breaking open a little travelling Desk, found therein a Letter, which I had begun to my poor *Phaon*; happily for me there was no mention of his Name; however, it confirm'd my Father in his Suspicion, or rather gave Credit to *Mademoiselle's*, whereupon my Maid was remov'd, and I conducted to her Room, where I am guarded like a State Prisoner; but having the Happiness to be upon good Terms with the Servants, I have procured Pen, Ink and Paper, that I might write to *Emelia*, and to you, knowing you might otherwise be very uneasy.

What the Issue of this Affair will be I know not, at present I am very easy; my Room is large and pleasant, I have some Books, no ill Company, and which is sufficient to make me happy any where, Innocence and a contented Mind. When my Father has considered my Conduct and his own attentively, I persuade my self he will see nothing amiss in the former, and nothing well founded in the latter, should it prove otherwise I am prepared. I have practised for several Years a Thoughtlessness, which I always despise, and am determin'd from this Moment to resume my natural Temper; so that whatever I lose any other Way, I shall certainly be a Gainer in point of Ease, since a continued Dissimulation is a kind of Rack, which an ingenious Mind can scarce bear with Patience.

This will be deliver'd to you by one of my Father's Servants, with whom you may safely
trust

trust an Answer. I should be glad to have a Letter in a more composed Stile than your last, not for my Sake, who am really sooth'd with melancholy Things, but for your own. I thank you for your Song, which pleased me extremely; in Return, I send you a little Piece written by *Phaon*; it was well I had it by Heart, for at present I have not the Possession of my Papers, tho' I have the Satisfaction too of knowing, that my Father can never be possessed of them, since they are out of the Sight, Reach, and Knowledge, of every Body but myself. Adieu *Florimond*, believe you will never want a sincere Friend while there lives,

ELIZA.

The BRACELET.

THIS Bracelet tho' no gaudy Thing,
Did from a Parent's Labour spring.
She wove it irksome Thoughts to charm,
And thenceforth wore it on her Arm.

Dying, to me, this Gift she gave,
That I might a Remembrance have,
Of her,——when I it saw,——and take,
A pleasing Sorrow,——for her Sake.

My Son, said she with falt'ring Breath.
You see me yielding unto Death,
This, my last Present, take and keep,
'Till thus like me——in Peace you sleep.

This

*This Favour shall I give away?
 Let filial Piety say — Nay.
 But 'tis no Gift, when sent to thee,
 Who art the noblest part of me.
 Yet as a Gift, my fair One view,
 It most I prize ——— and give it you.*



L E T T E R X I I I .

E M E L I A t o F L O R I M O N D .

Despairing Swain,

I Fancy you will now be of Opinion, that Women best understand Women. My Father sent for me last Night, and said with his wonted good Nature, What is the Reason *Emelia*, that we hear nothing of *Florimond*? I protest I had a very high Opinion of that young Man, as well as a great Esteem for his Uncle. It is true, I did not go to their House as I promised, but that was purely on Account of my ill Health; if the old Man took it amiss in me, why should the Nephew all of a sudden forget you? Methinks this is not very agreeable to the Passion he formerly expressed for you. What say you my Child?— It is enough Sir, said I, that I can account for my own Actions, I shall not pretend to render Reasons for other Peoples. He talk'd pretty much to me all the Evening, but I perceiv'd, that he was thoughtful and uneasy, tho' he did not care to express it; from whence I gather, that he is chagrin'd at the Apprehension of losing your Match.

Match. By and by this Storm will burst upon my Mother, and then to give Ease to the Family. I dare say, she will find some Way to make Overtures to you ; I who am acquainted with her Temper, am sensible that Force only can work upon it, and that slighting what comes easily, she naturally pursues what seems hard to attain. But now finding her Councils altogether embarrassed, she must first make a full Stop—and then—turn into the old Road. This she would never have thought off had not Necessity jogged her by the Elbow.

I am sensible you will melt at the Account of my Father's uneasiness ; but consider *Florimond*, he is not justly punished for unsteadiness, had he been punctual in his Engagements with your Uncle, my Mamma's Megrimms might have plagu'd her, but never us. Besides, your Coldness has brought him round again, which a contrary Conduct never could have effected. Had it been an easy Matter to take up the Thread of Negotiation with you and your Uncle just where they dropp'd, my Parents would have spun this new Treaty out first ; but being caught in their own Contrivances, bewildred in Mazes of their own raising, they must take the shortest Way out of the Wood ; and if they find themselves wearing with wand'ring, they have no Guides to throw the Blame on ; such *Florimond* is my Way of thinking.

Do not mope yourself with groundless Jealousies, and endless Surmises, depend for once on the Constancy of a Woman. Believe me, *Florimond*, it will increase my Value, and hereafter you will think my Virtue of more Worth than my Beauty, (if I had any) so that however these cross Accidents perplex you at present, you may be sure

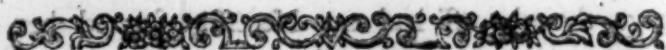
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they

they are the Seeds of succeeding Pleasures. After all, Why are you dejected? You cannot lose me if I do not throw away myself, therefore set your Mind at rest, and be satisfied I am, and will be

Yours,

EMELIA.



LETTER XIV.

EMELIA to ELIZA.

Dearest Friend!

MY own Distresses have for some Time past disturb'd my Thoughts not a little, and now the News you send me of your unexpected Disgrace, has quite stupified me. There is a certain Measure of Misfortune which every Disposition can bear, and good Sense and a proper Education may increase natural Fortitude, so far as to enable it to sustain a much greater Weight of Evil; but Disposition, Education, Reflection, nay, and even Piety itself will not free us from the Frailties of Nature. When therefore the Mind is over-laden, it will of course bend a little, and at some times the highest Spirits will seem humble enough in spite both of Resolution and Caution. As I thought my own none of the weakest: I confess to you I was well enough pleased sometimes to fish in troubled Waters; because I imagin'd my Conduct appear'd to Advantage, when some Difficul-

ty

ty was to be overcome; but I dare say, I am for ever cured of this foolish Notion, and if once I recover Quiet, I shall know at what Rate to esteem it.

*O Peace! what Price can purchase thee too dear?
 Blessings are useless if thou art not there.
 Fools fancy, Fortune's Favours, happy make,
 Alas! we take them only for thy Sake.
 Ev'n a low State, a Purse however poor,
 Accompanied by Thee, we can endure.
 But absent Thou! Wealth is a sordid Thing,
 And Man is wretched — e'en if he's a King.*

The last Letter I wrote *Florimond*, is in quite a different Stile from this. I pique myself therein upon my Policy, and promise to defeat all the Plots of my Mother, tho' supported by the Condescension of my Father, the Cunning of an intriguing House-keeper, and the Vanity of a doating Baronet. Seriously I have promised too much; to make head with a little Virtue against such a grand Alliance of Vices, is a sort of heroical Madness! Poor *Florimond*, had I trusted to thy plain plodding Integrity, it had been better — but then my Character of a Wit had been lost for ever. Thus it comes to pass, our Passions, and our Humours drive, whereas Reason can hardly draw us; but when in the Hurry we fall, or run ourselves out of Breath, then our Understandings have Leisure to be informed, and we at last find Time to be sensible of our own Follies. — Yet what Sign of this when I write at such a Rate to you? My fullness of my own Affairs makes me forget yours. The Maid who

stays for my Answer bewails them with Tears, while I tattle to you as if nothing had happen'd.

Above all Things *Eliza*, be careful in keeping up your Spirits; that Gaiety you were wont to wear, will make any Change very remarkable. Innocence is an Armour not to be pierc'd, and being secure, Why should you not smile? The imputation is so very improbable, that I cannot help flatt'ring myself, your Father cannot long avoid seeing he is impos'd on. The Girl you sent to me is very angry with the *French* Woman at your House, I cannot tell with what Reason; we ought certainly as Christians, and as a polite Nation, to treat Strangers kindly, but in Truth I see no Cause for making them Privy Counsellors. Domestick Politics differ in all Countries, as much as those of the State, and methinks, a *French* House-keeper in the Dwelling of a Country 'Squire, is as absurd as a *French* Prime Minister would be at St. *James's*. All the World therefore will take your Part, the Ladies will make it a common Cause, the Gentlemen must follow them, and your solemn Papa will quickly be brought to Reason. I don't know how it is, my Heart's light on the sudden, and tho' I know nothing of the second Sight, I have a kind of first feeling which rarely deceives me. I hope all Things will go well with us both, that *Phaon* and *Florimond* will deliver us, and that we shall pass many a happy Hour in reflecting on these Times. Adieu, for to this I can add nothing, but that I am your sincere Sister in Sorrow and Solitude

EMELIA.

P. S.

P. S. Your Maid by an Accident, has informed me of something which may perhaps concern you. She tells me, that after you had given her your Message, and she was just coming out of Doors, she heard your Father take leave of a Gentleman just setting out for *London*, and at parting, used these Words. *Affure him, the Lady is unmarried, and unengaged, and that he may entirely depend on my Friendship and Interest.*



LETTER XV.

ELIZA to FLORIMOND.

Faithful FRIEND!

I WROTE you very lately the News of my Captivity, receive now those of my Inlargement, as unexpected, and as unaccountable as the other. Yesterday Morning, Papa sent for me to Breakfast. I drank Tea as usual, without betraying any uneasiness at my Restraint, and when the Things were taken away, my Father told me I might walk in the Garden if I pleased, and after Dinner he would have me go and take the Air in the Chariot. I thank'd him, made use of his kind Offers, and seem to stand now in as high Favour, as if I had never been suspected of liking sweet *William*, and forming dangerous Designs against the Honour of our late gentitized Family. Amazing Revolution, but now to unriddle it.

You must know our Coachman is married to a very honest Woman, to whom I have been occasionally as kind as I could. She is pretty much about the House, because she is a favourite of my

Fathers, who, before our *French* Lady came, made all the uses of her which he could of a House-keeper, at a fifth Part of the Expence. To her I owe all I know of my own Affairs. She says, the young Lad own'd the Business I employ'd him in, upon which my Father appear'd very well pleased, resolved upon my Enlargement, and has recommended the Boy to a very good Place in the City. What discovery the poor Thing has made, I cannot tell, much was not in his Power, and I forgive him if he has discovered all. One Thing I did, which I flatter myself you will think prudent; I said not a Word in answer to the Coachman's Wife. One of my Maxims is to trust no Dependants on other People.

I would fain say somewhat after all this grave Stuff, to amuse you. But alas! I fancy neither your Condition, nor mine, will allow it. I have quite lost my flow of Spirits, and if I had not, you would think a sprightly Stroke on such perplex'd Affairs impertinent. But, to speak Truth *Florimond*, shall we not twenty Years hence laugh at our present Cares. I see such Changes in the World, that I am tempted to suspect myself. Yet there are noble Instances of Constancy in the present Age too. Justice *Swallow*, likes at Threescore and Ten, *Oslober*, which was his darling Liquor at Sixteen. My Father dotes as much on a Guinea, as when he could tell whose Coin it was, without using Spectacles. Nay, the Parsons Wife, Mrs. *Tytbely*, is as fond of being in the Fashion now, as when she captivated the Doctor's Heart in her Flowred Sattin Gown, which cost but — Half her Fortune. Well, if Scandal, and on the Clergy too, won't make you smile, you must be a disconsolate Creature!

As

As I am just got again into my old Man's good Graces, I intend to ask his Leave to visit *Emelia* To-morrow, after which, no doubt you'll expect a Letter. Let me have no melancholly Answer to this, I have Occasion for my former Giddiness, and I pray, if I can possible put it on again, do nothing to make me drop the Masque, for to deal freely, I shall have enough to do to keep the Bead in my Mouth. The World is now a Masquerade in the strictest Sense, and to appear bare-faced, is not either consistent with one's own Safety, or with good Manners. You cannot approve this Doctrine I know, but can you deny the Facts on which it is founded? Can you affirm, that in a whole Day you hear three Words on which you can depend? Or see three Faces you can positively call bare?

It is really madness in particular Persons, to fancy by their Behaviour, they can contribute to a Reformation. The contagion of Vice, spreads always from Persons of high Rank, and like a muddy Spring, grows fouler and dirtier in its Passage. All therefore that private People can do, is to go innocently along with the Fashion. These *Florimond*, are my present Sentiments, perhaps they have some Tincture of my Condition; I am condemned to perpetual Diffimulation, and that is enough to put me upon thinking, how to extenuate as much as I may the Iniquity of the Practice. But I forget that I am not talking, but writing. My Pen I find, can out-run my Tongue, to avoid therefore being tedious, I will run the hazard of Abruptness. Adieu! and when you have nothing more material in your Mind, give Place therein, to,

E L I Z A.



LETTER XVI.

FLORIMOND to ELIZA.

Excellent WOMAN!

WHEN I consider thy Virtues, I adore Providence; when I contemplate thy Misfortunes, I am struck with Despair. How happy ought Prudence and Integrity to make you, and yet how wretched are you made through other Peoples Wickedness and Folly. But this is the Fruits of Mortality. These Trials shall purify even thy angelick Spirit, so that hereafter, thou shalt shine with truly celestial Lustre. Yet we are not to suppose that Sufferings even here, will be the Lot of your whole Life. Heaven lays no such heavy Burthens. It tries, and then rewards us, we benefit by Afflictions, and still Providence vouchsafes to pay our Patience with some unlook'd for good. These are discoveries Meditation will always manifest, and it is exceedingly remarkable, that we remember with more Satisfaction the Difficulties we have overcome, than our Pleasures are past.

I call to mind an Instance of this in a Lady you inquired after the last Time I was happy in your Conversation. *Belinda*, whom you commended for the best bred, and best natur'd Woman you ever saw, is that Instance. Her Brother and she were Orphans, and all their Hopes lay in an Uncle worth forty Thousand Pounds. He was kind

kind to the young Gentleman, and after affording him University Education at Home, sent him with a Tutor to Travel. *Belinda* was not so much in his good Graces. He took some Care of her, 'tis true; he allow'd her thirty Pounds a Year, and her Discretion taught her to live on it genteely. But this gave her no prospect in the World, it depended not only on the Life, but on the Humour of an old Man, which alas, we all know to be but a very uncertain Tenure!

How narrow soever her Circumstances were, her Birth and Breeding introduced her to the best Company. Amongst the rest, to the Mother of *Adolphus*, and his Sisters, who were so charm'd with her Conversation, that they invited her to pass a Summer with them in *Berkshire*. *Belinda* readily consented, and for some small Time, they were perfectly happy: But the eldest Sister of *Adolphus* being a very penetrating Woman, quickly perceived her Brother was fallen desperately in Love with her Friend. This threw the whole Family into Convulsions, the Sisters grew perfect Furies, and forgetting Decency, were for hurrying away *Belinda* to *London*. *Adolphus* appeared resolved to marry her, and *Belinda* modestly, and for the Peace of the Family, refused him. The old Lady behaved with great Prudence, she went to Town with *Belinda* in the Chariot, and when she set her down at her own Lodgings, told her, she was sorry for her Daughters Folly, and that she did not disapprove her Sons Choice.

A Week after, *Belinda's* Uncle died, and left her to the Curtesy of her Brother, to whom he left his whole Estate. About two Months from her leaving *Berkshire*, *Adolphus* just of Age, follow'd her to Town, and immediately purchasing
Jewels

Jewels to a considerable Value, went to present them to *Belinda*, and to engage her consent to marry him immediately. When he entred her Apartment, he found her in Tears ; but by Degrees she recollected herself, and the young Man, as he was full of it, told her what he came to propose. *Belinda* heard him with Attention, and after a short Silence: *Adolphus*, said she, I accept the Jewels, and agree to your Proposal, but there must be no hurry, and your Sisters must be at the Wedding. My Sisters ! said *Adolphus*, sighing. Yes, returned *Belinda*, and they will be extremely well pleased ; my poor Brother is dead, and I am worth forty thousand Pounds. I was going according to Custom, to add somewhat by way of Application when your second Epistle came to my Hands, and verified my Conjectures. I most heartily and most sincerely congratulate your Deliverance, and am glad your Captivity hath not left such a splenetic Smack behind it, as to hinder your resuming your former Gaiety.

I persuade myself, nothing in my Letter can contribute to your letting fall the Masque, and to deal freely with you, I desire to contribute nothing to the keeping it on, which is in my Judgment unworthy of you. The Misfortune you met with lately, proceeded from your Masquing, and Heaven avert all future Evils, which may threaten you from the same Cause. I intended in order to have amused your Melancholly, to have sent you a little Piece of Poetry, which I take to be of antient Date. I was at some Stand whether I should add it now, but at last determined I would. When you next pen an Epistle to *Phaon*, communicate it, for as it was never printed, I may stile it a Curiosity. I should have waited with
Im-

Impatience enough for an Explanation of your last, if you had not mentioned your going to visit *Emelia*, as it is, you may be sure I shall not taste quiet till your Billet comes. O *Eliza*! my Heart presages Storms and Tempests! May my Predictions prove no truer than those in the Almanack: May you be happy as you deserve, easy as you can wish, and in one of your gay Humours, may you rally this timorous Diffidence of,

Your sincere Friend,

FLORIMOND.

L I F E.

An ELEGIACK POEM.

WHILE thro' Life's thorny Road I go,
 I will not want Companions too:
 A dreary Journey, and alone,
 Would be alas! too troublesome.
 But Company that's choice and good,
 Makes Trouble hardly understood:
 For Toil divided, seems to be,
 No Toil, but a Felicity.
 Therefore will I Companions take,
 As well for ease, as safeties Sake:

Fair TRUTH, shall serve me for a Guide,
 JUSTICE, shall never leave my Side.
 INTEGRITY my trusty Guard,
 Nor will I CAUTION, quite discard:
 EXPERIENCE shall my Tutor be,
 Nor will I wiser seem than He:

Dis-

DISCRETION *all my Thoughts shall weigh,*
And MODESTY my Words convey.
 Soft INNOCENCE *protect my sleep,*
And CHARITY my Purse shall keep.

Thus, thro' this Wilderneck, I'll stray,
Nor ever fear to lose my Way.
 The SAGES, *I sometimes will see,*
Be sometimes with the MUSES free.
With guiltless MIRTH an Hour beguile,
Or with free-spoken SATYR smile.
With MEDITATION often walk,
Or with sweet MELANCHOLY talk.
With these Companions dear I'll sport,
Nor heed the Journey long or short.
 So HEALTH *supply the DOCTORS Place,*
And for a CHAPLAIN, Pve GOD'S GRACE.



LETTER XVII.

ELIZA to FLORIMOND.

Constant LOVER!

THE impatience with which you expect this Letter, will be but ill repaid by its Contents. I know that you have not any sanguine Expectations; but the News I have to tell you, will even surpass your Fears. I was Yesterday to visit *Emelia*, and found her disconsolate beyond Description. Her new Lover was there last Night, and disappointed her very much. He seems to have fallen into her Mother's Notions, and talk'd

to

to her very warmly ; this disconcerted my Cousin so much, that I am afraid she did not behave with proper Caution, for I find she is debarr'd the Liberty of writing, and her Maid is not suffer'd to go out of Doors. Under these Distractions she keeps a resolved Silence, and as if she had taken her final determination, sees the Measures pursued by her Parents, without giving any Signs of Approbation or Dislike.

The good old Lady shows all the Marks of high Satisfaction, she talks as knowingly of her design'd Son-in-Law's Country Seat, as if she had resided in it last Summer. She is determin'd to sit in her Daughter's Pew at Church, that she may take Place of Mr. *Hardy's* Family, who are no more than Gentlemen; tho' the Estate was in their Family before the Conquest; she had collected likewise with infinite Labour a List of all the great Families to which she is to be related, and if I guess right, the Expence of entertaining them for one Winter, would stand my Uncle in some three Years purchase of his Estate. It will be no difficult Thing for you to imagine how well this sort of Conversation pleased me; but what could I do? The old Lady cou'd not say a Word on another Subject; nay, so full was she of her own Scheme, that she gave me to understand whenever it took Effect, my Cousin would become my Betters. No doubt you think this griev'd me, considering my Notions of Family not a little, and yet I must own I was not altogether insensible. It pain'd me that this Woman was my Aunt; but what surprizes me most is, that her Husband is yet more violent than she, and this, not so much out of liking to the new Match,

as

as from Prejudice to you, who I dare say, never offended him.

Poor *Emelia* when I came away, charg'd me to tell you, that she is in a good Measure at her Wit's End, that all her Plots are abortive, and which is worse, have turn'd upon herself; yet she flatters her Melancholy with Hopes of finding out new Recourses when she shall have recollected herself a little; but she bids me assure you, that her Constancy shall remain unshaken in spite of all the Efforts of her Parents. She has likewise directed me to inform you, that some body has told her Father, your Uncle is in a Treaty with Alderman *Scrape*, who once bubbled him of 1000 *l.* to marry you to his Niece, and this she apprehends to be the great Cause of her Father's Wrath. I assur'd her on the Credit rather of my Hopes than of my Knowledge, that the Story was an absolute Falshood, in which I hope you will stand by me, and prove it one. I have promised to visit her again after To-morrow, and shall shew her whatever Answer you write to this. If it was at all in my Power I would advise you; but as it is not, accept the most ardent Wishes of your ever affectionate Friend,

E L I Z A.

P. S. I forgot to thank you for the Poem you sent me, I like it extreamly, and if you were not at present so much embarrass'd, I would be glad to see something of your own in the same Taste, for that this is of an antient Date I make no Scruple to believe; tho' I know that old Poems may be counterfeited, as well as old Medals, once more good *Florimond* adieu.

L E T.



LETTER XVIII.

FLORIMOND to ELIZA.

Charming Woman!

I AM infinitely oblig'd to you for the Pains you have taken in our Affairs, and for your so readily detecting the Falschood of that Tale which had been told *Emelia's* Father. So far is my Uncle from having entered into any such Treaty, that he has written me a very moving Letter, on the Account he has heard of what passes in that Family. I begin now to hope when *Emelia* despairs; if Plots are no more, Sincerity may restore our almost lost Game. In a Day or two my Uncle will visit there, and I hope will find an Opportunity of showing the good old Gentleman, how much he has been misled, and how desirous we both are, that he would resume his former Way of thinking.

I am not at all amazed at the old Gentlewoman's-being in such Raptures, it is natural enough for wiser People than she to be extreamly fond of their own Projects, tho' they may not be over laudable. I am pretty much of your Mind with respect to Families, and yet I must confess, that I am not much displeased at having it in my Power to convince this Lady, who is so fond of Honour, that my Family is not worse than that of which she is so fond; nay, and if Title pleases her so much, my Uncle has a Nephew who is a Baronet. But these are poor Things,
and

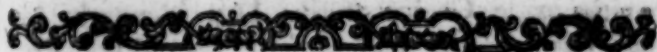
and enter so little into prudential Notions of Happiness, that I have often observ'd there are Women, nay, and Men too, who where their Children's Happiness is at Stake, can be weak enough to fancy, that the Phrase in speaking or writing to them will ever have a Share in it; but the managing Part of the World have so many Maxims repugnant to Reason, and the Wits abound with Notions so irreconcilable to the Nature and Course of Things, that for my own Part, I am never surpriz'd when I hear of a Family ruin'd by Oeconomy, or of a Person of prodigious Parts playing the Fool.

Now, charming *Emelia*, let me address myself to you, and let me beseech you to do your utmost to recover your Spirits. I am sorry your new Lover did not answer your Expectations, but I am so confident that he is a Man of Honour, as not to be under any great Uneasiness at what *Eliza* told me in her last; when I say this, I shall own to you freely, that I would not willingly be in his Place. I think I have as much Resolution as another, but I know that your Charms are capable of vanquishing all my Resolution. Be so good as to lay aside plotting, and let Things go in their natural Channel. I rely so much on your Fidelity, that tho' I foresee a great deal of Trouble, yet I have pretty confident Hopes still; I am no Dissembler, and therefore you may trust this Declaration; it happen'd unluckily that my Friend who is acquainted with your Lover is out of Town, but he is expected To-morrow, and then I shall be able to form some Judgment of his Intentions and manner of proceeding. When I am next favour'd with a Letter from *Eliza*, I doubt not but I shall gain some other Lights in the

the mean Time perhaps, I can give her some. A Lad was at my Lodgings this Morning while I was Abroad, who left Word that he had liv'd with her Father, and is, I presume, the same who was lately turn'd away. He promis'd to call in the Evening, and I would gladly, had it been possible, delay'd writing till To-morrow Morning; but knowing that this would come too late, if I delay'd so long, I make it my Choice to send what he communicates in my next, which will be deliver'd by a Person in whom I can confide, and who is well known to both your Families. I am, tho' disconsolate enough,

Your ever faithful,

FLORIMOND.



LETTER XIX.

EMELIA to FLORIMOND.

Unhappy LOVER!

I Find that in private, as well as public Affairs, a little Corruption is sometimes necessary. All our Servants had Orders not to enter into any Conversation with me, or to go near your House. I found means however, to engage the *Gardiner* to admit a Maid of mine who is married in the Town, into one of the Arbors, where I write this, which the *Butler*, one of my Mother's Favourite's, will deliver you. The Reason why I

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took this Method is, because I doubt whether they will allow *Eliza* to visit me again. I would not throw you into Despair, and yet I must inform you, that your Schemes, I dare not call them Plots, have had no better Success than mine. My Father going three Miles off next *Tuesday*, to avoid seeing your Uncle. Such, Sir, is the Fidelity, the Wisdom, and Resolution of some Men.

My new Lover, of whom you are pleas'd to have a better Opinion than I have, seems to have still a higher of himself, since at his last Meeting with my Mother, he was pleas'd to fix this Day Fortnight for our Wedding, reckoning it seems as a thing of Course on my Consent, which, if I am not very much out in my Reckoning, he will never have. Tho' I cannot help thinking this a little strange, it gives me a Week longer before we come to Extremities. My assiduous Mamma having made Choice of this Day se'ennight for that purpose, and had actually begun her Preparations for the Solemnity, though without taking any Notice of it to me, which surely was no act of Tendernefs. I cannot say she was ever unkind to me before, and I see with Surprize, that Ambition, and the foolish love of Title, hath in so short a Time over-run that maternal Affection, which I had experienced from my Cradle.

The sole Thing now to be thought of *Florimond*, is, what Measures we are to take. If I marry without my Father's Consent, I have nothing. In such a Case, all my Hopes would rest on my only Brother, who is at *Cambridge*, and hath always shewn a sincere Friendship for you. Yet alas! Hopes are a bad Provision to set out with in the World. We may indeed feed on them
our.

ourselves, but alas! no body will take them in Payment. You are in like Manner dependent on your Uncle, and without doubt, he will retain a just Resentment of the Usage he has met with here, which may make your marrying me the most disagreeable Thing to him in the World. A dreadful Prospect this, and yet as it is all we have; it would be Folly not to look upon it, or to frame in its stead, some entertaining Landskip in our Imaginations. It is much easier to deceive than to deliver ourselves; but if I can do nothing towards the latter, you shall never be able to reproach me with contributing to the former.

In this sad situation, it is my Comfort however, that no part of our Misfortunes flow from ourselves. The Regard I have for you, took Birth from my Father's Recommendation, and therefore he can only blame himself for its Consequences. I have often wondred how Parents expect Duty from Children, whom they dispose off, with as little Ceremony as they do their Horses, and in the same way of Purchase too. It reflects Shame upon a Father, and more upon a Mother, if a Daughter makes a bad Wife; and yet to be thought a good Daughter, she must have such Notions as will probably, if not necessarily, render her a very bad Wife. Her Affections must be as mutable as a Weather-Cock. They must sit, now this Way, now That, just as the Breath of her Parents blows. Can there be any Thing more preposterous? Or can Parents take any Steps more likely to put their Children upon throwing of all Duty?

The result of all, *Florimond*, is this. I must be unhappy, chuse which Way I will; to marry a Man I do not Love, and desert a Man I Do, is

the Way to be miserable for ever. To refuse my Consent, and to give my Hand to you, will be attended with many cross Circumstances, out of which we may be delivered, by those who threw us into them. On this reasoning, I build my Resolution, consider you, whether there be not more of Fondness and Folly, than of Firmness or Fortitude in such a Determination, and on these Considerations, ground your Choice. May it be productive of Peace and Prosperity to you, even tho' it should procure endless Sorrow to,

EMELIA.



LETTER XX.

FLORIMOND to ELIZA.

Unfortunate FAIR-ONE!

MY Conjecture was right, as to the Boy who called at my Lodgings. He is your Nurses Son, and deserves, and I hope will find a better Fate than he has hitherto met with. Your *French* Lady had I fancy an *Italian* Education, for she is a matchless Politician. The Intelligence she gave your Father was false indeed, but withal a Fiction so neatly contriv'd, that he must have been a Conjuror to have detected it. The Lads Mother had the Tale from his own Mouth, and it was in few Words this. That your habitual Tenderness for the Lad, though in the beginning
equally

equally innocent and laudable, might possibly alter by degrees, especially considering the Zeal and Fidelity which the Boy shew'd in your Service, particularly in conveying your Letters, which tho' she suppos'd directed to Ladies of your Acquaintance; yet he was so cautious, that she could never prevail so far as to see any one Address. Upon this Information, the Lad was stop'd with a Letter of yours in his Pocket, and lock'd in the back Parlour till Notice was given to your Father. While he was there, he slip't a Key into the Foldings of the Letter, and then threw it into the Moat. On his Examination, he said only, that he carried your Letters as you directed him, and seldom or never look'd upon them himself. His Mother was sent for, to take her Son Home, but had withal a Letter of Recommendation to the Gentleman, with whom he now lives, and where he is very kindly treated.

My Friend *Hypolytus*, tells me, That he din'd lately at an *Italian* Merchant's, with a Gentleman just arriv'd from *Legbarn*, who, from his Description, should be *Phaon*. There is only one Circumstance which I cannot understand, and which makes me doubt that it is not he. The Gentleman at whose House he was, rally'd him on his Marriage, which is speedily to take Effect. My Friendship for you, obliges me to give you this Information, however dangerous to your Peace. The Lad tells me, his Mother sees your Maid daily, send me therefore by her, Instructions how to unriddle this Affair, and to serve you if I am able. Be pleas'd also to inform me of one Thing, which is, whether there be not at *Legborn*, some other Gentleman of his Surname. Strange Mistakes have happened by such Accidents, and I should

should be glad to find mine might be added to the Number. The Person who delivers you this, will set out for *London* early the next Morning : He will sup at your House, and if you can write an Answer then, and give it him, it will be sooner with me than by any other Conveyance, and my next shall be as soon with you, as any Contrivance I am Master off, can send it.

I have receiv'd a Letter from *Emelia*, by their *Gardiner* this Moment. She seems in doubt whether you will be allow'd to see her ; if she should be mistaken, tell her, that her last Epistle will be laid up both in my Heart, and in my Cabinet ; that we agree exactly in Sentiments ; that I know nothing shameful but Vice, and can form no Idea of the wretchedness of People who are not wicked. This is my last, though not my late Resolution ; it ever was, and I dare say it ever will be, my Opinion, and if ever I should alter it, I shall be what I ought to be, miserable enough, though Power and Riches wrought the Change. My Uncle is a Man of too much good Sense, and of too nice Honour, to think my Marriage with *Emelia* a wrong Action ; but if he did, I have two hundred Pounds a Year independent of him, which is sufficient to purchase Necessaries, and to secure Content to those who like each other. Forgive my writing so unenterprising a Letter, and believe, that I am sincerely
Yours,

FLORIMOND.

LET



LETTER XXI.

ELIZA to FLORIMOND.

Best of Friends !

IT is impossible for me to express the Pleasure your kind Epistle gives me, and yet our Affairs are in such a Situation, that I have scarce any relish for Pleasure. Yesterday Morning my Father acquainted me, that he had made Choice of a Husband for me, and that I was to prepare both to see and to marry him next Week; as to his Name I am at present a Stranger to it, my Father supposing that his Recommendation was sufficient to obtain my Consent, even in Favour of a Man I never heard off. Your Conjecture about *Phaon* is but too well founded, I know he is in *London*, but till I receiv'd your Letter, knew nothing of his intended Marriage, yet if he is so inclin'd, it dissolves all my Promises, and I might be on better Terms with my Father; however, I despise such an Expedient, I cannot change so easily, or pretend to sacrifice my own Peace, in order to procure that of my nearest Relation. I am therefore determin'd, tho' it shou'd cost me another Confinement, to express my Sentiments freely in a Letter, which I will give my old Gentleman To-morrow Morning, when I know he will expect my Answer.

I could be content you saw *Phaon*, which sure will be no difficult Thing. I suppose too, that

you might easily introduce some Discourse concerning me, which of Consequence would procure a distinct Account of his Affair. What you have written me is precise and probable, and yet I know not how, I cannot think that he would deceive me, or rather I would be glad to think him faithful if it was possible; deliver me out of this Distress, which great as it is, is yet but a Part of my Distress, and I shall be grateful. Alas! I know that Intreaties are unnecessary to you, and therefore you must refer my Language not to my Notions of you, but of my own Affairs: I think you were pretty right when you foretold, that I would never resume my former Gaiety, indeed I see now no Probability of it, for if to be disturb'd at Home, slighted and betray'd Abroad, and to have no Person in the World from whom I can expect Protection, be sufficient to crush all Temper, and induce perpetual discontent, that is my Case; but still, I have done nothing to deserve it, and it is the Sense of this fills me with Satisfaction. Inclosed I send you a Copy of the Letter I wrote my Father, by which you will perceive, that on this Side at least, my Spirit is superior to my Fortune. I wish I may be able to deserve your Approbation of what I write to *Pbaon*, which you will not however receive till I hear from you again.

Emelia was for once mistaken in what she wrote you of my not being admitted to see her, I was as well receiv'd by her Family as ever, nor did her Mother express the least Uneasiness at my walking near an Hour with her in the Garden alone, where all our Discourse turn'd upon our own Concerns; she expressed her Resentments in very strong Terms for the Usage she had met with,

with, particularly from her Mamma. She told me your Uncle spoke to her in the Presence of her Mother, when he call'd there two Days ago, and that he did it with such Tendernefs, as oblig'd her to go to the Window to prevent his seeing her Tears. When I came away *Emelia's* Woman inform'd me, that her new Lover had given her Father to understand, that he had her Consent, desir'd him to make himself easy on that Head, and not disturb her with any Applications on that Subject, till he paid her another Visit, which wou'd be To-morrow. This is a new Mystery which astonishes me the more, because by an unlucky fatality, you and I are oblig'd to disturb each other, in Points of the most tender Nature; yet methinks, I could be glad you would make yourself as much answerable for *Phaon's* Conduct, as I would venture to do for that of *Emelia*; it is improbable she should deceive you, but impossible that she should deceive us both. Suspend therefore your Judgment on what I write you, till Time the Revealer of Secrets hath written a Comment on my Text. Surely we shall not be long in the Dark, and in the bare Hopes of this I preserve my Senses; do you maintain that Reputation for good Sense and steady Virtue, which has gain'd you the Esteem of your Friends, the Affection of *Emelia*, and the most sincere Respect of,

ELIZA

LETTER



LETTER XXII.

ELIZA to PATRICIO.

My Father, my Protector.

IN the Years which have elaps'd since the Time of my Birth, I am not conscious of my ever having intended to offend you. While my dear Mother was living she always told me, that when I grew a Woman, it was intended I should marry *Phaon*; his Father in your Presence, and with your liking, call'd me Daughter, and what Jewels I have were given me by that good old Man. My Engagements to his Son were not so much my own Acts, as yours and my Mother's, who had she been alive, would have prevented this Day's Trouble. The plain Truth therefore is this, that I look upon myself to be so much the Wife of *Phaon*, that I will never marry any other Man, even if he should differ so far from me in Sentiments, as to think himself at Liberty to marry another Woman. This Sir, is not a rash or a sudden Resolution, but a Thing determin'd in my Breast from the Moment he was torn from me to be sent to *Leghorn*, there to piece together his Father's Accompts, till the Amount shew'd whether I was to belong to him, or to a richer Man.

The Proposal you was pleas'd to make me, appears so extraordinary, so little agreeable to Reason, and so void of that paternal Tenderness

you

you have always shown for me, that if it had not come from yourself, I should never have believ'd it yours. Resolve to marry a Man before I heard his Name, or saw his Face : Sure Sir, you must have a very bad Opinion of me, since you were too long a Husband, and had too good a Wife, not to have a just Idea of the married State. Your Greyhound, Sir, whom you gave away to a Stranger, ran Home again forty Miles, and do you think it more easy to part with your Daughter? You think implicit Obedience a part of my Duty, but sure if it be so, it was left out of the Law of God and Nature ; we are commanded to Honour our Parents, but Honour is the Service of the Understanding, and therefore we cannot Honour those who show us no Cause ; we may fear, dread, and submit to them, and without the Grace of God, we may secretly hate them ; but Honour them we cannot. This, Sir, is the Fruits of the Education you gave me, if you intended to treat me as a Slave, Why did you breed me as one who was born free ? Be just Sir, to yourself, remember your Promises to your Friend, and cease to think of calling Breach of Faith an Act of Obedience.

Your Unkindness to me is so new, that while it forces me to expostulate, it deprives me of Abilities. The other Day I was exposed to Scandal, nay to Infamy, if it could fall on Innocence, by locking me up, and turning away my Foot-boy ; it may be, you then discover'd my Correspondence with *Phaon*, in all which there is nothing ought to make me blush or decline your severest Scrutiny ; but methinks a sudden Marriage was a strange Punishment for this Offence, unless the Man you intend me for was your Enemy, and

and you meant to plague him with a Wife, who could have no Affection for him. Pardon, Sir, the Fagness of a Stile unbecoming a Daughter, and which I could never have brought myself to use, if from your Conduct I had not conceiv'd you were inclin'd to forget that I was your Daughter; had it been otherwise, you would never have conspir'd against my Peace, by sending away *Phaon*, without the least Necessity, against my Character by confining me about a Foot-boy; and now, against any Good that Providence may have in reserve for me, by intending to marry me to a Man I neither know, nor can possibly care for. In this Distress what Remedy have I left? This only, that I appeal from your Views of Ambition, Interest, or Conveniency, to your Affection as a Father, to the Respect you owe your dead Friend, and that Tenderness you always expressed for the Memory of my Mother. I would add to these the Merits of many Years little Services in which you formerly took some Delight, when you called me your dear,

ELIZA



LET

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LETTER XXIII.

FLORIMOND to ELIZA.

Admirable Heroine !

IF the untoward Situation of my own Affairs, and the Perplexities in which I know you are plung'd, did not render Compliments impossible and impertinent, I would endeavour to express to you some Part at least of that Satisfaction, which your last Epistle gave me ; but I think it will be a stronger Testimony of my Friendship to inform you, the Pains I have taken to be of some Use to you. *Phaon* is really in *London*, and on the Point of being married, his Wedding Cloaths and the Lady's are making, but who she is I cannot learn. I should have din'd with him to Day, but that he was oblig'd to go to *Richmond*, however I shall be introduc'd to him To-morrow, and if I can contrive how to penetrate this Mystery I will. Your Lad was with me this Morning, and tells me your Aunt in Town is buying your Wedding Cloaths. He could not sure dream this, and I always look'd upon your Father to be a Man of more Prudence, than to run the Hazard of such Disappointments. In a Word, I am so amaz'd I cannot tell what to think, only that as you say, the Darknes cannot last long, and yet methinks we have been too long in the Dark already. I hasten however to some more strange News.

The

The *Gardiner* who brought me my last Letter from *Emelia*, told me as a great Secret, that their young Lady was going to be married, and that it had been put off a Week, on Account of a new Chariot. This agrees exactly with the Intelligence you gave me, and yet I know not how to believe both Accounts. Chance threw me the other Day into a Place where I saw my Rival, he is certainly a very fine Gentleman, but I cannot think he is in Love with *Emelia*; because I heard him say many Things to a Lady, which I thought were too tender for Gallantry, and I am much mistaken if the Lady did not think so too. *Hypolytus* told him who I was, at which he look'd upon me and smil'd, passing by me as he went out of the Room, he said softly, *We shall be good Friends Sir, for all this*; at which I bow'd, but made no Answer. *Hypolytus* tells me he declined speaking of the Marriage, and only said, he believ'd he shou'd not disappoint *Emelia* at the Time, or she him; and that he had been in the Morning looking on Silks for her Wedding Cloaths. My Friend is no less bewilder'd than I, especially since on calling at the Gentleman's Lodgings, he was told by a Servant that he was gone down to *Suffolk*, so that he will be there three Days at least sooner than they expect him, and sooner I hope than some People desire him, tho' to tell you the Truth, my Brains begins to grow giddy, and my Faith is at its last Gasp.

My Uncle is in Town, and as much concern'd at my Misfortune as I could wish him; he offers as well as you, to be Security for *Emelia*, upon which I show'd him her last Letter, with which he seem'd transported, bid me go down to *Suffolk*, marry her, and he would settle on me
his

his whole Estate. Yet I have no Inclination to stir, for to speak the Truth, I am so afraid of some new unexpected Turn, that I rather wait the decision of Providence, than tempt it. Besides, I incline to be at the Bottom of this Business of *Phaon*, which would not be practicable, should I go out of Town at this Juncture. The more I consider all Things, the more I am fix'd in this Resolution; for as all these Perplexities grew immediately on my coming to Town to settle my Affairs, and without my moving at all, I cannot apprehend how my making so quick a Step as going down to *Bury*, could produce any thing but new Confusions. Yet will I not be positive that I may not suddenly change my Opinion, for if I was once satisfied as to *Phaon*, I should be extremely well pleas'd to make you a Visit, and confer with you on all our Troubles New and Old. I thought proper to say this, that my coming might not surprize you, though nothing I think could surprize you, done by a Man like me, who contradicts himself so often in so few Lines. Yet you know my Excuse, and know the force of it. I hope however this is the last Time I shall urge it, for writing in so incoherent a Manner; tho' in the midst of all my Disorder, I dare assure you I am most faithfully yours,

FLORIMOND.

P. S. Just as I was about to seal this Letter, I received the inclosed from my Friend, I have read it twice, and am in no fear of forgetting the Contents; and as it concerns you no less than myself, I thought sending it would be the best Method of communicating the Intelligence it brings.

LET.



LETTER XXIV.

HYPOLYTUS to FLORIMOND.

Dearest FRIEND!

I AM ashamed to say that I have taken a great deal of Pains, to very little purpose, in unrevelling that perplexed Web of Misfortune, which with no small Industry your evil Genius has been for some time working. The few Discoveries I have made, I have communicated to you at several Times; but I make it my Choice to repeat them to you at once, and in Writing, that you may the better see their connection with each other, and possibly be thereby led to the discerning the Causes of those Events which have so much astonish'd you. Your Rival *Celadon*, is you know, a Man of distinguish'd Birth, with a Fortune very unequal thereto. His Father had a large Estate when he was Born, and as he set no limit to other Expences, so it must be allowed that there was no sparing in the Education of his Son. Before he travell'd, there was some talk of a Match between him and a Lord's only Daughter; but while he was in *Italy*, that Nobleman dyed, and his Widow, who was also her Daughter's Guardian, forbid *Celadon* the House, as soon as she heard of his return to *London*. This was the Lady you took Notice of the other Day, to whom *Celadon* was speaking. The Town thought there was still an Amour subsisting, and therefore the
 Lady's

Lady's Mother heard of his Marriage with *Emelia* as a Thing very conducive to her Quiet. All this I am able to tell you of my own Knowledge, as also that *Celadon* hath lately had very large Sums of Money in his Possession, been extreamly busy with *Lawyers*, and whenever he comes to Town, is to bring out a very grand Equipage, which if he expects to support with *Emelia's* Fortune, he will not be thought to have learn'd much of their Oeconomy, during his long Converse with the *Italians*.

What I am to tell you of *Phaon* is Matter of Hearsay. He went to *Legborn* to settle his Father's Affairs, which he found in great Confusion, and tho' he stayed there a good while, and applied himself very industriously to Business, yet could he not bring them into any Order; his Return to *England* is sudden and unexpected, two Reasons I have heard assign'd for this in Conversation, one, That his Guardian recalled him; the other, That a Discovery has been lately made of the Effects of his Father's *Banker*, which will produce ten Shillings in the Pound, besides five Shillings which have been divided already, and as he is the principal Creditor, this must be a very considerable Thing. As to his Marriage it is kept a Secret, at the request of the Lady's Father, of whom I heard this Character, that he has a long Head, a long Purse, and a very close Fist, which Qualities belonging to many People, it can be scarce stiled any Character at all. *Phaon* since his Return to *London*, appears the most altered Man in the World, he was always of a sweet easy Temper, but a little too reserv'd, which Humour grew upon him in *Italy* more and more, insomuch that his Friends expected to have seen him a per-

fect Mope; they are however agreeably disappointed, for with much good Sense, and the most becoming Modesty, he has all the Frankness and Vivacity one can wish, and of these last Particulars I am myself a Witness.

I have forgot the Lady's Name, whom you mention'd to me as the Aunt of a Friend of yours; but I believe *Phaon* lodges in her House, because coming by accidentally, I saw him hand her into a Coach in his Night Gown and Slippers. You see what trivial Stories I pick up for you; but you will believe that I would have collected weightier, had they lain in my Way, and therefore you must impute the lightness of this Letter, not as a Fault, but a Misfortune, to him who in all Things, and on all Occasions will ever prove himself your true Friend, and obedient Servant,

HYPOLYTUS.

P. S. If there be any Thing odd in my Letter, it is certainly out done by this Billet which I have just receiv'd.

To HYPOLYTUS.

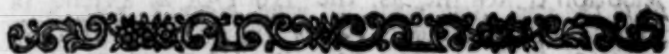
My old Friend,

THE Person who delivers you this will at the same Time bring you two Marriage Favours, one for yourself, the other for your Friend *Florimond*; be pleas'd to give it him, and tell him, that he shall have proper Notice of my Wedding, which in spite of Appearances, will be no unwelcome Sight to him. I should have

written

written more, but that I am going to see *Emilia's* Things pack'd up, and therefore I bid you both adieu,

CELADON.



LETTER XXV.

ELIZA to FLORIMOND.

Most worthy Friend!

IF I have been troublesome to you by my long melancholy Letters, I will now endeavour to make you some Amends. We have had strange Things happen'd in our Family, and had I the Pen of the Countess *D'Anois*, or *Madam De Noyer*, I persuade myself my true History would not make a worse Figure than their feign'd ones. To you however, a plain Detail of Facts will, I dare say, be more acceptable than any of those high finish'd Memoirs, wherein the Author's Ingenuity appears to much greater Advantage, than their Veracity. The next Day after I wrote to you, my Father after Breakfast asked me morosely enough, Whether I had thought seriously of what he had said to me? Upon which I immediately presented him the Letter, of which I sent you a Copy; he made some Difficulty of receiving it, and was pleased to tell me, that he knew well enough my Skill in writing Letters, and had seen more of them than I imagin'd. However, on my bursting into Tears, he took it up and

went to the Window, I look'd upon him steadily while he was reading it, and saw with Surprise his Brow clear by Degrees, and after a second reading, was not a little amazed to see him come towards me smiling.

Eliza, said he, *Is there no Falacy in this? Are these the real Sentiments of your Heart?* Yes, Sir, return'd I, *Why then Girl*, answer'd he briskly, *they are my Sentiments too, and you may depend on being as happy as I can make you.* I threw myself at his Feet, and in the best Phrases my Passion would allow me to utter, expressed my Duty, Gratitude and Thankfulness. He quickly raised me up, embrac'd me, bid me go into the Garden and compose myself, after which he directed me to retire to my Chamber, and not stir till I was called to Dinner. I punctually obey'd him, but guess at my Amazement, when at Three o'Clock my Maid came to inform me, I was to dine in my Chamber, that my Father was gone to *London* in his Chariot, and that about two Hours before our *French Woman* was discarded, and obliged to take her Passage in the Stage-Coach. Tho' I am not absolutely free from Apprehensions, since I have no Key to my Father's Conduct, yet relying upon his Promise, I make myself easy, and hope the best. I long to hear from *Emelia*, and from you, as our Affairs have grown perplex'd together, I am in Hopes that our Misfortunes will have the same Period, and as my Happiness begins to dawn, it would afford me the most sublime Satisfaction, to have any good News from you.

My Maid informs me, that your Rival *Cela-*
doi, pass'd through this Town in the Morning in
his Chaise and Six, with a great deal of Baggage,
and

and is gone to a Gentleman's House six Miles from hence, on the Road directly opposite to that which should have carried him to *Emelia*; but as his Lawyer follow'd him about Noon, I imagine Settlements are to be adjusted there, at least I know not what else to imagine. Our *French* Woman lost all Patience at my Father's Treatment, and had the Insolence to tell my Maid, that I intended to have run away with a young Fellow not worth a Groat, which she had discover'd and prevented, that my Father would marry me in a few Days; and that he had sacrificed her in this ungrateful manner, to give the lie to some Reports to my Disadvantage, but she would take Care the Truth should be known in Spight of all our Arts. I protest to you, I am unable to unriddle any Part of this strange Accusation, and as I am not willing to charge People with great Crimes on Suspicion, I am afraid the poor Gentlewoman is a little crazy, or else invented this Romance to revenge herself upon me, for the supposed Injuries I had done her. Time, my faithful Friend, will explain all these Mysteries, and I hope we shall shortly talk with Pleasure of those Things, which give us at present the greatest Pain, and in this Hope I bid you farewell.

E L I Z A.

P. S. I have amused myself all the Morning with *Spencer*, can you see any Sign of it in these Verses?

ON HOPE:

H O P E is a Charm that soothes the lab'ring Mind
 The pleasing OPIUM of the afflicted Soul;
 In it alone the Wretched Comfort find,
 For lively HOPE can ev'ry Care controul.
 My beating Bosom is a well wrought CAGE,
 Whence this sweet GOLDFINCH never shall elope,
 Her Musick all my Sorrows can assuage,
 So soft the Songs of Heart deluding HOPE.



LETTER XXVI.

FLORIMOND to EMELIA.

Mistress of my Soul!

I Cannot decline this Opportunity of writing to you, tho' I have very little to say to justify my troubling you with a Letter. The Servants of your Family talk with Confidence of your Marriage. Your Mother expresses her Satisfaction in all Companies, and by my fatal Complaisance to your Commands, I have incurr'd the Indignation of your Father, on whose Integrity both you and I placed our Confidence, and had we not mismanaged it ourselves, I am persuaded very justly. Celadon has provided a new Equipage, and bought your Wedding Cloaths. In this Distress I have nothing to console me, but your Promise and my own Fidelity; Lovers must have Faith, and I hope I have convinc'd you, that in this Respect I was not deficient; but now to speak sincerely,

sincerely, Appearances are too strong not to beget Suspicions. Forgive me, *Emelia*, if I wrong you, and if it be in your Power, give me some Grounds to repent.

The Conduct of *Celadon* is so fluctuating and unintelligible, that I am weary of Conjectures, and wait with some Impatience that Event, which must necessarily end them. You will see by the inclosed what a strange Present he has sent me, yet I must own to you, that if it were not for the Sense I have of your Charms, I should still depend upon *Celadon*, who has a Frankness in his Behaviour irreconcilable with that Conduct which must destroy my Peace; but alas! if he be in my Condition, if you have the same Power over him that you have over me, his Perfidiousness will be of a Piece with my Complaisance; and to justify his Conduct, he need appeal only to mine. If it be otherwise, if as I have been told, *Celadon* was pre-ingag'd, then surely our Affairs are not desperate. But why do I trouble you with these If's and Supposes? without question you are uneasy enough already, and it ought not to be my Office to add to your Disquiets. I cannot forbear writing, and of what should I write but that of which my Heart is full. This is the Source of my Offence, and this only can excuse it. Sincerity is so acceptable a Quality in a Friend or a Lover, that it may atone for many Deficiencies, if not for all; thus like a Bankrupt I offer you what is in my Power, and you I hope will not be so rigid as to expect more.

I was just going to conclude, when *Hypolytus* came in; he has receiv'd another Billet from *Celadon*, which promises an End to all our Sorrows next Week. What the Meaning of this is I

know not; but whatever it is, may Heaven render it propitious to you. *Eliza's* Father din'd this Day at a Merchant's House with *Phaon*, they went Abroad together afterwards in the old Man's Chariot, and they have each of them an Apartment at her Aunt's; this shows they agree perfectly well, and I hope presages a happy Issue in her Affair; sure all Appearances are not delusive, or all we see and hear, Phantoms and Fictions. I have told you now *Emelia*, my Thoughts and my News, and yet I am unwilling to make an End. There is certainly in this Passion of Love, something which borders nearly upon Madness; the Series of our Actions is a String of Contradictions, our Resolutions are without force, and our Opinions change before they are well expressed. To avoid tormenting you therefore with my raving, I will only add, that however disturbed and distracted in other Things, my Heart is entirely and sincerely yours,

FLORIMOND.



LETTER XXVII.

HYPOLYTUS to FLORIMOND.

Dearest Friend,

I Should think myself extreamly happy, if I could do you the same good Office in respect to your own Affairs, that I am going to perform in regard to a Lady for whom I know you have the

the greatest Concern. By this Time *Eliza* is the happiest Woman in the World, and by the oddest Train of Accidents that can be, it is in my Power to acquaint you how this has fallen out. In the first Place, you must know that *Eliza* corresponded with *Phaon*, by a Name different from his own. The Boy she sent with her Letters to the *Post-Office*, was very faithful, insomuch that the *French* House-keeper could not procure one of them, either by Promises or Threats. She found Means however to get the Direction copy'd at the *Post-House*, and having effected this, she procur'd a Letter to be written from *London*, to the young Lady's Father, informing him that such a Person, using the Name which *Phaon* had fix'd on for his Correspondence with *Eliza*, was on the Point of running away with his Daughter. This alarm'd him not a little, having just received Advice from *Leghorn*, that by an unforeseen Accident *Phaon* would recover all his Fathers Effects.

To prevent all ill Consequences therefore, the old Gentleman made Miss a close Prisoner, dismiss'd her Servant, and understanding that *Phaon* was about to set out for *England*, before he had put this Part of his Project in Execution, he by Letter forbid him to write any more to his Daughter, on Pain of never seeing her more. These Letters however never reached his Hands, he having left *Leghorn* on the Death of his Correspondent, who was entrusted with conveying *Eliza's* Epistles; but upon his coming to Town, and going to *Eliza's* Aunts, he received from her the same Caution. Upon this, he sent a Friend of his into *Suffolk*, to learn what was the Matter, who inform'd him on his Return, that the old Gentleman was resolv'd that *Phaon* should sur-
prize

prize his Daughter, by coming down on a sudden as a Stranger he had fix'd on for her Husband. This Scheme, when at the Point of Execution, was broke all to Pieces by a Letter the young Lady wrote her Father, which discovered that she never had a new Lover. By this, the *French Woman* was detected, and turned out of the Family. The old Man came to Town, conferr'd Notes with his Son-in-Law, and this Morning they are set out together for *Suffolk*. Without Question they will be very kindly receiv'd by *Eliza*, tho' by a Letter of hers to her Aunt, it appears she was not a little chagrin'd at *Phaon's* being in Town, so long without writing her a Line. He never saw that Epistle till Yesterday, and though he has so much Matter for his own Inspection, yet it has given him such strong Concern, that when I took my Leave of him this Morning, he was not in near so high Spirits as I expected. Surely this Love is an odd Passion, since Lovers are never easy, I should be glad to see how he behaves when a Husband. Will his Uneasinesses be then all over, or will new one's succeed? I ask this as a mere Novice in these Matters, but I hope to be well informed when you and he are become in Condition to be my Masters.

I was going to Seal my Letter when *Celadon's* Servant call'd upon me to enquire where you liv'd. I was very urgent with him to know what was the Reason of this Enquiry, but all the Answer he would, or perhaps could give me, was that his Master had written a Letter to you, which was to be delivered by his Taylor this Afternoon. I gave him a Direction, and will not fail to call upon you in the Evening, to learn if it be possible, what this mysterious Man means.

I confess the Measures he takes, astonishes me, as much as they perplex you, and I have more than once repented my Acquaintance with him, merely because of the Disquiet it gives me; yet I cannot hear that any Friend of his beside has Reason to complain, which instead of easing, adds to my inquietude, because I think it hard he should fix on me, for the first Man he deceives, and makes an Engine in deceiving Others. Perhaps I am mistaken in that; in this I am sure I am not, when I profess myself the sincerest of your Friends, and the most Faithful of your Servants,

HYPOLYTUS.



LETTER XXVIII.

EMELIA to ELIZA.

My only FRIEND!

IT is with the greatest Satisfaction, that I receiv'd, though very imperfectly, the News of your Happiness. My Maid had it from the Man who brings you this, and whom your Father sent to invite all our Family to your Wedding. What Answer he will bring back I know not, for I am as closely confined as if I had been not suspected only, but convicted of a capital Offence, though I conceive it is intended that my Imprisonment shall be concluded not with Hanging, but with Marriage. My Maid is a kind of Prisoner too, for though she is allowed the Liberty of the House

House, and may go up and down Stairs, which is more than I have done this ten Days, yet dare she not speak to any of the Servants in private, nor dare they approach my Appartment.

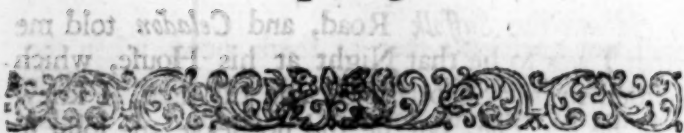
Never surely was a Family in such Confusion. My Father, contrary to his usual Custom, hardly speaks a Word, and from being the best humour'd Man in the World, is become the most morose. My Mother was in top Spirits till within these three Days, when a vast Quantity of fine Cloaths and Linnen came down from *London* for me, with a Letter from *Celadon*, the Contents of which I know not. I guess however, that there is something wrong, because my Father can scarce look upon me without Tears, and my Mother talks alike harshly to us both. To add to my Distress, I hear nothing either from *Florimond*, or you. Is not this a melancholy Situation? Have I not Reason to lose my Patience, or can any one blame me for being Peevish, or even Vaporish in such a Condition? Try dear *Eliza*, try to see me, for whither our Family go to your House or not, I shall certainly remain where I am. I believe it will be best not to ask my Parents Leave. I persuade myself *Phaon* will accompany you to the Garden Gate at Nine in the Evening, my Maid shall be there, and will conduct you to an Arbor where I spend many Hours of the sleepless Night.

I know you will have the Goodness to excuse my not complementing you on your Marriage, those who are not half so much affected with it as I am, will be able to say ten Times more than I can; but as in the Course of a long tender Friendship, I never gave you any Reason to doubt either my sincerity, or my Zeal. so I hope you will

will not question either of them now, when the odd Posture of my Affairs renders it impossible for me to express them as I ought. I foresee some Difficulty in your Coming, and therefore if you find it impracticable, have the Goodness to write by this Servant, and send him at the same Hour to the Garden Gate. Before I conclude, I must tell you, that the Night before the Day on which I should be married, I intend to make my Escape, in which, if I should have any need of your Assistance, I shall find a Way to inform you by *Margaret*, who us'd to bring you my Letters; as yet, I have only thought of it in general, and have not settled my particular Method. It may be, Providence will prevent me, and save my taking a Step, which gives me inexpressible Pain to think on. The Usage I have received from my Mother, hath sharpened my Temper beyond any Thing I ever thought myself capable of, especially towards one for whom the Laws of God and Man require so high a Reverence. Indeed *Eliza*, I ought not to trouble you with these melancholy Things, immediately on your Marriage; but it is impossible for me to writ any Thing else, and therefore to prevent continuing in a wrong Road, I will be so rude as to make a full Stop. Adieu! Remember with Pity your unhappy Friend,

EMELIA

L.T.



LETTER XXIX.

FLORIMOND to HYPOLYTUS.

Faithful FRIEND!

A Departure so sudden as mine, without taking Leave, without sending you a Message, or so much as excusing myself by a Letter, must appear very extravagant, nor should I be surprized if by this Time you had Thoughts of blotting both *Celadon* and myself out of the List of your Friends. You know that by an odd Accident, *Celadon's* Taylor mis'd me in the Morning, as I mis'd your Letter the Day before, and you that Evening. The next Day the Taylor was with me before I was up, the Letter he was charged with, requested me to allow him to take my Measure, and to order him to bring the Cloaths to *Celadon's* Lodgings as soon as they were made, whither I was also directed to go, with an Assurance that I should hear News would please me. I went accordingly, when *Celadon's* Servant told me, that his Master attended me four Miles from Town, and that I must set out immediately. I sent him to my Lodgings for Linnen and my Boots, then mounting his Master's Horses, we reach'd the Inn, where he was in an Hour. At our coming into the Yard, we found a Chaise and Six, into which I got at the Request of my Rival, and away we drove without so much as drinking a Glass of Wine.

It

It was the *Suffolk* Road, and *Celadon* told me that I was to lie that Night at his House, which added to my Surprise, because till then, I knew not he had one, but he did not leave me long in the Dark. I have, said he, taken a great deal of Pains to make both you and myself Happy and have succeeded in my Wish. I married a Week ago Lady *Sophia*, and have in her Right, three Thousand Pounds a Year, beside a Title to her Mother's Jointure. It was necessary for me to practice as I did upon *Emelia's* Family, otherwise I could never have brought my own Affairs to bear. My Mother-in-Law being my implacable Enemy, tho' I hope she will not continue so. I bought all *Emelia's* wedding Cloaths, and suffer'd her Father to be at a good deal of Expence, that a Marriage might be absolutely necessary. I then prevailed upon my Uncle to go and acquaint the Family, that I had married a Lady to whom I had been under Engagements for some Years, and that I conceived they could not take this very much amiss since their Daughter was under the like Engagements, which it would now be their Interest to fulfill. The Reception my Uncle met with was so bad a One, and the Fury of the old Lady was so great, that I was in great Fear my Plot would miscarry. Three Days past without hearing a Word, on the fourth came your Uncle, whom till then, I had never seen, though he is my Wife's near Neighbour. He acquainted me that *Emelia's* Father had been at his House. That he told him frankly the whole Story, and that when they had compar'd Things together, he desired your Marriage might be celebrated the Day after To-morrow, being the very Day fix'd for mine. Your Uncle
after

after dining with me, went back to their House, and I set out for the Inn where you found me, and where I had waited for you a whole Day.

That Night I lay at *Celadon's* House, and the next Morning went in his Coach with him, his Lady, and her Aunt, to *Emelia's*, where we were very well received by the old Man, but her Mother look'd a little coldly upon *Celadon*, who rally'd her first into a very bad, and then into a very good Humour. *Phaon* and *Eliza* were at our Wedding, and my Uncle to make *Celadon* some Amends for the rich Cloaths sent down to *Emelia*, has given him eight Bay Coach-Horses of his own Breeding. One Thing I must not forget, that my Mother-in-Law, who was so tender of her Daughter's Fortune, never thought of a Settlement till after we were married, nor had she thought of it so soon, if my Uncle had not declared that he had settled his whole Estate upon me, except a Rent Charge of two hundred Pounds a Year, which he reserved for Life, and a Power of disposing of two thousand Pounds by Will. Such my Friend, is the Conclusion of an Affair in which out of a mere Benevolence of Temper you took so much Concern. If Business will permit, let us have your Company here for a Fortnight, and then you will have Leisure enough to ask *Phaon*, and myself, the Questions you formerly propos'd. *Celadon's* new Chariot will attend you at your Lodgings, drawn by six Bays, whenever you shall appoint; but first the Taylor must wait upon you, and it is farther expected, that the Favour formerly sent you, should appear in your Hat; make what haste you can to join us, though at present our Company seem all so well pleased, that I do not see any great Sign of moving,

moving, when we do, it will be at *Celadon's* House, where some Alterations are making, and where it is agreed we shall pass the Remainder of the Summer together. There is also a Cousin of Lady *Sophia's* expected there, a young Lady of Nineteen, very agreeable, and has a good Fortune; suppose *Celadon*, you should make an experiment of the hardnes, of your Heart against all these Charms. If you should be vanquish'd, it will be among your Friends, who will not deny their Assistance. A single Life has Freedom I grant you, but not much of real Felicity. More of this however, on a proper Occasion, when you have seen the Harmony in which we live, and have conversed a while with the amiable *Clarinda*. All here, present their Respects to you, and their joint Request, that you would make haste. I add no more, but that I am,

Your sincere Friend,

As well as your most obliged,

And obedient Servant,

FLORIMOND.



SELECT



SELECT
EPISTLES,
OR THE
Rational AMUSEMENT.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

PHAON *to* FLORIMOND.

Worthy FRIEND!



It is not easie to expresse the Satisfaction I feel in sitting down to write this Epistle. When I was last at your House, you seem'd to expresse a Regret for not having spent some Years of your Youth in Travel, and were at the same Time pleas'd to show no small Delight in hearing the imperfect Accounts I was able to give you of some Parts of *Italy*. At that Time indeed I did not recollect that it was in my Power to give you more Satisfaction than I did, but

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but coming home, and running over in my Mind our Conversation on this Subject, it struck into my Head, that there were in my Cabinet some Letters would inform and divert you, more than with all the Pains I could take, it would be in my Power to do. I immediately look'd for, and happily found them, so that they will be deliver'd to you by my Servant, at the same Time he gives you this. I must, however, draw up a short Account of the two Gentlemen by whom they were written, and who were both my particular Friends, and then you will be able to read with Pleasure.

Hilario, who was the Son of an eminent *Italian* Merchant, and receiv'd in his Youth an Education suitable to the Fortune which his Father was then able to leave him, spent three Years as a Gentleman Commoner at *Oxford*, and was then suddenly call'd Home on his Father's marrying his second Wife, and taking thereupon a Resolution of sending him to *Leghorn*. The young Man relish'd this Change better than could have been expected. He went thither in 1701, and in 1722, when I knew him, he was worth thirty Thousand Pound, and as fine a Gentleman as *Europe* could boast of. He had by Nature very quick Parts, which having improv'd by Study and Travel, you may easily imagine that his Behaviour was very Polite, and his Company very agreeable. The only Misfortune he had, was a wrong turn in Politicks, of which he was very tenacious. Some who were as great Biggots the other Way, insinuated that he was Popishly affected; but that was false, he had indeed a Superstitious Reverence for Kings, but had as little Idea as any Man of praying to Saints.



SELECT
EPISTLES,
OR THE
Rational AMUSEMENT.

BOOK II.

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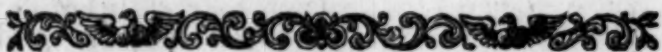
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Philintus, was the only Son of his Mother, bred at a private Academy, and sent in his Youth to *Stockholm*, from thence, he had occasionally as Business call'd him, pass'd to *Archangel*, *Moscow*, *Astracan*, and all the chief Places in the *Russian* Empire. He return'd to *London* about the Time the *Czar* was here, and going the next Year to *Oxford*, in Order to see the University, he carried by Chance a Letter of Recommendation to *Hilario*. The kind Reception he met with, and the many Civilities paid him in that Retreat of the Muses, laid the Foundation of a Friendship which subsisted between these Gentlemen as long as they liv'd, and this notwithstanding they were of opposite Parties; for if *Hilario* was a warm *Tory*, *Philintus* was still a more violent *Whig*.

You will see by the Dates of their Letters when the Correspondence between them commenc'd, but it may not be amiss to inform you, how they came into my Hands. *Hilario* was my Father's Friend, and when I went to *Legborn*, it was chiefly from him I expected any Assistance. It would be a poor Testimony for his Worth, to say, he answer'd my Expectations, because in Truth he went beyond, my Hopes was, as tender of me as a Parent, and espous'd my Cause as eagerly as a Council, who is to marry his Clients Daughter. To him I owe all the Success I have met with, and should have met it sooner if he had not died suddenly, when I needed his Advice and Assistance most. A little after, I came to *Legborn*, I made a Trip to *Florence*, and at my Return, expressing a Desire to be acquainted with the present State of *Italy*, he was so kind as to lend me a thin folio Book of Letters, from which, with his Leave, I transcrib'd those I send you,

you, and have often repented that I did not transcribe the rest. By this Time I dare say, you are desirous of running them over, I will not therefore detain you any longer than to tell you that the Zeal will never diminish with which I have the Honour to be your Friend and Servant,

PHAON.



LETTER II.

PHILINTUS to HILARIO.

IT is now my dearest Friend, near five Months since I receiv'd an Epistle from you by Captain *Morison*; you seem'd then to be much in Love with *Italy*, and I remember Mr. *Ascham* tells us in his *Schoolmaster*, that it is a bewitching Place, especially to *English* Men. I will not repeat the rest, because I have heard you more than once mention the Passage. Do not become an Instance of the Truth of it, by forgetting your Friends at *London*; it's true, we Northern Clowns may have less speculative Knowledge, and even fall short in political Penetration of your *Italian* Virtuosi, but then let me tell you, that *German* Sincerity is a solid Vertue, and will weigh down a great many polite Accomplishments in the Opinion of such a Philosopher as I once knew *Hilario* to be.

Ingenuously I am a little jealous, because some Friends of mine have had Letters from *Legborn* twice since I receiv'd yours, and shall Men be

more exact in mercantile Correspondence than in the Discharge of the Offices of Friendship? I hope not. I have been bred a Merchant from the same Age that you were bred a Scholar, and yet I have such a Contempt of this mercenary Spirit, that I receive a Letter from a Friend like you, with more Pleasure than my Factor's Advice of the safe Arrival of a Ship when the Insurance is 40 per Cent. One Thing I am confident of, which is, that I have slipt no Opportunity of plaguing you, nor will I, till you have the good Nature to please me by writing an Answer.

News I can write you none, because when the Parliament is not sitting, you must know it better than I. The War goes on gloriously, the common Enemy is hard pressed on every Side, and here even here, People seem to be tollerably satisfied, and Libels are less frequent than ever; but these Matters apart. Let me have a short Description of *Leghorn*, a concise Account of its ancient and present State, a View of its Trade, and all the other Particulars you were wont to expect from me whenever I mention'd any great City I had been in. It's now upwards of a Year since you left *England*, in that Space I have had two Letters, the first was a plain old fashion'd *English* Letter, the very Stile you used to write me from *Oxford*; but the second savour'd a little methought of the Country you are in, at least it had more Compliment and less Matter than any Epistle of yours I had seen till then. I must own that to your Father out did mine, and I could not help smiling, when he show'd me such a Mixture of respectful Language, and Sentiments of quite another Cast. I ought to tremble at writing this to an *Italian*, but I flatter myself that you still consider

sider me as your Friend, and then I am sure you will take nothing ill I say. You see what impressions I begin to take, efface them by a good long Letter full of curious Facts, and judicious Observations, such as your Account of your Journey to *Glastenbury*, and the pretty History of *Rosamond*, which I can assure you has been read and admired by the greatest Poet we have now in *England*. In return for such an Epistle, I shall readily execute any Commands you will lay upon me, and there was a Time when such a Promise would have had its Weight. I commit this to the Care of a Friend, who assures me he will deliver it with his own Hand; he can also recommend you to a Friend of Lord *Peterborough's*, who will send me an Answer, that is, if you are in the Humour to write one, by a more safe and speedy Method than usual, so that I shall quickly have it in my Power to know whether for the future I am to esteem myself what hitherto I have always been

Your hearty Friend,

and very humble Servant,

Feb. 1709.

PHILINTUS.





LETTER III.

HILARIO to PHILINTUS.

I HAVE receiv'd dear *Philintus*, that kind expostulatory Letter you was pleas'd to write me; by this Time you have three of mine, which have no other Business than to tell you where I was, and to enquire how you did. I returned Yesterday from *Naples*, and would not neglect writing to you to Day, because your kind Friend has secur'd a Place in my Lord's Packet; at present therefore you cannot expect I should give you any Account of *Leghorn*, especially when I tell you, that before I had been there three Months, I was oblig'd to go to *Naples*; there indeed I made some Observations, which I shall transmit you in my next, but for the present give me Leave to entertain you as if we were together.

I cannot conceive how you who have travelled so much yourself, should be still so much the *English* Man, as to imagine that a Man's Honesty should suffer by his removing out of the Latitude of *London* or of *Oxford*. When I wrote to you last I was ill of a Fever, and had but just Sense enough to conceive a few plain Thoughts in plain Words; that I conceal'd my Distemper was the Effect of the Sense I have of your Friendship, which I know would have made you very uneasy till you heard of my Recovery, a Thing at that Time not very certain. My Epistle to my Father might very possibly carry in it some Marks
of

of my Distemper, the rather, because without Question, it had its Source in the 'Troubles he thought fit to heap upon me. I never did, I never shall take upon me to question the Rectitude of his Actions, but certainly without any Breach of Duty, I might insist, that such as he expected from me were irreconcilable to the Principles which he had taught me, especially considering, that my Act was not only to prejudice myself, but my Brother and my Sister. So that after all, *Philintus*, there was not the least of the *Italian*, tho' there might for ought I know, be something of the bold *Briton*, who does not think that any Man has a Right to invade his Property, even tho' he should happen to be called Father or King. Henceforward let us hear no more of this, I have explain'd myself once for all, perhaps I may be mistaken as to my Father's Conduct, and it is a Misfortune for me to differ with him if I am not, the Sense of which grieves me much more than the worst Consequences it can possibly have, or ever will. He is apprehensive that I bear I know not what ill Will to the Lady he has given me for a Mother-in-law; whereas I must own to you, that I believe I am the single Man in the World who approve his Choice; he married her for the Sake of her good Qualities, and sought no other Fortune than the Riches of her Mind, for this I applaud him, and I assure you, that from a Conviction of the same sort, I am inclined to love her as tenderly as I did my Mother; the sending me hither therefore was needless, yet I am well pleased with being here, and relish Business so well, that I believe I shall never incline to quit it.

Your

Your *German* Sincerity pleases me not a little ; I perceive, that according to your System, if a Man travels North he comes Home the better for it, but if South, his Honesty is sure to suffer; strange that Climates should have this Effect, and that *Italy* which was once the Land of Heroes, while some other Countries were Lands of Barbarism, should now in its Turn become so corrupt, as to affect the Morals of a Stranger who only passes through 'it. Tell me by the Way, what you think of the Virtue of one of your Northern Folks, which I can assure you has made no small Noise here. A little while ago, a *Polish Monk* was travelling to *Rome*, he was far from being well equipt, and yet he had the Misfortune to fall into the Hands of Thieves, this happen'd not far from *Viterbo* ; the Banditti were both well mounted, and well arm'd, and being not satisfied with what they found in the *Polander's* Purse, they compelled him to confess, by clapping a Pistol to his Forehead, that he had sew'd a Piece or two of Gold in the Foot of his Stocking; hereupon they obliged him to sit down, and they both dismounting, began to draw of each a Stocking; the *Polander*, a lusty young Fellow of two and twenty, could not resist the Temptation of knocking their Heads together, which he did with such good Will, that the Fellows were quite stunn'd, which engag'd him to continue his Exercise till he broke both their Necks; he then stript them, laid their Cloaths neatly trussed up upon one Horse, and mounting the other, rode on quietly to *Rome*; when he arriv'd there he went to the Convent *De la Minerva*, where he told the General of his Order, how he came by this Equipage ; the Story quickly came to the
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Ears of the Pope *Innocent XI.* he would needs have the Tale from the *Polander's* own Mouth, who at an Audience for that Purpose, told it with great Falacrity in *Polish Latin*, expressing the Business of knocking them on the Head thus, * *Arreptis amborum capitibus, dulciter dulciterque unum contra aliud impuli, & sic confractis cervicibus, mortui sunt.* His Holiness, tho' a very grave Man, could not avoid smiling, and repeating two or three Times the *Polander's* Phrase † *Dulciter dulciterque*; however he absolv'd the *Monk*, and bestow'd upon him all the Booty he had taken.

The Pleasure I receive from the Observations I make here, fills me with Regret for not making the best use, of your agreeable Conversation. It would then have been in my Power to have gratified the Curiosity of the intelligent *Italians*, as to the State of the Northern Countries of which they have no distinct Ideas. You may yet remedy this Inconveniency, by looking over those correct Journals which I have seen of your Travels, and giving me a concise Account of the Condition in which you found the Countries through which you travelled. I by no means expect a regular Detail of your Motions, but such a Description of Places as may enable me to judge of the Advantages and Disadvantages of residing in them. I do not say this so much with a View of regulating your Epistles, as of excusing my own; my Education and Disposition concur to make these kind of Enquiries agreeable to me, and I own, that

* Laying hold of both their Heads I sweetly sweetly knock'd them together, and so their Necks being broke they died.

† Sweetly sweetly.

that I am much better pleased when I contemplate the State of an *Italian* Republick, than when I am viewing those Statues, or those Paintings which our Modern Travellers value so much. When I see the Attention and the Rapture with which these Things are beheld, I cannot help admiring the good Sense of *Virgil*, who so long ago foresaw the Consequences of too violent a Passion for the fine Arts, and advised the *Romans* to leave the Care of excelling in them to other Nations, and to make the Science of Ruling their peculiar Study. The Neglect of this Maxim contributed most of any Thing to the Ruin of that famous Empire, nor must we expect to see the Revival of the *Italian* Glory, till we see publick Spirit preferr'd to a fine Taste. Your Friend is come for my Letter, and I can only say, that I am without any *Italian* Art,

Your sincere Friend and Servant,

HILARIO.

Legborn, Aug. 1709.



LETTER IV.

PHILINTUS to HILARIO.

ALL your Letters are now come to Hand, and in Consequence thereof, I retract all my Charges, and acknowledge you for my very good Friend and Countryman. The Close of
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your last Particularly pleases me, and I wish all the young Gentlemen of our Country, were of your Mind. Nations have their Genij, as well as particular Persons, and as a Man seldom thrives in a Profession to which he has no liking, so a whole People may be ruin'd by running into a Mode of living opposite to that for which Nature has design'd them. For this Reason, I am for leaving to *France*, her Empire over Fashion; to *Spain*, her Zeal for uniformity in Religion; and to the *Italians*, their Skill in Painting and Sculpture. I should be laugh'd at if I were to advance such Doctrine upon the *Exchange*; but I protest to you, I would rather see a couple of Hundred Thousand Pounds exported annually from hence to *Italy*, for Statues and Pictures, than see the Taste of our People run generally that Way. Such Notions are well enough for Noblemen, neither should I be sorry to see them affect Merchants, since the Desire of possessing Things is the most effectual Method of spurring Men to find Money to pay for them. This our native Commodities, our great Manufactures, and above all, our Fishery, will for ever enable us to do, and provided Englishmen labour in the vigorous Part of their Lives, I am for allowing them what Amusements they please, when Industry is no longer necessary to them. Let us pay for *Gewgaws*, and live by *staple* Commodities!

But whither am I running; you make a fair Offer, and I accept it, let me know what it is you think most remarkable in *Italy*, and I return, will give you the best Account I can of the North; by this means we shall add to each others Stock of Knowledge, which I take to be the most noble Office of a Friend. My Family had been for
many

many Years concerned in a Trade to the North; my Grandfather resided in *Russia*, in the Reign of King *James I.* and his Son, and this put my Mother and other Relations upon sending me thither when I was very Young, and to my going thither so early, I impute that warm Affection I have for the Inhabitants of the North; a Fondness for the Objects seen in their Youth being natural to all Men.

The first foreign City I visited was that of *Amsterdam*, I had a Relation there, who was to take Care to send me to *Stockholm*, after I had remain'd a little while with him, and acquired some Knowledge of the *French* and *Dutch* Languages, I arrived there in *October* 1687, and stayed there till the beginning of the next Summer. During so many Months, I had Time enough to inform myself both by Observation and Enquiry, of the State of that famous Mart. I can safely say, that in these Respects I was not either idle or credulous, and my Uncle being very well pleased with my Curiosity, enabled me to draw up such an Account as I hope will not prove disagreeable to you.

The City of *Amsterdam* is seated in *Amsteland*, which is a Part of *South Holland*. It is built at the Confluence of the Rivers *Amstel* and *Z:* and in the Year 1204, there was nothing here but a little Country House, belonging to the Lords of *Amstel*. One of these Lords encouraged some Fishermen to settle in his Neighbourhood, by Degrees their Number increased so much that within thirty Years it became a Borough, and had a Charter from the Earl of *Holland*. In 1482, it was first Wall'd round, at which Time, *Bruges*, in *Flanders*, was the City of the greatest Trade

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in *Europe*; but the Inhabitants growing Proud and Insolent, first oppress'd Strangers, and then rebelling against the Arch-Duke *Maximilian*, they became the Causes of their own Ruin, and of the Rise of *Antwerp*, in *Amsterdam*. For these Cities having assisted the Arch-Duke to humble *Bruges*, he in return, granted them the same Privileges that City enjoyed. *Amsterdam* thence forward became noted for its Commerce, which increased gradually by a vast accession of Strangers, who on account of Religion, retired out of *Germany*, *France*, and *England*, who all found Shelter, and were allowed to worship God in their own Way here. In 1584, the Duke of *Parma* gave the greatest Assistance to the City of *Amsterdam*, by the ruining that of *Antwerp*. Ten Years afterwards, the *East-India* Company was erected, the Success of which join'd to other Advantages, carried the Commerce of this Place to such a Height, that in 1660, the Bounds of the City was extended, and new Walls raised, as if they had secret Notice of the Designs of Providence, which by the late Dispersion of the *French* Protestants, hath provided Inhabitants for these additional Spaces, which otherwise might not have been fill'd up so soon by half a Century.

All that has been said however, does not imply, that this Place can enter at all into Comparison with some other Cities in *Europe*, as to Number of Inhabitants, for Instance, *London*, at a Moderate Computation, contains 800,000 Souls, whereas in *Amsterdam*, there are not above 200,000 at most. To say the Truth, this is an amazing Number, considering that it was so few Years ago but an inconsiderable Place; the Wealth and Trade of the Inhabitants, is still more amazing than their Multi-

Multitude, and I think it very allowable to say, that the Spirit of Industry is become the Guardian Genius of *Amsterdam*. Those who do not content themselves with Appearances, but like to search to the Bottom of Things, assign three principal Causes for the extensive Commerce of this City.

The first is, the general Liberty given to Strangers, who, come from where they will, buy and sell, and transact all Things without paying any higher Dutys than are imposed upon the Natives, and enjoyed in the greatest Freedom the Exercise of their Religion. It is supposed, that the Number of *Lutherans* and *Papists*, are pretty equal, and that there are not less than 15,000 of each; besides these, there are a Multitude of *Ani-baptists*, and *Pietists*, many *Quakers*, and two Nations of *Jews*, I mean, the *Porteguese*, and the *Higb Dutch*, of both which there are, some very Rich. The second Source of their Commerce is, the Equity of their Laws, and the great Care taken to prevent fraudulent Bankruptcies, for though amongst so many Traders, there will be Rogues here as well as in other Parts of the World, yet through the Severity of Justice, and the great Care of the Magistrates, Men are obliged to preserve their Credit, rather better than in other Places. Lastly, The great plenty of Money in *Amsterdam*, is a potent Cause of it's increase in Trade, since otherwise this Money would be of little Use.

These Points throughly consider'd, it will not appear amazing what some People affirm, that the Ships of *Amsterdam*, are equal to the Number of its Houses; for the containing these, there is a large and convenient Port capable of receiving four Thousand Vessels, great and small. There is besides

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besides a prodigious Quantity of small Craft, which are the necessary Attendants of much Shipping. These, as they pass up and down the Canals, into which also larger Vessels may enter, contribute to form one of the most pleasant Spectacles in the World, and which would have surpriz'd me exceedingly, if I had never seen *Deptford* or *Woolwich*, where Trees, Houses, and Streamers strike the Eye all at once, and present the Spectator with Gardens, Shipping and Building, all in a mingled View.

To say any Thing of the Government of this City, or of the united Provinces, would be beside my Purpose, because you may learn all that can be known of them from a great Variety of Authors. What I incline to acquaint you with, are Matters not so easily known, or so commonly observ'd, such as the Grounds of the *Dutch* Industry. At first, as I hinted before, it was the Effects of Necessity, but is now rather a Habit. The Art of getting Money, is better understood here, than in most other Places; it is in greater Credit, and Men of fewer Diversions here than elsewhere to draw of their Attention. This will appear less strange, when I tell you, that their Care of Trade employs their Thoughts so much, that they don't give themselves much Trouble about many Things which would make other People very uneasy. They live in a Country where the Air is far from being wholesome, where all rural Prospects are continued Meadows, and where all the necessaries of Life are charged with heavy Taxes. But busie in getting of Money, they have seldom occasion for Retreats, and possessing large Estates, they find no difficulty in purchasing what they want, though at a round Price.

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One of the Channels which brings in vast Riche to the Subjects of the States General, is the Commerce of the *North*, which they have in a Manner monopoliz'd. Of late Years, however, the *English* have begun to interfere, and to put their Northern Trade on a much better Foot. In order to make this easy to you, I must observe, That while the *Dutch* were great Gainers by this Traffick, we were continual Losers, because they bought with Commodities, and we for the most Part with ready Money. Some *English* Merchants settled in *Holland*, were the first who form'd a Project of rendring the Northern Trade profitable to themselves, and at the same Time beneficial to the Nation. My Family as I told you, had some Concern in this Affair, and a Cousin of mine, the Brother's Son of the Gentleman with whom I liv'd in *Holland*, carried on a very beneficial Trade at *Stockholm*, where it was propos'd to fix me for some Years.

If the Stories of other Men could have prejudiced me against a Place I had never seen, without doubt I had gone very unwillingly to *Stockholm*, or rather I had never gone there at all, for I was assured that a *Dutch* Winter would make a pleasant *Swedish* Summer; that the Country was poor, the People proud, and that in short, a more uncomfortable Place could not be pictured out by the most gloomy Imagination. All this however, did not in the least weaken my Resolution. I had often seen *Swedes* both in *England* and *Holland*, and had remarked that they were well made handsome Men, and as easie, well-bred People as one could converse with; to me therefore, it did not seem reasonable to believe that those they left behind them were a worse Sort of People, besides I knew many

many of my Friends were well pleas'd with the Place, which was an Argument, that its Faults did not strike every Body in the same Manner. I determin'd therefore, to pay an exact Obedience to my Uncle's Will, and if there were any such Hardships, to bear them as patiently as I could, and in this Disposition I embark'd, in *May*, 1688. My Paper puts me in Mind of concluding, and leaves me no more Room than to tell you, I am, with Esteem and Affection, your Friend and Servant,

PHILINTUS.



LETTER V.

HILARIO to PHILINTUS.

I Have an unexpected Opportunity of writing to you by this Gentleman, who is charg'd with some Affairs of his Serene Highness the Duke of *Savoy*, and who assures me he shall be in *London* in less than three Weeks. After I recovered of my Fever, the Physicians who attended me, advis'd my going to *Naples* for the Air, for you must know that *Leghorn* is a Place rather chosen for the Sake of Wealth than Health. I consented the more readily, because I had the Convenience of going with two *English* Merchants, who reside there, and an *Italian* Gentleman, from whom I had received many Civilities, and for whom I had a great Esteem. Our Journey was very pleasant,

pleasant, and there happened therein nothing remarkable except some Conversations with the *Italian*. The Substance of which may be worth your Notice.

He is a Person of about thirty-five Years of Age, born a Subject to the Duke of *Parma*, had seen several Parts of *Europe*, understood most of its Languages, and is in short a very accomplish'd and as far as I can discern, a very sincere, moderate and worthy Man. As he was perfectly well acquainted with the present State of *Italy*, and very ready in answering any Questions I ask'd him, I look'd upon myself as very happy in his Acquaintance, especially since it gave me an Insight into the Temper and Genius of the *Italians*, much superior to what I could have gain'd by many Years stay in their Country.

His Father had been private Secretary to Pope INNOCENT XI. and had rais'd a very considerable Fortune in his Service. The Knowledge of this, led me to ask him abundance of Questions as to that celebrated Pontiff, so well known to us by the Name of the *Protestant Pope*. Amongst other Particulars I learn'd from him, in relation to this Head of the *Roman Church*, I think I may safely reckon the two which follow worthy of your Notice. The first, regarding the Manner of his coming in to the Church. The second, his coming to be at the Head of it. They pleas'd me, which is all the Reason I have to expect they should please you, if it should prove otherwise, commend my Diligence, for as a Man, you know I am not answerable for my Success.

He came to *Rome* under the plain Title of *Benidiet Odeschalchi*, of a good Family indeed, but in Point of Preferment, only dependent on a certain

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old *Cardinal*, who was the Patron and Protector of his Family. His eminence received the young *Abbé* with all imaginable marks of Esteem and Affection, assigned him a handsome Appartment in his Palace, and promis'd him all the Assistance that was in his Power to give him. The *Abbé Odeschalchi*, on the other Hand, presented his Eminence with Letters of Recommendation from his Parents, and upon his enquiring if he had no other Letters, shew'd him without Scruple, all that were address'd to the great People at Court. The Cardinal still repeating his Question, Have you no more Letters? *Odeschalchi* emptied his Pockets and his Letter-Cases, telling him at last, *I have only these two Papers, the one a Letter of Credit my Father gave me for sixty Thousand Crowns in Case Money should be at any Time wanting, and another of forty Thousand, which was my Mother's Present.* My Son! my Son, said the good old Cardinal, *These are your only Recommendations, and by the help of these, you shall enter into the Prelature, become Clerk of his Holiness's Chamber, Cardinal, and all in good Time Pope.* All of which fell out exactly as his Eminency predicted. He arriv'd at the Tripple Crown in *September 1676*, and he Exchanged it, as the *Catholicks* tell us, for a better, in *August, 1689*, when he had reign'd almost thirteen Years, and liv'd Seventy-eight.

The other Story was occasioned by some Discourse about the Intrigues in *Papal Elections*; our Countrymen spoke a little more freely than I think they ought to have done of the prevailing Power of Interest, where the People are persuaded, that all Influence is excluded save that of the *Holy Spirit*. I cannot tell, said the *Italian* to me, when we were alone, on what Facts these Gentlemen

ground their Opinions, I will tell you a Story of what happen'd in the Conclave, when Pope *Innocent* was elected, and I will leave the Application to yourself. I know that in *England* you make a Jest of these Things, but as it is certain that we are often mistaken in your Affairs, I think you ought not to take it amiss if we suspect you some times, place the Laugh wrong in regard to ours.

The *Conclave* had lasted a good while, at which the Cardinals were not a little uneasy, one of the oldest who manag'd the Affairs of a certain Crown, and who flatter'd himself, that the Person whose Interest he espoused would be declar'd at the next Scrutiny, was so full of his Success, that he could not avoid speaking to one of the Porters when he came to his Cell on a certain necessary Occasion. There are about twenty of these, who perform the most servile Offices for all the Cardinals in general, and are Servants to the Conclave, wear each a scarlet Gown, reaching to the middle of his Leg. *Be of good Cheer Friend*, said the Cardinal to one of them, *you will be at Home with your Family by this Time To-morrow. I did not reckon*, said the poor Man, *to go Home so soon, nor I don't think I shall.* No, said the Cardinal, who made not the least Question of carrying his Point, *if thou hast any Money I will lay thee a Wager that thou din'st at Home To-morrow Noon. And if I durst lay with your Eminency*, reply'd the Porter, *I would venture a hundred Crowns, which is all that I am worth, that I do not go Home either at Noon or at Night.* This vex'd the Cardinal, who fancied he had heard something in another Cell: *Well Friend*, said he, *If you have a Mind to be ruin'd I will lay you the Wager; And I*, return'd the Porter, *am ready to run the Hazard, if your*

Eminency

Eminency so please. There was a Scrutiny the next Day, but no Election; this brought the Cardinal to his Wit's End, he redoubled all his Contrivances, but after five or six Days Struggle began to despair, and fancied the Election was farther off than ever.

While he was in this Disposition, the Porter enter'd his Cell one Evening and said very familiarly: *Be of good Chear my Lord, you shall sleep in your Palace To-night, or at farthest dine there To-morrow.* How, cry'd the Cardinal, *will you venture your two hundred Crowns in support of your Assertion?* *With all my Heart,* reply'd the Porter, *your Eminency's Money will just serve for my Daughter's Portion.* If so, reply'd the Cardinal, *I'm afraid she will continue a long while single.* *I hope not my Lord,* said the Fellow bowing. Within two Hours after there was a great Noise, the Cardinal stepping out to learn what was the Matter, heard with Surprize, one of the young Cardinals crying out, *We have a Pope! We have a Pope!* He follow'd the rest to the Chapel, and saw with Chagrin, a Pope really chosen without his Participation, and all his fine spun Intrigues brought to nothing.

They quitted the Conclave that Evening; two or three Days after the Cardinal sent for the Porter, and paid him his three hundred Crowns, telling him, he would add another hundred, if he would tell him fairly whence he had his Intelligence. *Your Eminency must understand,* said he, *that I have served in many Conclaves, and never yet was out in my Judgment; when your Eminency spoke to me first, I had observ'd nothing extraordinary amongst the Cardinals, and therefore I concluded that your Opinion was not right, and the* *the Holy*

Ghost was not as yet descended; but crossing the Gallery the Day of the Election, a Cardinal made me a profound Bow, and said, I am your Emminencies most obedient humble Servant. I thence concluded, that he was under a Divine Influence, which restrain'd his natural Faculties, and coming two Hours after to your Cell, I laid the second Wager, from a Persuasion, that the next Scrutiny would give a Head to the Church. I pretend not to say, continu'd the Italian, that all the wise Rules which have been established to shut out Intrigues from a Conclave, actually answer their End; but I am thoroughly persuaded, that God overrules all the cunning Contrivances of carnal Politicians, and conducts even without their own Knowledge, the Choice of his Vicar. In any other Case, a Protestant would not deny this Doctrine; but I know you will make a Difficulty of admitting it here. I bow'd and made him no Answer, being extreamly well pleased with his Story, how little Credit soever I gave to his Doctrine. When we came to *Naples* he would willingly have lodged me in his Brother's House, but being already engag'd, I could not accept his Invitation; but I had the Pleasure of seeing him however at least once a Day, which amongst other Advantages, procured me this of being introduced into the best Company in *Naples*, on which I promise you I set a very great Value.

From what I had heard of *Naples* while at *Leghorn*, I had conceiv'd very high Notions of its Beauty and Magnificence, and I must confess, that I little expected to find them fall far short of what I afterwards saw; yet I can by no means charge any Thing on those Gentlemen from whom I receiv'd my Informations, since after a Stay there

there of more than six Weeks, and a thorough Observation of what was most remarkable and worthy Notice, I found myself incapable of committing to Writing any Thing, at all conformable to the Sense I had of the Beauties of *Naples*. This I take to be owing to the salubrious Air, and to the charming Prospects round it, of which no Man can avoid feeling the Pleasure, and which yet no Pen can describe. You will think this an odd Introduction to my Remarks on this City; but as I am writing to a Friend, and not to the World, my Business is rather Truth than Elegance; what I have thrown together on this Subject you will receive in my next, since I have already exceeded the Bounds of an ordinary Letter.

I should be glad, if in the Course of your Travels you gained any distinct Information concerning the *Dutch East-India* Company, its Establishment, and manner of Government, you would communicate your Discoveries thereon; because its a Subject in which I am by no means clear, and concerning which, I would not chuse to make any Enquiries here. My next Letter will come by your Friend Captain M—, who will also deliver you a Box of Curiosities, collected chiefly in my Journeys, they are a good deal in the *Italian* Taste, for to tell you the Truth, I am become a great Virtuoso. Learning has its Modes as well as Cloaths, and in both we naturally fall into those of the Country in which we reside, especially if the Inhabitants are in our Favour; but be assur'd, that whatever Changes may be made by Climate in me, none shall ever effect the Esteem and Tendernefs with which I am,

Your Friend and Servant,

Oct. 1709.

HILARIO.
LET.



LETTER VI.

PHILINTUS to HILARIO.

ON my Arrival at *Stockholm*, I found that the Informations I receiv'd in *Holland* were far from being exact. My Relation's Affairs oblig'd him to go to *Dantzick*, on very short Warning; in his Absence I was boarded in the House of one Mr. *Bruce*, by three Descents a *Swede*, but originally of a *Scotch* Family, one of those left in that Country by the Marquis of *Hamilton*, who led no less than six Thousand to the Assistance of *Gustavus Adolphus*, most of whom perish'd in the *German Wars*, yet not without leaving a numerous Posterity behind them. This Mr. *Bruce* was a Factor to several *Dutch* and *Scotch* Merchants, easy in his Circumstances, and who carried on a great deal of Business without any Hurry or Ostentation; I resided long enough in his Family to get over all my Prejudices against *Sweden*, and to learn a Maxim which has since been of great Use to me, *viz.* That every prudent Person is a Citizen of the World, and more inclin'd to consider and compare the Customs of different Nations, than to admire or despise them, there being an equal Portion of Wisdom and Folly in almost all Places.

Stockholm is but a modern City, three hundred Years ago it was a Village of Fishermen, it stands upon six Islands, united by Bridges, and it is said, the first Houses were built upon Piles; to account

count for so odd a Situation, we are told, some Inhabitants of *Sweden* threw a Stick into the Sea, and resolv'd to build a City where it stopt. This I take to be a Fable built upon some Poetick Comparifon ; if it be not, I am sure it might be so, and therefore I shall trouble myself no farther about it. The King's Palace stands in the Citadel, besides which there is a Castle or Arsenal at *Stockholm*, which like the *Tower of London*, makes a great Figure in the Eyes of those who see it daily, but is in reality a Place of no great Strength. The Buildings, tho' they are better than they have been, are generally speaking but ordinary, tho' there are some publick Edifices and Houses of the prime Nobility, which ought to be excepted. As to its Size and number of Inhabitants, I believe it may be equivalent to *Bristol*, and I think verily does not exceed it ; there are some Walks and Gardens about the City, which to a Man inclin'd to take Pleasure in what he sees, appear pleasant enough, and for my Part, the Prospect of the white Rocks over some of the Houses which to many People appear frightful and horrid, charms me as much as any Thing about *Stockholm* ; for if either Variety or Surprize ought to fill us with Delight, then certainly so mix'd a Scene as this is, must to an unprejudiced Spectator afford uncommon Pleasure. Variety is the peculiar Joy of Travellers, but then they ought to confine their Expectations within the Bounds prescrib'd by Nature to look for Groves of Olives, and Gardens of Oranges in *Sweden*, or to murmur in *Italy* for want of a Frost Scene, is Madness and Folly. Nature is every where admirable in her Works, and therefore wise Men every where approve them.

You

You know that the great Riches of *Sweden* are its Mines, Mr. *Bruce* carry'd me to see that of *Coperberght*, which is the greatest and most valuable in this Kingdom; it is four Days Journey distant from *Stockholm*, and the Smoak of the Furnaces of the adjacent Town, may be seen at a very great Distance. Those who have the Direction of the Workmen there are very civil to Strangers; seeing me very young, they would have persuaded me not to go down into the Mine, but after taking so long a Journey for that Purpose, no Arguments were sufficient to dissuade me; we began therefore our March, and a terrible one it was, accompanied continually with Prospects dreadful and shocking to human Nature. To enter into a long Detail of it wou'd be troublesome, a succinct Account will inform you of as much, and divert you more. We descended into the Mouth of the Mine by several flights of Stairs, not over easy indeed, nor very troublesome; when we had proceeded a great Way, and as I thought were near the Bottom, our Guides told us, that now our Labours were to begin, they lighted each of them a Fir Candle, and so proceeded. We travelled in this manner three or four Miles, sometimes through hanging Galleries of Stone, rough in some Places, and slippery in others, here we descended by Ladders of a prodigious length, which shook and quiver'd at ev'ry Step we took, there we crossed the most dreadful Caverns over thin Planks, which danc'd as we mov'd; all this while we were surrounded with a thick Smoak, almost choaked with the Smell of Sulphur, and where ever the blue Flames open'd any Prospects, they consisted only in horrid Rocks exposed to the Strokes of the miserable Miners,

who

who were all of them naked as they were born, and as black as so many Devils; add to all this the Noise of their Pick-axes, the rattling of Wheelbarrows, and the roaring of Torrents, and you will have some Notion of the Horror of our Journey; but if the Descent was difficult, the Return was still more so, and I will own to you, that nothing ever gave me greater Satisfaction, then when I once breath'd in the open Air again. The Country of *Sweden* appear'd a Paradise, and I thought myself as happy as a Soul escaped out of the infernal Regions would think itself, on re-visiting the Earth.

In this Mine about fifteen hundred People are employed, who cannot one with another get above eight pence a Day, and there is not a Week, nay scarce a couple of Days passes over their Heads, but some or other of them are crush'd to Death, either by falling themselves, or by having some of the Stones fall upon them; nor matters it much whether the Stones be little or big, since in either Case the Wound is mortal, occasioned by the vast Height from which they fall. Besides several Metals, but especially Copper, they dig here Sulphur, Vitriol, Chrystal, and many other Things of Value, insomuch that the Profits of this Mine are very considerable; it is said they were still more so in former Times, and of this they offer as a Proof, the covering most of the publick Edifices in *Stockholm* with Plates of Copper.

After our Return from hence, I accompanied some *French* Gentlemen to *Salsbergh*, a little Town, two Days Journey from *Stockholm*, famous for its Silver Mine. It was pretty late when we came there, and therefore we did not go to the Mine

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Mine till the next Morning. I must do so much Justice to this Place, as to say, that it is without Exception, as pleasant a Village as a Man would wish to see, and its Inhabitants seem to be the most chearful, innocent and good natur'd People that can be. We went pretty early about a Mile out of Town to the Silver Mine, which has three large Mouths, by each of which we might descend, but in all by the same Method, which is this. There is half a Cask fix'd to a Cable, in this you set one Foot, and an Engine, wrought by Water, slides it down without any Trouble. A Miner is your Companion, with a Torch in his Hand, who sings as you descend in a melancholy Tone, which with the Dampness of the Vapours, the Sprinkling of Torrents, which fall every where near you, and the Quickness of the Passage, strike a Horror not to be described. After half an Hour spent in this Manner, we arrived at the first Stage in our descent, where when we came to look about us, we saw nothing of those terrible Appearances which had alarm'd us in the Copper Mine; on the contrary, all Things look'd bright and pleasant, so that we enter'd on the second Part of our Journey with Alacrity enough. We perform'd it on long Ladders, not without some Difficulty mixed with Danger, which however we thought well recompens'd by the Curiosities we met in these subterranean Regions. We first entered a prodigious Sallon, supported by Columns of Silver. This was enlighten'd by a vast Number of Fires, the Reflections of the Flames from the glittering Ore, and from a Chrystal Stream which runs runs on one Side, render it at once, the most magnificent and the most romantick Place that is perhaps to be found in the Universe. I doubt

doubt you will scarce credit me when I tell you that here is a Town, or at least a Village in the Heart of the Earth, consisting both of private and public Houses, of Stables, Granneries, and Warehouses, and what is more surprizing, there is a large Wind-Mill, which serves to empty the Water out of those Parts of the Mine in which they are working.

We ascended by the same Contrivance which we made Use of to get hither, and amus'd ourselves all the rest of the Day in seeing the Methods by which the Silver is extracted from the Ore, and of which I shall tell you all I know in a very few Words. The first Thing they do, is to roast the Stones which contain the Mettal. This is perform'd by laying them between rows of Billets, and then setting Fire to the whole Pile. By this Operation, they free the Ore from Antimony, Sulphure and Arsnick, which fly off in the Smoak. What is left is a kind of Cinder, compos'd of Stone, Lead and Silver. This they reduc'd to a Powder, by the help of many large Hammers, driven by Water. This Powder is dispos'd on large Sheets of Canvas, strain'd upon Beams, so as to lie sloping, upon which Water runs from several Pipes. By this Means in a little Time, all the Terrestrial Particles are carry'd away. The Remainder is then committed to a Furnace, where when it is melted, the Lead swims a-top, and is scumm'd away, the pure Silver being suffer'd to grow cold at the Bottom, and so is taken out in Ingots.

On my return to *Stockholm*, I found at the House of Mr. *Bruce*, a Nobleman of *Lorrain*, who had a *Scotch* Tutor, who had no other Business in *Sweden*, than to obtain the King's Permission to visit *Lapland*. This young Man had read some
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Books of Travels, which had struck him with a kind of Phrenzie, and had fill'd him with such a passionate Desire of seeing whether all he had read about the *Laplanders* was true, that nothing could restrain him from making this Expedition. I was very desirous of bearing him Company, the rather because the King of *Sweden* received him very graciously, and directed his Chancellor to furnish him with Letters to all the Governors, and other Royal Officers, requiring them to take all imaginable Care of him, and to show him in the safest Manner they could, all the Rarities of that desert Country. I mention'd my Inclination to Mr. *Bruce*, who at first would have dissuaded me from it, but after a little Discourse, he promis'd to procure my Relations Consent, in which he was as good as his Word.

I cannot help observing to you on this Occasion, how seldom we are proper Judges of other Peoples Conduct. At that Time, I very well remember I look'd upon this gratification of my Desires, as a Mark of my Relations Weakness, for said I to myself, what Use can a Voyage to *Lapland* be of to a young Man who is to subsist in the World by his Industry. But I have liv'd to see my Error. He suffer'd me to pursue the Bent of my Inclinations, that I might be accustomed to various Climates, and to all the Fatigues of Travelling, having in View those Voyages I afterwards made into *Russia*, and *Poland*, to his great Profit, and somewhat also to my own Advantage. Certain it is, that ten Years Residence in *Sweden*, would not have fitted me so well for the Toils I afterwards went through, and the Affairs I was employ'd in, as this Excursion of five Months, which strengthened my Constitution, rendered me perfect-

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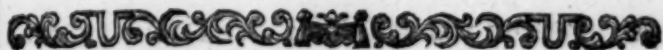
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perfectly acquainted with all the Ways of travelling in the North, and gave me a Contempt for those Labours which otherwise I should have thought insupportable. I will not enter upon a new Subject, after writing you so long an Epistle. Think of favouring me with one of equal Dimensions, and be assur'd, that I am, and always shall be,

Your affectionate Friend,

And most obedient Servant,

PHILINTUS:



L E T T E R V I I.

HILARIO *to* PHILINTUS.

NAPLES, is held to be the third City in *Italy* for its bigness, but in respect to its Beauty, and the Number of its Inhabitants it is beyond all Question the first, neither is it easie to assign any Kind of Excellence in which it does not surpass all the *Italian* Cities. The Sea forms a kind of Basen for its Port, from which we behold the Place like a noble Amphitheatre: If you enquire for Castles, here are three, That of *St. Elmo*, which commands the whole City, that which is stiled *Del Ovo*, it stands on a Rock, connected with the Land, by a Bridge of two hundred Paces, and the *new* Castle which is also fine.

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The Mole is a noble Work, whether we consider its Beauty or its Use. If Magnificence charm you, here are the finest Churches in the Universe. But if you are delighted with fine Prospects, the Balcony of the *Vice Roy's* Palace shows you one the World cannot equal, and which neither Words nor Pencil can describe. If the Mind becomes fatigued even with a Variety of agreeable Sights, here is Mount *Vesuvius*, which intermixes Terror with Delight. Would you behold the Marks of flourishing Trade, here are three Ports, and the noblest Sea Prospect you can wish. Would you entertain yourself with a Sight of fine Houses, the Street of *Toledo* is composed of nothing else; but if fatigued with such Shows, you sigh for a rural Scene, at the very Gates of *Naples* you may find it. Perhaps you will think that I write too much in the Style of an *Italian*. Alas! there is no writing of *Naples*, in another, a Man must be blind not to admire its Beauties, and ungrateful if he uses common Language to express them. A *Neapolitan* Lady seeing once the King of *Spain*, thought she made him the highest Complement in wishing he might live to be Viceroy of *Naples*, without considering he was the Viceroys Master. Most People impute this to Folly, but I for my Part, do not wonder that the Idea of *Naples* should take up a Woman's whole Brain, since I find it impossible to quit the Contemplation but with Regret.

The Moment I entered this Place, I met with nothing but new and agreeable Sights. The Day after my Arrival, crossing the Street with my *Italian* Friend, I met seven young Women in the oddest Dress I ever saw. Each of them had on a long purple Gown, girt with a Cord of the same Colour.

Colour. Their Heads were shav'd, their Faces cover'd with a Veil of violet Gauze, and their Feet naked. They were all as beautiful as so many Angels, and were none of them above eighteen or nineteen Years old. They were attended by a Priest, and two Gentlemen, and before I had Time to ask my Friend what they were, they began to sing a Hymn, the Words of which were so tender, and the Tune so melancholly, that a Man must have had no Heart who could hear them without melting. These Women are stiled Penitents, and are such as after having been seduc'd from the Paths of Virtue, by a propensity of Pleasure, have been lash'd back again by remorse. They live together like Nuns, on the Charity of well-disposed People, which they ask in this Manner, and though they are under no Manner of restraint, come in to the Society voluntarily, and are at Liberty to leave it when they please; yet is there scarce an Instance of any one that has quitted it, so much stronger is Repentance, than Virtuous Resolution.

My Companion led me to pass the Afternoon at the House of an Acquaintance of his, *Don Francisco Caraffa*, a *Neopolitan*, of a most illustrious Family. He is a great Vertuoso, and which I have seldom met with in one Person, is equally well acquainted with History and the Mathematicks. He has an exceeding good Library, fill'd with variety of Books in all Sciences and Languages; what surprized me most was, his Knowledge in the English Tongue, and the Pains he had taken to understand *Milton*. I happened by Accident, to have a Volume of *Dryden's* Plays in my Pocket, with his Essay on Dramatick Poetry, of which I made him a Present, and it seem'd to

give him a great deal of Pleasure. After a good deal of Discourse, we fell some Way or other upon the Order of the *Carthusian* Monks. I chanced to express a Degree of Wonder, that Men were able to support for so many Years the Austerities of that Order. To this he made no Answer, but smiling ask'd my Friend, if I had seen their Convent, to which he answered, that this was but the second Day of my being in the City. Well then, replied he, rising up, let us go there, I will undertake you shall be well satisfied with the Sight of the Place, and with the Company of the Monks. I told him I was ready to follow him, and so away we went.

This Convent, which in *England* we should call the Charter-House, is seated on an Eminence which overlooks the whole City. It must be owned, that the Ascent is pretty difficult, but when you are once there, nothing can be more charming. The Church is exquisitely beautiful, and all Things therein rich beyond Expression. We examin'd some of the Relicks, and other Curiosities, and then descended by a Stair-Case of the finest white Marble, into the base Court of the Cloyster, which is prodigiously grand. It is supported by sixty Marble Pillars, and the Area is laid out in a Parterre of Orange, Myrtle, and Bergamot Trees, judiciously dispos'd, and admirably well kept; *Don Francisco*, carry'd us to the Cell of Brother *Raphael de Palma*, who receiv'd us with great Politeness. But it is well that before I entered it, I knew it to be the Cell of a Monk, for otherwise, I should have taken it for an Apartment in a Palace. It was wainscoted with white Cedar, finely carv'd, and there was behind, a little Garden neatly laid out with a Marble Fountain in the Center, and a Green-

Green-house for young Plants. I could not help expressing my Surprise, and telling both the Gentleman and the Monk, that I had heard very different Descriptions of the *Carthusian* Monastries in other Parts of *Europe*. And they may be very just, said Brother *Raphael*, ours differs from the rest of the Houses of our Order, but I hope we differ not much from the rest of our Brethren. What we have here, we owe to the Charity of our Founders, and such as live on Alms, cannot well be vain of what shows their Indigence, rather than their Abundance. In other Convents of our Order, you may see what a Contempt good Men have for the good Things of this World, and here too you may discern, that we are not afraid of being corrupted by making a moderate Use of them. In that Garden, I work with my own Hands, and most of these moveables, are the Fruits of my own Labour. But what would you say to the Lodgings of our Prior, they are not inferior to those of the Viceroy, yet he lives like a Priest, in the Palace of a Prince. The magnificence of our Monastery, hath made no Impression on our Morals. You seem to be a Stranger and a Heretick, otherwise I had not said so much. Do not fancy I use that Term by way of Reproach, I mean by it no more than that it has hindered you from being acquainted with our Customs.

After we had been elegantly entertain'd, we went to see these boasted Lodgings of the Prior, and indeed we found them much fitter for a Sovereign, than one who had made a Vow of Poverty. I did not think it good Manners to say so, but as I returned, I could not help hinting it to *Don Francisco* and my Friend. Well, said the

Neopolitan Cavalier, I only promis'd to dispossess you of your frightful Ideas of the *Carthusians*. I did not tell you, that I should defend their manner of Living, or the magnificence of their Monastery. Perhaps I think as you do, but these are Points upon which we never Criticise at *Naples*. I easily perceiv'd the Propriety of the Reproof, and resolv'd with myself never to deserve another. He prevail'd upon us to visit him the next Afternoon, when he promised to show me another and pleasanter Scene.

Don Caraffa kept his Word, for he introduc'd us to the politest Assembly at *Naples*; there were many Persons of the first Distinction, several Ladies, and not a few of the Clergy there. The Company diverted themselves as they thought fit, some were at Cards, others drank Chocolate, the rest amus'd themselves with Conversation. *Don Francisco* presented me to every Body, and as an English Gentleman, I was welcome to all, for as the Company consisted of the warmest Partizans of the *Austrian* House, a Native of our Island was naturally intitled to their Friendship. Here I saw a Person who had made himself famous throughout all *Italy*; he was stil'd *Don Melchior de la Cerda*, he pass'd for a *Spanish* Nobleman, and indeed there was nothing in his Behaviour which seem'd inconsistent with that Title. But his love of Play, and his continual Success at it, his travelling from one Place to another, and his perfect Acquaintance with foreign Languages and Customs, made it appear doubtful whether he was of that Nation. His Retinue, except his Steward, were all *Italians*; his Conduct was so circumspect, his Conversation so agreeable, and his Generosity so great, that notwithstanding the Jealousy some People

People had of him, he was every where well receiv'd, and nobody was able to fix the least Stain upon his Character. But I have troubled you too long with Trifles, let us now come to Things of a more serious Nature.

The Palace of the Vice Roy, which fronts the Street of *Toledo*, is one of the finest Structures that can be imagined. Those who are skilled in Architecture, admire the beauty of the Building, and such as have only the great Science of common Sense, are charmed with the Conveniency of its Apartments, and that natural Dependency they have on each other. These Apartments are very richly furnished, and every Thing you see there, appears worthy of a Crown'd Head ; but what seems to be the most valuable Thing to the Vice Roy himself, is a private Passage by which he may retire into the new Castle, and thereby secure himself from the Rage of a mad and mutinous People. The new Castle is a good Fortification for this Purpose, but would signify little for any other, nor do I think that it would be possible to defend *Naples* with any Garrison, less than an Army sufficient to meet the Enemy in the Field.

For the Encouragement of the Sciences, there is a grand College here, called *Studij Novi*, which is a fine Pile of Building. Here there are Professors of all Sorts, with very handsome Appointments : Public Schools, and whatever else might contribute to render the Scholars educated there an Honour to their Country. Besides this, there are several other Colleges, and the Jesuits as in other Places, undertake the Education of Youth in their Convents. Yet after all, it must be admitted, that there are many Places where the Sciences are more happily cultivated than at

Naples, notwithstanding it has all the Advantages that a Philosopher would require to constitute a Seat of the Muses. I know you will by this Time, see the Cause which is in reality the Bigotry of the People. I am sure there is no Man less inclin'd than I, to encourage loose Thoughts in respect to religious Subjects; yet can I not conceive that God can be properly worshipped, while our Devotions are independent of our Understandings. They permit and encourage here excessive Enthusiasm, and there is never wanting either a Friar or a Nun, bless'd with extraordinary Revelations, under Colour of which, they talk with an absurd License of the most sacred Subjects. This shocks Men of tollerable Understanding, and is the great Source of conceal'd Atheism. While a manly Piety, and a rational Spirit of Religion, like that of the Primitive Christians, never appears, because Pomp and Vanity, magnificent Shows, and needless Pennances, pass here for Gospel Duties, so that while the *Neapolitans* are the most Superstitious, they are certainly the least religious People, even in *Italy*, which is saying a great deal, and I wish it was saying too much.

There is another Structure in *Naples*, which I cannot pass by, it is called the Mount of Piety, and is indeed a very beautiful and correct Building; but it is the Use made of this House which enduced me to speak of it, and I flatter myself that you will be very well pleased with a short Account of it. It is what I am told is call'd in *Holland* a *Lumber*, I suppose it should be *Lombard-House*, because the *Lombards* were the first People who fell into this kind of Traffick. The Difference seems to be that the latter belongs to private Persons

sons, whereas the former is a publick Foundation. In a City like *Naples* it is easy to conceive, that there are vast numbers of Poor, who yet are not Beggars, to prevent their becoming so, there could not be a better Contrivance than the *Mount of Piety*, where on all sorts of Goods, Furniture, Cloaths, or Merchandise, Money may be borrow'd with the utmost Secrecy, and at the lowest Rate of Interest; for any Sum under thirty Crowns, the Person who borrows it pays no Interest for the space of eighteen Months, and even at the End of that Term, if he applies himself to the Directors of the *Mount*, they will renew his Bill of Sale for eighteen Months more, without a Farthing Expence. For Sums above thirty Crowns, there is an Interest paid of two *per Cent.* when the Goods are brought in they are fairly appraised, and the Directors lend two Thirds of their Value. If in eighteen Months they are not redeem'd, they are sold publicly, when the Directors of the *Mount* take their Money with three *per Cent.* for the Interest of a Year and a half, and pay over what Remains to the Proprietor; but if any Person is desirous of preventing his Goods from being sold, he may apply to the Directors, who will grant him a new Bill for other eighteen Months, without taking any Thing, adding the Interest due to the former Principal. For the Support of this *Mount*, large Sums of Money have been given by charitable People, and many who are Rich make Use of it as a Bank, and what in my Opinion is the most singular of all, in the many Revolutions which have happened in the Kingdom of *Naples*, this *Mount* has not only escap'd Plund'ring, but even Molestation. The want of Paper since I do not propose

pose to write a Volume but a Letter, obliges me to tell you, that my Friendship shall be as inviolable as this *Mount*, and that withal I am for the present,

Your most obedient Servant,

Nov. 1709.

HILARIO.



LETTER VIII.

PHILINTUS to HILARIO.

I HAVE told my dear Friend how I came to think of making an Expedition into *Lapland*, the Nobleman I was to accompany was in such a Hurry to be gone, that he would scarce wait the proper Season of the Year, tho' he was told, that the Cold was so excessive in *Lapland*, even in the beginning of *June*, that Strangers are unable to bear it. On the Twenty-fifth of *June* we embark'd at *Stockholm* for *Torno*, which is seated at the Extremity of the *Bothnick* Gulf, at the Distance of two hundred *Swedish* Miles from the City last mentioned, which make about six hundred of ours; we had a very fair Wind, and a pleasant Voyage. At our Arrival we found a very sorry Town, and no great number of People, whereas in the Winter Time when the Sea is frozen over, and the Snow has fill'd up all the Cavities in the Rocks and Mountains, vast Multitudes of all Nations resort thither, that is, of all

the Northern Nations, such as *Russes*, *Fins*, *Norwegian*, *Swedish* and *Muscovite Laplanders*, who on their Skates make nothing of travelling, or rather sliding on the Snow a hundred of our Miles in a Day; and when they travel on Ice, they make greater Journies. From this Town of *Torno*, all the Country to the North Cape is inhabited by *Laplanders*, who have no settled Habitations, but roam about as the Pasture permits, or the Season invites.

We remained some little Time at *Torno*, at the House of the Master of our Ship, on Account of the Indisposition of two of our Company; but on the Tenth of *July* we quitted it, and in the Company of a *Lapland* Priest, set out to view the Country. When we travelled by Land it was either on Foot, or in a *Lapland* Sledge, which the Inhabitants call *Pulea*, its made in the Form of a *Canoe*, is entirely the Manufacture of these Savages, and is composed of several Pieces of Wood, sow'd or rather bound together with Thongs, cut out of the Hide of a Rain Deer; its Form is such as requires a Keel, upon which it slides. It is certainly far from being a convenient Vehicle, especially to those who are not accustomed to it, for it rolls from Side to Side, and the Animal made Use of to draw it, goes at such a furious Rate, even down the steepest Mountains, that if one has not a very strong Head, the Velocity of the Motion is apt to make one giddy. When we went by Water it was in Boats, made by the same Artists, and in the same Way, that is, by sowing them together, with the Sinews of their Rain Deer, and filling up the Chinks with Moss; this renders them sound and strong enough at least for their Use, and withal
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so light, that they can carry them with great Ease. It would be to no Purpose to tire you with the Journal of Travels through a wild and desert Country, which is only remarkable for affording a great variety of Savage Prospects, not altogether unpleasant. I will endeavour therefore to give you a concise Account of the Place, and the People without Exaggeration, a Liberty which most Writers take as a just Compensation for the Pains that an Expedition into this wide and waste Part of the World costs them.

That Country which is now called *Lapland*, was anciently stiled *Biarmia*, and if you have a mind to see what Wonders have been related of it, you need only consult *Olaus Magnus*, who wrote a History of the Northern Nations, the best Edition of which is that printed at *Rome*, and this once perused, I dare say, you will never desire to read another Author upon the Subject. The first Writer that ever mention'd *Lapland* by that Name was *Saxo Gramaticus*, who flourished in the latter End of the Twelfth, or beginning of the Thirteenth Century. This Denomination is supposed to come from the Word *Lap*, which in the Language of the *Fins* signifies *exiled*. That the Inhabitants of *Lapland* are really descended from the *Finlanders* is pretty certain; but that they did not penetrate into these Parts before this Time is a Mistake, for there are authentick Records which say, that the *Fins* had peopled *Biarmia* with their Colonies in the Ninth Century. The Extent of *Lapland* is very great, but not certainly known, it hath the Cape and the frozen Sea on the North, *Muscovy* on the East, *Norway* on the West, and the *Bothnick* Gulf on the South.

The Air is very pure, but excessive sharp. In the most Northern Parts their longest Day is about a Month, and their longest Night of the same Duration; but then there is this Difference between them, that tho' the former is continual Sunshine, yet the latter is by no means to be thought dark, the Moon and Stars giving a very pleasant Light, so that this Season is far from being irksome or inconvenient to the Natives; but they are much exposed to Storms, which are sudden and terrible beyond Description. In Summer again they are miserably plagued with Flies, which is owing to the great Heat, and is by much the greatest Mischief these People ever feel, and against which they have no other Defence than that of making great Fires, the Smoak of which renders them as tawny as so many *Indians*.

The Soil is very shallow, and most fruitful where it is shallowest, near some of their Mines the *Swedes* cultivate Corn, which they sow and reap in six Weeks; but the *Laplanders* never trouble themselves this Way, but are content with various kinds of wild Berries, which are pleasant enough, and very wholesome, and of which they have great variety, as also some wild Apples and Cherries. Fish and Fowl they have in great plenty, and as for Cattle their Rain Deer supply them with Milk, Cheese and Flesh; besides which, they kill and eat Bears, esteeming their Paws an excellent Dish. As to the Manners of these People I cannot think them so wild or so bad as they are generally represented.

All the Utensils in their Houses, all their Cloaths, Carriages, Buildings, are of their own Fabrick, and tho' they seem very odd to us, yet are they evidently fit and convenient for them,
and

and the *Swedes* esteem their Baskets, Shoes, Gloves, &c. very much. That they want Courage, is owing to their want of Government, and want of Education; and as to their being idle, the principal Cause of it is their want of having any Thing to do. As to Religion they are all Christians, and have *Lutheran* Priests amongst them of their own Nation, some of whom are very far from being destitute either of Sense or of Learning. As to their proneness to Magick, we need not wonder at it, it is the Foible of all the North, nor are they more credulous in this Respect than their Neighbours. They are very hospitable to Strangers, and conceive there is a mighty Difference between the Natives of other Countries and themselves, which they carry to such an Excess, as to esteem a Woman for having had a Bastard by a Stranger. In some Respects their Condition is very singular, for they have more Masters, and yet enjoy greater Liberty than almost any other People; for they move about wherever they think fit, and yet they pay Tribute to the King of *Sweden* for the Lands which they occupy; to the *Czar* for Leave to hunt in his Country; and to the King of *Denmark*, for a Licence to fish in certain Rivers. These Customs are levied sometimes in Money, sometimes in Goods, and are paid at those Fairs to which they resort, in order to dispose of the rest. Perhaps you would be glad to know what the Trade of *Lapland* consists in, a Question that is easily answered; almost all Traffick is carry'd on here by Barter, the *Laplanders* bring the Skins of Ermine, black, red, and white Foxes, Otters, Martins, Beavers, Squirrels, Wolves, Bears, and Rain Deer; as also Boots, Shoes, Gloves, Cheese, dried Salmon

Salmon and Pike. They take in Return Woollen and Linnen Cloth, Copper, Brass, Salt, Knives, and above all Brandy and Tobacco, to both which they are universally and excessively addicted.

They are generally speaking healthy, but not absolutely free from Diseases, as some would have us believe; they make Use of few and those efficacious Medicines, *Angelica* boiled in Milk relieves all Complaints in the Stomach. When any of their Limbs are frozen, they take a red hot Iron, strike it into a Cheese, and anoint the Place affected with the Oyl which dropts from thence; in case of Boils or Breakings out, they apply a red hot Coal, and this actual Cautery cures them. They live to extream old Age, but commonly grow blind about Seventy, which is owing to the Reflection of the Sun Beams from the Snow while they are Abroad, and the thick Clouds of Wood Smoak in which they are involv'd at Home. They bath themselves in a kind of Stoves, and when their whole Bodies seem dissolv'd in Sweat, they run out of a sudden, and plunge themselves naked in some adjoining Stream. They have good sharp Stomachs, and eat heartily of what they can get, some of them make Bread of the Bark of a Tree; others dry Fish, and rub it into a kind of Meal, which is also practis'd by the Inhabitants of the Islands of *Fero*. In the Winter Time they have always a Kettle of Water over the Fire, that they may not want something to drink, and in the Summer they generally drink Broth made of Fish and Flesh boyl'd together. Their Cabbins are very mean Places, and the Fire is always made in the middle, there being a Hole in the Roof to let out a part of the Smoak; the Men do every Thing that is laborious, and the Women

Women are employ'd in making their Cloaths, Cheefe, and such like, for as to dressing of Meat, that as well as taking it belongs to the Men. Except Drinking they have few Vices, and those they have, they have learn'd from Strangers, for whom they have such a Deference, that they think all Things right they do. Of late Years the *Swedes* have civiliz'd, which includes subjecting the *Laplanders* much more than formerly, and very probably in Process of Time, they will make still greater Alterations; yet whatever is done must be slowly and gently, for if a *Laplander* is vex'd, he changes his Country without the Formality of an Act of Naturalization, and this is one Reason why they are so kindly dealt with. As to any Government amongst themselves there is none, save that which some People are so fond of, I mean the *Patriarchall*. Every Father of a Family is the Prince of it from the Moment he becomes a Parent to the last of his Life; all his Sons are his Servants, and so are his Sons-in-law for a Year; neither is this little Sovereignty without its Cares and Jealousies, insomuch, that sometimes a *Laplander* through an extream Desire of preserving his Wealth, hides it in such Places where it is never found, if he dies suddenly without revealing his Secret. At the Fairs there is a *Swedish* Judge who presides, hears all Causes, and determines them with equal Justice and Expedition. At these Fairs also they have their Children christen'd, and perform other Acts of Religion, to which however they are not naturally much inclin'd; and they likewise consummate their Marriages at these Meetings, where all the Relations are together, and where of Consequence Brandy is very plenty; as to Successions, the Law

is the same amongst them as amongst the *Swedes*, the Wife has one half, and the Children the other. Their Riches consist principally in Herds of Rain Deer, of which some are not less than a thousand or twelve hundred. In order to make my Description of the *Laplanders* as compleat as I can, I will give you the best Account I am able of this Animal, of which so far as I have observ'd, most Writers of Travels talk but very confusedly.

The *Swedes* call this useful Creature *Rbeen*, which in their Language signifies both *neat* and *nimble*. It is considerably bigger than a Stag, which its Head resembles exactly, but it differs from it in its Horns, which are very large, and turn back in a Semi-circle on its Neck. Besides these they have a strong Horn jutting forth in the middle of their Forehead, and one over each Eye, these however grow all from one Root, and are prodigiously firm and strong; their Weight and their Disposition render them sometimes troublesome to the Creature feeding upon a flat, and therefore where Boughs are to be had, the Rain Deer generally brouze, at other Times they feed on Moss, of which there is great Plenty, and of which they have so quick a Scent, that a Rain Deer will find it when it is cover'd twenty Inches or more under the Snow, and then by scratching with its Fore-feet, will open itself a Passage to this belov'd Food; the Hair of this Creature is much darker than that of a Stag, and while they are young is almost black, as they grow up it inclines to a yellow, its Legs are not so small, and yet they are nimbler than other Deer. What is remarkable, and indeed peculiar to the Rain Deer is, the cracking of its Joints, particularly its Ankles, which is like the Noise made in cracking

a Nut, insomuch that you may hear a Rain Deer almost as far as you can see it. The Feet are almost round, and perfectly cloven; but this Animal does not chew the Cud, nor has it any Gall. The *Laplanders* distinguish three Sorts of Rain Deer, the Wild, the half Wild, and the Tame; the Wild are of a blacker Colour, larger, stronger, and bolder than the rest, the *Laplanders* hunt them with great Eagerness, both on Account of their Skins, and of their Flesh, the former being more valuable, and the latter better tasted than that of the tame sort. The half Wild are produced by letting the tame Does run in the Woods at Rutting time, when they accompany with the wild Bucks, which makes their Fawns stronger, and more nimble than those which are bred by two tame Deer; of these they chuse the biggest and most vigorous for their Sledges, and use the rest as Beasts of Burden.

The Rain Deer are most profitable Animals alive and dead, and it must be own'd, that the *Laplanders* know how to make the most of them. Besides the Uses before mention'd, they make many more of them while alive; for Example, they drink their Milk, which is very fat and thick, of this they make also Cheeses, which when they have Salt to sprinkle them with are very rich and pleasant, otherwise they taste but very indifferently. When they kill them they make something of every Thing; for Example, they stuff Cushions and Beds with their Hair, of their Skins they make themselves Cloaths, Boots and Gloves; the Flesh they eat, and indeed there cannot be better Food, for it is full of Juices, very fat at the proper Season, which is about *Michalmas*, pleasant to the Taste, and withal very nourishing

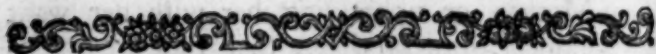
riſhing and wholeſome. The *Laplanders* by expoſing it to the Cold, give it a hardneſs equivalent to that of hung Beef, which preſerves it from Corruption. Of the Bones they make innumerable Uſes, they for Example, make Croſs Bows of them, head Arrows with them, and inlay all their wooden Utensils and Baskets with the Splinters of them; they dry the Blood into a ſolid Body, which they keep to boil in their Broths, and to make Sauce for their Fiſh. Of their Sinews they make Thread, with the fineſt of which they ſow their Cloaths, and with the courſer they bind their Sledges and their Boats. All this appears barbarous to Strangers, but I confeſs to me it ſeems very ingenious, ſince it is certain, if the *Laplanders* did not take theſe Methods of providing for themſelves, they would find it a difficult Thing to provide better by any other way we could teach them. Their manner of living therefore is conformable to their Station, and is quite void of what we call *Barbariſm*, ſince it is eſſential thereto, that People make a wrong or rather a prepoſterous Uſe of good Things, whereas theſe People to ſay the worſt of them, make Shift as well as they can with what Nature has given them, and are ſo far from calling her a Step-Mother, or upbraiding her with her want of Kindneſs towards them, that they are paſſionately fond of their native Country, and would never go without it to look for greater Conveniencies, which obliges ſuch as incline to purchaſe their Furrs to go and fetch them, on which I can aſſure you, ſome *Lapland* Poets have ſaid ſmarter Things than you can eaſily imagine.

But I dare ſay I have tired you already with my Tales of a Country no very polite Man would

suffer so much as his Thoughts to stray through ; yet I own to you frankly, that I was never better diverted than while amongst them, insomuch, that I began to fancy I had got the *Lorrainer's* Madness, and was in danger of turning *Laplander* myself. You will believe that I do not carry this farther than the Truth, when I tell you, that had it not been for his Tutor, we had unquestionably visited the Frontiers of *Russia* with our new Acquaintance. At length the increasing Cold brought us to our Wits, and inclined us to think of getting back as soon as possible into *Sweden*, of which Journey I shall if you require it give you an Account in my next. Your last Letter has given me great Satisfaction, but methinks I could wish to be well inform'd as to the Manners of the *Neapolitans* in general, since I am afraid the Accounts we have of them do not do them Justice, a Point in which I dare safely trust you. Adieu, my Friend, and believe me to be most sincerely,

Yours in all the Senses of the Word,

PHILINTUS.



LETTER IX.

HILARIO to PHILINTUS.

I SHOULD have enter'd without Ceremony on the Subject you prescrib'd me, if an Accident that has happen'd here lately had not appear'd

pear'd to me too singular to be concealed from you. Two or three Days ago there arrived an Officer of the Grand Duke's, who brought with him an Order to make a strict Search for a Native of *Flanders*, who had lately made his Escape out of the Prisons of the *Inquisition* at *Rome*, but the Order came too late, the Man having sailed the Day before in a *Dutch Ship*, his Crime was of a very extraordinary Nature, he had been employed by some curious Ladies at *Rome*, to procure some of the consecrated Hosts for magical Purposes; in order to execute this excellent Commission he hid himself in a Church, and in the dead of the Night attempted to break open the Door of the Sacristary, In this he succeeded, but had hardly entered the Place before a Lamp which was hanging there, fell by Accident on his Head, and gave him such a Blow, that he cry'd out in his Surprise, and being overheard by some Women who were at a Labour, they immediately gave Notice to the Sexton, and he was taken. In his Pocket he had a Letter which discover'd his Business, and which recommended him to the Care of the Holy Office. From the Moment he entered the Prison he projected his Escape, which he effected in a very singular Manner: He told one of the Gaolers, that he had heard a Fellow Prisoner filing the Bars at a certain Hour every Night, desiring the Keeper to come that Evening at the same Hour, that he might be an Ear Witness of it himself; he came accordingly, and the Fellow showing him a Chink in the Wall, bid him put his Ear to it, in doing this he was obliged to turn his Back upon the Prisoner, who took this Opportunity of knocking him down, he then gag'd him, ty'd his Hands between his

Legs, and his Feet to the Bars of the Window, so that he could touch nothing but with the back of his Head, which he wanted Power to lift. When he had done this, he burn'd a Hole round the Lock of the outer Prison Door, and having with much ado got out of *Rome* before it was light, he hid himself in Woods all Day, where he fed upon wild Fruits and Leaves, and travelled all Night. When he arrived at *Legborn*, he went to the House of a Friend of his, from whence he wrote to the Ladies at *Rome* who had employ'd him. They sent him both Money and Instructions how to get off, which luckily for him he perform'd; but a Spy belonging to the Holy Office being a Gallant to one of the Ladies surpriz'd his Letter, and gave Notice of it to the *Inquisition*, who instantly took all the Precautions they could to have him secur'd at *Legborn*, but to no Purpose. The Ladies however are at present in his old Lodgings, and 'tis much to be question'd whither they will be able to find a Way to get as safely out; Escapes being very unusual Things from Prisons, where the Keepers are bound Body for Body for the forth coming of their Prisoners, and in such Cases as this, are usually condemn'd, either to perpetual Imprisonment, or to the Gallies.

This Account ought not to render the *Italian Inquisition*, especially that of *Rome*, dreadful in your Eyes, I mean in Comparison of the Inquisitions elsewhere; because in Truth they are far milder than those in *Spain*, *Portugal*, or the *Indies*, nay, we may carry this Matter still farther, and affirm, that the *Inquisition* is useful, and even necessary in *Italy*, where it meddles not so much with *Hereticks* as with *Enthusiasts*, *Hypocrites*, and

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Holy Cheats, and perhaps this is of all others, if not the strongest, at least the clearest Argument against Popery. For how can we suppose that Religion to have a Purity worthy of its Divine Author, which we see leaven'd with such Doctrines, and deform'd by such practies, as render a Tribunal like that of the *Holy Office*, absolutely necessary for its Preservation? When I say that the *Italian Inquisition* is mild, I mean only in its Punishments, for they never burn as the other Inquisitions do; but in other Respects the Proceedings are pretty nearly the same, they admit of private Informations, they have every where their Spies, they seize People without Notice, they imprison them where none can see them, they examine by Torture, but when they give Sentence, the Process is made known to the Publick, and has always an Appearance of Justice, according to the Canon Law. The Congregation of the *Holy Office* at *Rome*, is not only superior to all the *Inquisitions* in *Italy*, but is likewise the last Resort from all the other Tribunals throughout the Kingdoms and Provinces of the *Catholick Religion*. The best Way to support what I have been saying of its Equity and Mildness, is to give you an Instance of the Truth of it.

The great Foible of the *Italians* is Superstition, and this consequently fires them with a mighty Passion of making Conquests over the Minds of other Men, or as they phrase it, Converts to the *Catholick Faith of Rome*. This Humour appears in nothing more than in the Pains they take about *Turks*, *Jews*, and other *Infidels*, whom they often bring to make a Profession of Christianity, but very rarely to become Christians in their Hearts, which is chiefly owing to that unmerciful Load

of Trifles with which they would burden their Consciences, under the Title of Articles of Faith. A *Roman* Prince had a *Turkish* Slave, whose Name was *Achmet*, a Man of tollerable good Sense, faithful to his Master, and perfectly docile and obedient. After some Years Service, the Prince came to have such a Respect for him, that he directed his Chaplains to do their utmost in order to his Conversion. They succeeded in the Attempt, *Achmet* receiv'd Baptism, and his Master the Prince was his Godfather, and had likewise the Goodness to settle on him a small Pension, which with good Management, and his own Industry, might have subsisted him handsomely. The *Turk* however had no Notion of Labour, and therefore bethought himself of an Occupation which did not require it; in short, he manifested a Desire of becoming a *Hermit*. His Patron was very well pleased with this Notion, supposing it a Mark of his being sincerely a Christian; and therefore he made Use of his Interest to procure him a little Hermitage on the Road to *Rome*, which was extreamly neat and pleasant. There was a little Chapel at a small Distance from his Cell, which consisted of three Rooms, with a Garden behind it, and some Land, which he was at Liberty to cultivate as he thought fit. Twice a Week he went a *Questing*, that is in plain *English*, a begging to a neighbouring Town, and sometimes also to *Civita Vecchia*. He apply'd himself so briskly to his Trade, and understood it so well, that in a very short Space he got Money enough to buy him an Ass which carry'd his Provisions and other Necessaries; by Degrees it was observ'd, that he frequented the Barracks where the *Turkish* Prisoners lay, conversed with them,

them, and sometimes drank with them. This naturally gave Offence, and he was thereupon admonish'd, but to little or no purpose. At length however, he was so indiscreet, as to drink with some of his Companions, new and strong Wine, till he was thoroughly intoxicated. Then he explain'd himself roundly, and without Ceremony, as to his Notions of Religion. He blasphemed JESUS CHRIST, he redicul'd his own Profession, and not satisfied with this, out he went into the Streets, pull'd of his Hermits Drefs, and cry'd out, *I am no Christian, I am a true Believer, I worship one God, and Mohammed his Prophet.* As if the Declaration of a drunken Man could do Honour to any Religion!

You will readily believe, that such an Accident as this did not escape with Impunity. Our *Turkish Hermit* was immediately arrested, and conducted to the Prison of the Inquisition at *Rome*. He remain'd there six or seven Months. At the End of that Space, he had all his Effects restor'd to him, and was sent to another Hermitage at a good Distance from *Civita Vecchia*, where there were three or four other Hermits, who were order'd to overlook his Conduct. One who heard his Process read, informed me, that it set forth his expressing the next Day, a very deep Sense of his Fault, of which he made a voluntary Confession, ascribing it to the Effects of Drink, and the bad Company he had kept, affirming that though he had profess'd himself a *Turk* when disorder'd with Liquor, he was now ready to die sober and in his Senses a good *Christian*. The Congregation of the Holy Office, on a Report of this, directed, That he should by way of Penance, be enjoin'd to live six Months upon Bread
and

and Water, which he perform'd, and having the Conversation of a Divine two Hours in a Day, he became quite another Man, and shew'd all the exterior Marks of a sincere Penitent. This was the Account they thought fit to give of this Apostate, and I believe you will agree with me, that it is a strong Proof of the Prudence and Moderation of this Tribunal. At *Lisbon*, or at *Madrid*, he would have been burn'd without Mercy, and very probably would have died blaspheming, to the Destruction of his own Soul, and the Scandal of the Christian Religion. But at *Rome*, where the Clergy are at least Wiser, if not Better, such Cruelties are never practis'd. That City is in a Manner maintain'd and supported by Foreigners, of whom at least, a third are Protestants; perhaps, this may be one of the Motives to that moderate Conduct which I have commended. As I have said so much of the Inquisition in this Letter, I will conclude it with an Account of what happened at *Naples* while I was there, and which I persuade myself you will think worth the Reading.

There liv'd in the Street of *Toledo*, a *Neapolitan* Lady, whose Name was *Donna Katharina de Palamos*, the Widow of a *Spanish* Colonel, who had left her in very good Circumstances. She was about thirty Years of Age, and bred up with her out of Charity, her Niece *Isabella*, the Daughter of her Sister, who was married to another *Spanish* Officer, who dying with her Husband of a Pesteñtial Fever, left this Girl a helpless Orphan. The Women were both Beautiful, and both Amorous; but as they were Women of Honour, they found it difficult to match themselves, though nothing would have been easier than to have found Gallants.

Gallants. Unluckily for them, one of their Maids, who was a *Calabrian*, had been a Customer to a Fortune-Teller, who as she said, had told her many strange Things. Women are naturally communicative, and so the Story reach'd both the Ladies Ears. When they were alone, *Donna Isabella* could not help expressing a strong Desire to have her Fortune told. Her Aunt reprovd her faintly, but at last consented, on Condition, that she went with her, not out of Curiosity, as she profess'd, but merely by way of Precaution. The young Lady eagerly embraced the Proposal, and the *Calabrian* Wench led them to the Conjurers Lodgings. He pass'd for a *Greek* Physician, but was afterwards discover'd to be a *Sicilian* Monk, who had escaped from his Convent, and after leading a dissolute Life in various Disguises for three or four Years, at length took up this, by which he made incredible Sums of Money.

He entertain'd our Ladies with all the Politeness imaginable, discoursed with them on a variety of Subjects, and having by this means pick'd out of them certain Circumstances, while his Servant practiced in the like Manner on their Maid; at last, under Pretence of withdrawing to consult his Books, he took an Opportunity of comparing their Observations, and then returning to the Women, surpriz'd them with wonderful Discoveries. The Issue of this Conference was, That he promised for five Pistoles to show them in a Glass, the Figure of the Person who should first make his Addresses at their House, which he undertook to do the next Afternoon. The Ladies then return'd Home, not a little amaz'd at what they heard, and not a little impatient about what they

they were to see. At the appointed Hour they came to the Doctor's Apartment, where after drinking a dish or two of Chocolate, a Servant entred with a Perfuming Pot, and Incens'd the Room. After this, the Doctor put on a White Robe like a Surplice, and taking a large Book richly gilt, read out of it in an unknown Tongue five or six Minutes. Then he set a little Table in the middle of the Room, upon which he plac'd an oval Looking-glass, which having adjusted in its frame, he sprinkled with a rich Perfume, and after muttering two or three hard Words, the Ladies who sat on each Side the Glass, saw a very handsome Gentleman appear therein. He was dressed after the *Spanish* Manner, resting his right Hand on his Sword, and holding in his Left a Batton. After they considered him attentively for some Minutes, he disappeared in an Instant, upon which they gave the Doctor the five Pistoles, and went home highly pleas'd.

The *Spanish Cavalier* you need not doubt was frequently the Subject of their Conversations. By Degrees, each of the Ladies began to claim him, which quickly produced a Coldness, and at last begat a hatred. *Donna Isabella* being intimately acquainted with a Lady of her own Age, the Daughter of a *Nepolitan* Lord, she told her the Story in great Confidence. The Lady being mightily pleas'd with it, related it to her Mother, and the End of the Business was, that before three Weeks elaps'd, the *Aunt*, the *Niece*, the *Calabrian Maid*, the *Greek Physican*, and his *Valet*, had all separte Apartments in the *Prison* of the *Holy Office*. The pretended Conjuror confess'd upon the Rack, that his Looking-Glass was a Concave Mirror, which by magnifying an enamel'd Picture, plac'd

plac'd in an opposite Pannel, exhibited the Figure the Ladies saw. They suffered however dearly for their Indiscretion, being both sent to do Penance in Convents at a great Distance from *Naples*, as for the Maid, she was adjudg'd to live upon Bread and Water for twelve Months, and the Conjuror and his Man were sent to the Gallies, the former for *Life*, the latter for *five* Years. It was, after he was actually on Board, that the pretended *Greek* was discovered to be a *Monk*, by the Galley's putting to a Port of *Sicily*, where he fell again into the Prison of the Inquisition, and what is become of him since I cannot tell,

I have received all your Letters, and have been equally diverted with your entertaining Narrations, and improved by your judicious Reflections. At first I could not help wondering how you could be diverted amongst such Savages as the *Laplanders* are said, and you allow them to be; but when I recollected your great Propensity to Philosophize on human Nature, and to make your own rather than any other Species your Study. I saw, or at least I fancied I saw, what it was that charmed you in those Deserts, and made the Discourses of those wild People not only bearable but pleasant. The City of *Astracan*, is a Place I know only by Report, and by finding its situation in a Map. The Accounts I have had of it, and indeed of the *Russian* Empire in general, seem to be equally inconsistent and unintelligible. Some Writers assure us, that they find there all Things pleasant and agreeable, and others represent it as little better than a wild Waste, inhabited by Nations as rude as the Wilderness in which they dwell. Set me right in this, in your next, because I am shortly to go to *Rome*, and our Correspondence

respondence will be thereby interrupted for some Time. When I return, I will endeavour to satisfy your Curiosity as to *Leghorn*, and will give you my Thoughts on the State of Trade in *Italy* for your Correction rather than Information.

The Confidence you repose in me, with respect to the *Neopolitans*, I hope I shall deserve, because if I am at all acquainted with my own Heart, I think I can safely say, that I have no prejudice against the People of *Naples*, in which City I receiv'd many more Civilities than I had reason to expect, and which it would be very ungrateful in me to forget. I believe I shall write this Day fortnight by Capt. D. My Fathers last Letter acknowledges in very expressive Terms, a Kindness you have done him, I desire you will add my Thanks to his, and be assured, that however narrow my Abilities may prove in returning, my Gratitude shall be ever extensive in remembering the Obligations which bind me to your Friendship and Service.

Dec. 1709.

HILARIO.



LETTER X.

PHILINTUS to HILARIO.

I HAVE just receiv'd your last Letter, and the Box of Curiosities you was so kind as to send me. I was down in *Derbyshire* when the Capt. arriv'd, and when I came back, he was gone

gone to *Holland*. But within two Days after his return, he presented me with your Favour, of which more hereafter, when I have thoroughly considered its Contents. You are very complaisant in what you are pleas'd to say of my Letters, which to tell you the Truth, I am afraid have tired you, because I know every Man is not as fond of the *Laplanders* as I am. To make you amends, I will write this Letter exactly as you direct; I will give you the best Account I can of the City and Kingdom of *Astracan*, and afterwards proceed to take away those Inconsistences which you complain so much of in the Descriptions you have receiv'd of the *Russian* Empire. But before I proceed to this, indulge me a few Remarks on your last Letter.

The Accounts you gave me, sufficiently demonstrate, that the Inquisition in *Italy* is not absolutely so terrible as the Inquisition in *Spain*, or the Inquisition in *Portugal*; but still it is terrible enough. For my Part, I cannot help thinking that even the Lenity practis'd in *Italy*, is the Effect rather of political Prudence, than either the Temper or Religion of the *Italian* Clergy, of which to tell you the Truth, I entertain no good Opinion. It fares with such as offend the holy Office in *Italy*, as it does with the *Czar's* Subjects who live on the Frontiers, they are treated like Slaves, but still they are better treated than the Slaves who live in the Heart of his Dominions, not because their Governors have more Compassion for them, or have themselves any better Notions of their Duty, but from an Apprehension that by putting themselves under the Protection of some foreign Prince, these People might be disengaged from all future Subjection. We are
apt

apt to reason my Friend from Things we know. If there be any thing harsh or unjust in my Comparison, I shall readily acknowledge it on Conviction ; but to tell you the Truth, I have heard so much of the Policy, and so little of the Piety of the *Italian* Clergy, and especially of the Court of *Rome*, that whenever I can account for an Action, by referring it to the former, I am not over apt to ascribe it to the latter: Perhaps I am too rigid, and perhaps too I am in the right.

In the Spring of the Year, 1692, I return'd from *Stockholm* to *Amsterdam*, where I continued till Autumn, and then embark'd on Board an *English* Vessel for *Archangel*, That Vessel was freighted by my Relations, and I was appointed to take Care of the Cargo, and to relieve a Cousin of mine who had been three Years in *Russia*. We sailed the first of *August*, and had a indifferent Passage. I will not stop to transcribe any of our little Accidents from my Journal, but I cannot avoid telling you what I learned from a Pilot on Board, who was born of *Dutch* Parents, at *Bergben* in *Norway*. There happened some Discourse one Evening in the great Cabbin, of the strange Feats perform'd by certain Northern Magicians, and particularly of the Certainty there was, that some *Iceland* Witches can sell Winds. The Pilot and I lay together, and when we were going to Bed, he fell a laughing. As he was a grave Man, I took Notice of it, and asked him what made him so merry. The Stories we have heard to Night, replied he, which are all false to my Knowledge. That the Inhabitants of *Iceland* know more of Winds than any other People, is true ; but that they have Power over them is equally absurd, and contrary to Matter of Fact. The Sea communicates

municates by some Subterraneous Passages, with certain Caverns in the Heart of that Island, rising sometimes on one Side, sometimes on the other to certain Heights, by which the People know exactly what Winds will blow on the Coast within a certain Number of Hours. When they are solicited to sell a Wind, they put the Persons off till by their Observations in their Caverns, they apprehend such a Wind will shortly blow. Then they strike a Bargain, upon which the *Iceland* Man or Woman delivers the Stranger an Handkercheif, in which they tye one or more Knots, muttering all the Time, certain uncouth and unmeaning Sounds, and making also horrible Grimaces. These they direct to be untied at the Time they suppose the Wind will blow, which as soon as it springs up, the Stranger without the least Hesitation, refers to the Devils of *Iceland*, who have really nothing to do with the Matter. Thus my Friend, you see, that the Pretenders to Witchcraft in the *North*, as well as at *Naples*, are very thorough paced Cheats, but by no means Conjurers. But methinks the naturall Curiosity of the Seas rising in the Caverns of *Iceland*, deserves to be better enquired into, because I have heard very experienced Seamen say, what seems in some Measure to confirm it, viz. *That Winds rise out of the Sea.*

On the second of *September*, we arrived in the Road of *Archangel*, after having past round all the Coast of *Norway*, the *Danish*, *Swedish*, and *Moscovite Lapland*. *Archangel* is far from being either a large or handsome Town. The Buildings are very mean, and the Streets are so cumbred with Beams and Planks, that it is really almost impossible to walk through them without Danger

of breaking ones Neck ; yet because the Trade carry'd on here is Gainful, there is never wanting a Multitude of Shipping, though in a dangerous troublesome Road. When we were there, the Number of Vessels amounted to about an hundred and fifty, of which the *English* and *Dutch* were by far the greater Part. In the Summer, the Country adjoining is extreamly pleasant, and pretty early in the Winter, that is, as soon as the Snow will bear a Sledge, the Traders remove from hence to *Moscow*, and other Places. There is a mighty plenty at *Archangel*, of all Sorts of Flesh, Fish, and Fowl, being good in their Kind, and excessively Cheap. The Trade carry'd on here is Great, insomuch, that the *Czar* raises a Revenue by way of Custom, of between fifty and sixty thousand Pounds a Year. In the later End of the Month of *December*, I left *Archangel*, and travelled by Land to *Moscow*, the Capital of the *Russian* Empire, and seated nearly in the Midst of it. It stands on a little River of the same Name, and affords a very pleasant Prospect at a Distance, which is I think, the utmost that can be said of it, since there is no City in *Europe*, in which a Man of Sense would less willingly reside. The Cold is incredibly piercing in the Winter, the Summer Heats troublesome enough, most of the Streets are plank'd, which renders them equally ugly and dangerous, and their wooden Houses exposing them to frequent Fires : one can hardly tell how to pass ones Time quietly and in Safety, either within Doors or without ; but withal this, *Moscow* is a very large City and very Populous.

To say the Truth, this Part of the Empire of *Muscovy*, or rather of *Russia*, would be every where

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where thoroughly Peopl'd, if it was not for Errors in Government, which are of such a Nature, as to cut of and destroy far greater Numbers than in any other Part of the World. It would require a great deal of Room to give a full Account of this Matter, yet as I have mentioned it, I think it but fair to say something to you concerning it. Heretofore the *Czars* of *Muscovy* were wont to divide their Dominions amongst their Male Offspring, and those Princes again divided their States in the same Manner, which Custom in the End, prov'd so prejudicial to the Monarchy, that the *Czar* from being a Great and Potent, became at last but a petty Prince himself. This produc'd in the sixteenth Century, an entire Change in the *Russian* Constitution, which however could not be brought about but by several Wars, and a great Effusion of Blood, which by Degrees, occasion'd such a Spirit of Disloyalty, as extinguish'd the imperial Family. This of *Romanzow*, which Reigns at present, came in by Election, and has in its turn, suffered very severely from female Councils, and popular Discontents. Thus my Friend, you see the true Causes of frequent Conspiracies, and frequent Executions, which however necessary to the immediate preservation of a State, never fail to weaken its Constitution. To these Causes are owing the bringing in of Foreigners, and entrusting them with great Offices, which is a wrong Strain of Politics in any Country, because it really produces that Evil which it pretends to cure, and becomes the Cause of what it would be thought the Effect. For the Natives of a Country seeing Strangers prefer'd before them, lose all Sense of Patriotism, and become incorrigibly faithless and obstinate. This is precisely the Case of the *Muscovites*,

vites, at this Day, for they abhor Foreigners, and foreign Customs, not from their want of Sense, or because they do not distinguish their own failings; but because Foreigners have been brought to Lord it over them, and their Princes have shown an unexampled Barbarism in their pretended Reformati^ons. This has chang'd the Disposition of the People, and if my Penetration does not absolutely fail me, they are less like to be civiliz'd now than ever, and of Consequence the Arts of Peace will never flourish long here, or produce an even, settled, and lasting Constitution. But to leave these Notions and return again to Facts.

The Intent of my going to *Astracan*, was to assist in managing a Branch of Trade which had of late grown very Considerable. This was the *Saltpeter Works*. Some *English* settled in the City, had encouraged them at the Beginning, and had manag'd Matters so dexterously, as to make a very confidesable Profit, with very little Noise. *Astracan* is seated in an Island made by the *Volga*, and was formerly the Capital of a little Kingdom, or *Tartar* Principality distinguish'd by its Name. It is the first great City in the *Czar's Asiatick* Dominions, and much the pleasantest I saw throughout them. Its Scituation is excellent, consider it in what Light you will, since it is extreamly Pleasant, capable of being well fortify'd, and at the same Time stands conveniently for Trade. In this City, one sees an amazing variety of Nations, all differing in their Religions and Customs. For besides the *Muscovites*, who inhabit the City, and compose the Garrison, there are Merchants here from almost all Parts of *Europe*. The *Tartars*, whom the *Muscovites* affect to call *Indians*, have a Suburb to themselves, where I can assure you

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you, they live neatly and conveniently, and seem rather to exceed than to fall short of the *Muscovites*, in the Regularity of their Conduct, and in the Purity of their Manners. The *Armenians* have also a Factory here, where they do a great deal of Business, and acquire a great deal of Money. One sees also Merchants from all the Provinces of the *Persian* Dominions at *Astracan*, which enjoys a good Climate and a great Plenty. It's true, that for two Months the Summer is excessively Hot, and their Winter is rude in proportion, during the same Space. But still, one is better accommodated here, than in other Parts of *Russia*, and though the Cold be very sharp, yet it is far from being so piercing as at *Moscow*. As *Astracan* stands on the Frontiers both of *Europe* and *Asia*, it partakes of the Advantages of both. The Fruits, and especially the Grapes and the Melons are excellent. The Cattle are large and strong, and they have a great Number of good Horses for all Uses, which feed in the adjacent Pastures. Of River Fish, they have an inconceivable Plenty, and of the best Sorts, and draw also a vast supply from the Neighbourhood of the *Caspian* Sea. You may therefore take it on my Word, that this is one of the finest Jewels in the *Czar's* Crown, and has this Advantage over other Jewels, that it may be made much more Valuable than it is.

I am now to speak of the Difficulties you are under concerning the Accounts you have met with of the *Russian* Empire. In the first Place, I must remark, that few of our Accounts are to be depended upon. Some indeed there are written in the *German* Tongue, which are very curious, and as far as may be authentick. I say

as far as may be, for it would require the utmost reach of the Czar's Power to obtain an accurate Survey of his Dominions. On the North, they have the same Bounds with the World, their Coast being determin'd by that which is called the Icey Sea, beyond which if there be any Land, it has remain'd hitherto undiscover'd. On the North East they have *Great Tartary*, which though thinly inhabited, contains various Nations. Lower down, their Frontiers stretch even to *China* itself, with which, if once a good Government was establish'd in *Russia*, an advantageous Trade might be open'd, such a one perhaps as would affect the General State of Commerce in *Europe*, but I say only, that this might, and not that it ever will happen. The *Russians* also border on the *Persians*, and carry on some Trade with them by the *Caspian* Sea. This likewise is very improvable, and which is somewhat extraordinary in so vast a Frontier, the *Russians* have very little to apprehend from their Neighbours, there being none, except the *Tartars*, whose Interests are not the same with theirs, and as for these, they are not very formidable at this Time of Day. The *Crim Tartars*, lie between *Russia* and the *Turkish* Dominions, and therefore, though they are but bad Neighbours, yet it is certain, that they keep the *Russians* from worse. Farther to the West, lies *Poland*, and its Dependences, a noble Kingdom, and a gallant People, but so broken of late Years by Factions, that a more wretched Situation can scarce be imagined, than that which they are now in, and from which there are little Hopes they will ever recover, since all their Neighbours think it their Interest to keep them as they are. A brisk *Turkish* War must determine their Fate, by making

making them absolute Slaves, or absolutely Free. The North West Boundary of *Russia*, is against the *Swedes*, who have been heretofore their dangerous Enemies, and may be so again. Consider *Hilario*, the Difference between *Nova Zembla*, and *Astracan*, between the Frontiers of *Sweden*, and those of *Great Tartary*, you will easily perceive that the inclosed Space must contain a vast Variety of Climates and Countries, and all of these again subject to a great variety of Seasons. As Travellers speak mostly of Places just as they found them, you cannot wonder that those who pass through the Territories of the *Czar*, report so many seeming Contradictions, especially when I add, that no Countries in the World differ so much as certain Provinces of this Empire differ from themselves, in the Depth of Winter and in the Beginning of Summer.

There are not however greater Contrarieties in these Descriptions, than in the conjectural Accounts which our Politicians afford us of the Genius and Power of the Inhabitants of this Empire. Some would persuade us, that the *Czar* is the most potent Prince in *Europe*, and that he is able to bring prodigious Armies into the Field. Others again treat him as a kind of a *Tartar* Prince, who bears a tyrannical Power over a Nation of Barbarians. The Truth is, that the *Russian* Monarch hath in his Hands, means of making himself much more considerable than any of the Northern Powers. But then it requires a great reach in Policy, properly to apply even the means he has in his Hands. A *Czar* who will be truly Great, must so govern as to have the Hearts of his Subject, which is what few Princes of this Country think off. He must live upon fair Terms with

the *Tartars*, and with the *Persians*, because the former are always in a Capacity to do him hurt, and the latter are equally capable and well inclin'd to do him Service. By this means, one half of his large Frontiers would be cover'd from all Inults. He must besides, obtain the Friendship of the *Poles*, I speak of the Nation, not of their Kings, which he may easily do if he protects their Liberties: He may then entertain either Peace or War with the *Swedes*, as the Circumstances of his Affairs direct. But these are difficult Tasks, and I will venture to predict, that *Russia* will always make an unequal Figure, shining sometimes like a *fix'd Star*, and wandering at others, like a *Meteor*, according to Wisdom of the Prince who Governs, and his choosing Natives or Foreigners for his Council. I have already exceeded all Bounds, and have only space enough to conclude with an Assurance, that I am,

Most affectionally,

Your Friend, and Servant,

PHILINTUS.

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LETTER XI.

HILARIO to PHILINTUS.

IN my former Letters I have said so much of the Buildings of the City of *Naples*, that I will now pass immediately to its Inhabitants, in order to accomplish in the best manner I am able the Task you have imposed. I ought in the first Place to give you some Account of their Number, but this I confess I am absolutely unable to do, tho' I took some Pains about it; if you will be content with the best Guess I can make, I shall assign three hundred thousand as a Number pretty near the Truth, at least it is not above it. Of these I reckon the tenth Part belong to the Church, there being certainly more Priests and Monks in *Naples* than in any other City in Christendom. As to the Riches of the Inhabitants, if one was to form an Idea of it from the Magnificence of the Churches, and from the Wealth that is treasured up in them, one shou'd imagine scarce any City in the World could exceed *Naples*. On the other hand, considering the number of Vagabonds, Beggars, and other idle People which swarm in this City and its Neighbourhood, one would be apt to believe, that *Naples* must be excessively poor. The better Method of judging is to consider the manner in which the Inhabitants live, for where there is a great deal spent, there must be a great deal got. Nothing is more certain, than that the Expence of the *Neapolitans* is very large, for the People

People are naturally inclined to Luxury. The adjacent Country is fruitful, and their Markets are always well stock'd. Another Method of computing Riches which seldom deceives us, is considering the Income of those whose Circumstances we would know. That the Nobility of *Naples* are extreamly rich is a Point not to be questioned; and that the Traders of *Naples* acquire great Estates has been till of late as visible, there being all the Marks of Plenty, not only in the Houses of their richer Merchants, but also of their ordinary Tradesmen that are any where to be seen. A third Argument of the Wealth of *Naples* is the Uniformity of their Houses; in all other Cities as there are some large and stately, there are others mean and base, but in *Naples* we see none of the latter, all the Houses in the City being three Stories high, and remarkably handsome.

As to the Government of the Kingdom of *Naples* I shall say nothing of it, for as it is the most fluctuating in the World, so no Account can fit it long; but as to that of the City it is a very good one, and therefore deserves to be mention'd. The Nobility of *Naples* are divided into five Classes, or as the *Neapolitans* stile them *Seggi*, that is, such of the Nobility as incline to meddle with publick Affairs, for there are some who either through Indolence, or for some better tho' more private Reason, will not be enroled of any Class. Each of these Classes hath its publick Hall, where its Members meet and consult about their Affairs, under the Direction of a President, who is stiled the Elect of such a Class. Besides these, there is a sixth Class of the Citizens or People, the President of which is also stiled the Elect of the People,

People, tho' in Fact he is not chosen by them, but named by the Viceroy; and whereas the Presidents of the Nobility are annually chosen, the Elect of the People continues in his Office during the Viceroy's Pleasure. In these Councils all those Articles are regulated which belong to the Lieutenant of *Police* at *Paris*, that is to say, they take Care to see the Walls of the City well preserv'd, the Streets well paved, and the Fountains, of which they have very many, and very fine ones, kept in good Order; but above all they take Care of the Markets that they be well serv'd, and that the People are not imposed upon, which is a Matter of greater Importance in *Naples*, than in any other City in the World, because the People are very apt to rebel, and never fail to do it on the first Appearance of Scarcity, which has one good Effect, that it keeps their Governors to their Duty. But as Cowards are always bragging of their Valour, so the City of *Naples* boasts of its Loyalty, of this there was a pleasant Instance in the late Revolution, in Favour of the *Germans*, of which they sold a very exact Account, under the Title of, *The Twenty-first Rebellion of the most faithful City of Naples*. I say nothing to you of that extraordinary Event, because I doubt we should differ about it in our Opinions, and I would by no means dispute with you on so trifling a Subject as *Neapolitan Loyalty*. One Thing is certain, that tho' the *Neapolitans* have been so long subject to Foreigners, yet they have a great Love for Liberty, which their Masters are apt to call Licentiousness, and are ready to make very bold Attempts, if they find it invaded, without the Appearance of a regular Army to support the Governments new Pretensions; for in that

Case

Case they are disposed to be quiet, leaving the expressing their Resentments to a more proper Time.

Never were any People so fond of Shows as the Inhabitants of this City, which is the true Reason why they are such Bigots to Popery. This Religion affords them such ample Opportunities of building and adorning Churches, and religious Houses, so many Hollidays, and such pompous Processions, that the Love of Finery does, as much as could be expected from a Spirit of Religion. All Degrees of People express an extraordinary Zeal for the Church, nor do they grudge any Expence where its Honour is any ways concerned. This Disposition you may be sure is cultivated by the Clergy, who have indeed the best Strain of mendicant Eloquence perhaps in the whole World. Neither are they wanting in their Respect to State Hollidays, when there is a greater Parade at *Naples* than I have ever seen any where else, and which to me seems singular, the meanest of the People share in the Entertainments on such Occasions; their being Pageants exhibited before the Palace of the Viceroy, adorned with all sorts of Eatables, which when he and the Nobility about him have looked upon a while, are abandoned to the Populace. While the *Spanish* Government subsisted, there were many sumptuary Laws in Force, by no means agreeable to the *Neapolitans*; they were therefore in Hopes, that when they changed their Masters, they should have been at Liberty to squander as fast as they pleased; but it has proved quite otherwise, the same Laws being still in Force, which obliges a *Neapolitan* Nobleman to keep his Money in spite of his Teeth in his Pocket; but in the Country
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and wherever else they have an Opportunity of displaying their Profusion, you may see the most glaring Marks of it in their Dress and Furniture, their Equipages, and their Servants; to say the Truth, as this Passion for Grandeur occasions some Inconveniencies, so in other Respects it is of Use. The *Goldsmiths* and *Silversmiths* of *Naples* have Shops extreamly well furnished, and are very expert in their Professions, especially in making Church Plate, for which there is a constant Demand, not only for the Churches of their own City, but for those of other Parts of *Italy*; the same may be said of their fine Silks, their Soaps and Perfumes, which tho' originally produced by the Luxury, may now pass for Instances of the Industry of the People of *Naples*, since they work hard in making, and gain considerably by vending them.

Of the Learning of the *Neapolitans* I have formerly spoken, not much to their Advantage; I must however acknowledge, there are Academies or Assemblies, where Men of Reading and good Sense meet together, and divert themselves with curious and pleasant Discourses. *Don Francisco Caraffa* carry'd me to one of them, where I heard a very grave Dissertation on the Fairs of the ancient *Romans*, which tho' full of deep Reading, was deliver'd in so lively a Style, that it was impossible not to be pleas'd with it. At another Assembly I heard a young Ecclesiastick pronounce a Discourse or Oration, on the Fidelity of Dogs, an odd Subject, and in that Respect the more proper for an *Italian* Wit; he handled it very dextrously, and did Justice particularly to our Island, wherein he said were the best Dogs in the World; but the best Exercise of this kind to
which

which I was ever an Ear Witness was, an Enquiry into the Origin of Dancing by a *Roman* Gentleman, who examined the Point first in a Philosophical, then in a Historical, and lastly in a moral Light. From the Beauty of such Essays, one may safely conclude, that it is the want of Freedom, and a generous Education, which hinder the Wits of *Naples* from distinguishing themselves on more important Subjects; but such is their Misfortune, that between the Jealousy of the Holy Office on the one Side, and of the Government of the other, they are absolutely discourag'd from pursuing any other than trifling Studies, such as may serve rather to amuse them in their servile Condition, than instruct them how to better it. But how slight soever the Learning I have mention'd may seem, it rarely makes it appear valuable in *Naples*. Such is the general Ignorance even of the better sort of People, that they will ask you the most absurd Questions, and discover such strange Notions of Foreign Countries as are enough to make the gravest Man laugh, while on the other hand their profound Veneration for incredible Legends, and their sincere Attachment to the grossest Absurdities of the Popish Religion, move at once our Pity and our Spleen. But it is Time to leave so disagreeable a Subject, and come to one more entertaining, viz. the Humour or Disposition of the *Neopolitans* in general.

The Nobility and Gentry are a magnificent generous and polite People, where they relish the Humour of Strangers they are extreamly courteous, otherwise a little reserv'd. They are fond of Titles, and all other Marks of Honour, by a sparing Distribution of which the *Spaniards* magnag'd

nag'd them without much Trouble to themselves, or giving them any Cause of Disquiet. The middle Sort are excessively fond of Show and Pleasure, this makes them spare no Cost, either about religious Processions, or Dramatick Entertainments. They have naturally a Relish for Musick, and I believe there are not better Performers in the World, then some Citizens of *Naples*, who only play for their Diversion. The meaner Class are as in all great Cities, excessively corrupt. This I know is the Point about which you are curious, on Account of the common Character born by the *Neopolitans*, viz. there being the most profligate of all the *Italians*. To speak ingeniously I believe it may be so, for when I consider the number of Persons condemn'd to the Gallies annually, and the vast number of Villainies, that are daily and hourly committed in that City, notwithstanding all the Care the Government can take, it seems to be a demonstrative Proof, that the Mob are really more wicked here than elsewhere. For my Part I attribute all this to the Happiness of their Situation, and the unhappiness of their Education, the former invites, and the latter provokes them to all sorts of Vices, to which they are encourag'd by almost universal Example. A *Neopolitan* Nobleman spends a third Part of his Time at *Rome*, another third Part at *Naples*, and the last four Months of the Year at his Estate; in all these Places Pleasure is his sole Pursuit, he speaks, he thinks, he dreams of nothing else. Of Consequence, his Dependents who measure the Worth of Things by the Esteem in which they are with their Masters, become as great Votaries to Pleasure, and in Consequence thereof, think all Things lawful which contribute

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to the Gratification of their Desires. A Notion which renders the Prisons the best inhabited Quarters in *Naples*, there being sometimes, as I have been credibly informed, no less than two thousand confin'd at once for Capital Offences, yet the Roads are hardly ever safe, nor does there pass a Week without some memorable Exploit or other perform'd by their Banditti, of which the People talk with as much Freedom and Pleasure, as if they were laudable Feats of Arms, and this in my Judgment is a clear Proof of Epidemic Corruption.

After all, there are in *Naples* as in *London*, *Paris*, and other Places, a Mixture of good and of bad, tho' perhaps the Proportion of the latter, may be somewhat of the largest there, yet am I thoroughly persuaded, that if *Naples* had Princes of her own, she would be very quickly one of the most considerable Cities in *Europe* in every Respect; but while the People continue as they are in Subjection to another Power, who has visibly no farther Care for them than the Shearer for his Sheep, that they may bring them as much as he can expect or they bear, we need not wonder at the State in which we see them, for such is the Frailty of humane Nature, that where Virtue meets with no Reward, it is little practis'd. The same Thing that has happen'd to the *Neopolitans*, has happen'd more or less to all conquer'd States. What think you of the Change made in the Disposition of the *Greeks*? are they not now become the meanest and most insignificant Nation in *Europe*, tho' once the most consider'd; those who think this owing to any Declension in their Parts are exceedingly mistaken. The modern *Greeks* are as much indebted to Nature as their

Ancestors;

Ancestors. It is the wrong Application of their Talents, which renders them despicable. But what need had I to send you to *Greece*, *Philintus*, for an Example, when there is an Island so near our own which is a pregnant Instance of the Truth of what I say. The ancient Inhabitants of that Isle, were learned and polite, intestine Divisions made Way first for the Conquest of the *Danes*, and then of the *English* Kings of the *Norman* Race. They took Care to extinguish the Love of Sense and Science, and by sowing Division amongst the Natives, reap'd great Advantages to themselves. To these Practices, are owing that Difference which is now observ'd between the Inhabitants of this, and of the greater Isle, and if the Knowledge I have gain'd in Politicks, since my coming to *Italy* does not deceive me, a late Transaction will furnish you with a nearer Example on the Continent. But I am afraid of offending, and therefore I shall have a Care of Harping on this String. God, who is the great Parent of Mankind, and the all-wise Ruler of the Universe, is pleas'd to make some Nations Examples to others, that the Beauty and Worth of Virtue may appear to all, and without doubt the Encouraging of this ought to be the great End of Government, as it is the only Band which can unite the Interest of those who govern, and those who obey.

I am preparing to set out for *Rome*, having found a Method to make Profit and Pleasure go Hand in Hand, through the Assistance of a Friend I met with at *Naples*. As I am now pretty perfect in the *Italian* Language, I have for some time addicted myself to the reading the History of *Italy*, and to study both the Interest and Manners of its Inhabitants; you may expect on my Return, some

Accounts less defective than those I have already sent. I would not have you look upon this as a Complement or Excuse of course, because I really mean what I say. To Characterize a Nation, is no easie Task, and a Man ought to be very tender when he treats of the Reputation of Numbers. Besides I owe to your Friendship, the Care of sending you as correct Memoirs as are in my Power; to say nothing of the Obligations you have laid upon me by your late kind and judicious Epistles, of which I expect to receive two at least at my return, which will be in about three Months. If there be any Points in which you are desirous I should be particularly clear, let me intreat you to make a little List of Queries, which I shall spare no Pains to answer for your Satisfaction. More I think I need not add, since the highest Strains of Hyperbolick Eloquence would fall infinitely short in Expressing, that simple Sincerity, and honest Zeal, with which though in *Italy*, I have the Honour to be,

Your Friend and Servant,

HILARIO.



SELECT



SELECT
EPISTLES,
OR THE
Rational AMUSEMENT.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

FLORIMOND *to* PHAON.



RETURN you the Volume of Letters you was so kind to lend me, and my hearty Thanks for the Favour. I am extreamly pleas'd with the Accounts which they contain, and should have been heartily glad you had copied the Remainder of so valuable a Collection. Perhaps it may not be impossible to procure it at this distance of Time, and if my recommending it to you hath any Weight, you will at least try. We have liv'd my Friend, to see great

Changes in *Italy*, and I would be glad to discover in *Hilario's* Letters, some foresight of those Changes which I conjecture from his Manner of Writing, would be as discernable to him as to any Man. A Description too of the little Courts in *Italy*, I mean in a Political Light, would give me great Satisfaction, for I own to you, I do not find my self much improv'd by reading the nicest Description of the Palace of *Parma*, nor even by a Detail of its Furniture, Points in which some of our modern Travellers have been remarkably exact, and therefore such a Description, I say would be to me at least, a very entertaining Performance.

I agree entirely with *Philintus* in acknowledging the Injustice done the *Laplanders*, while we rail at them as a base and barbarous People. For how, my Friend, can a Nation be called *Base*, who are so remarkable fond of *Liberty*, or why should we stigmatize as barbarous, Men, who live agreeable to the Soil and Climate where God and Nature have plac'd them. A Sledge is certainly a more convenient Vehicle in *Lapland*, than a Coach and Six, and it is therefore Folly in us to blame them for using it. We ought rather to admire the Wisdom and Goodness of Almighty God, who hath so exactly suited the Genius and Temper of all Nations to the Circumstances attending those Regions, wherein according to the Disposition of his Providence, they are to inhabit. Neither is this less admirable, though it should appear that the Genius of a People is in some measure govern'd by their Soil and Climate, since this affection must be produc'd by certain Laws impressed by God on Nature. Hence *Patriotism* becomes a Virtue, which would be otherwise an Absurdity:

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For no Man is bound to think the Islands of *Orkney* for example, preferable to the *Barromean Islands* in *Italy*, which Bishop *Burnet* has celebrated as a kind terrestrial Paradise. But a Person who receives his Birth in the Islands of *Orkney*, is bound to wish well to them, and to do his utmost to promote their Interest: I say he is bound to this, because Providence hath made them his Country, and in making them, so committed them to his Trust, as *Eden* was committed to *Adam*. The only difference is, that *Eden* was a *Paradise* of God's making, and the Improvement of their Native Countries is an Employment assign'd to Men.

But you may perhaps fancy from the Strefs I lay on every Man's endeavouring the Advantage of his native Country, that I am an Enemy to *Travel*, or that at least I think it unnecessary an Opinion however, which is none of mine. I know by sad Experience, how great a Deficiency in Education the want of Travelling is found, by a Man who reflects on what he sees, and endeavours to understand what he hears. I am therefore for sending all young Gentlemen Abroad, provided always that Pains be taken to keep our young Travellers in remembrance that they are one Day to return *Home*, and that they are not sent to stare or divert, but to improve themselves. But above all methinks, they ought to be caution'd against falling into a dislike of the Customs of their Countrymen, and taking up at a Venture those they see practis'd Abroad. I do not say that an *Englishman* ought not to conform himself to the Manners of *Italy*, while he remains there; but I say, that it is preposterous for him to think of retaining those Manners when he returns *Home*; for ob-

serve my Friend, if it be right to affect the *Italian* in *Italy*, it must on the same Principle, be as fit to resume the *Englishman* in *England*. This leads me to say naturally, what otherwise would look like a Complement, That no Man ever show'd a nicer Judgment in this Respect than yourself. You have made the true Use of Travel, which is not to add *Matter* to an *Englishman's* Education, but to give a *Polish*. Young Gentlemen ought to have their Principles fix'd before they leave the Land of their Nativity; because an *Englishman* who does not Act on *English* Principles, is unworthy in my Opinion to breath *English* Air. We have suffer'd much, and never receiv'd any Benefit by our Complaisance for foreign Maxims. It is certainly right to Export our Commodities, and it is certainly wrong to exchange our old Notions of Government, for any of the Reigning Opinions on the other Side of the Water.

But where am I running! I intended to have sent back your Letters, with thanks, and some Expression of the Pleasure I took in reading them, and of a sudden, by a sort of *Pyndarism* in *Prose*, I degress into the Merits of Travelling and thence into Politicks. It is natural for a Man to talk on a Subject he has considered, and I confess to you, there is none which has employ'd my Meditation more than the Fruits of Travel. I was once acquainted with a Clergyman who had spent some Time in the *East-Indies*, and who was a great Admirer of the Wisdom of the *Brachmans*. I remember he gave me a very exact Translation in *Prose* of a *Fable* on this Subject, which he admir'd excessively. At that Time I thought little of it, but looking it over t'other Day with greater Attention, I discover'd so many Beauties in it, that

that I am doing my best to put it into *English* Verse, wherein if I succeed but tollerably, I am sure it will make a good Figure, and that it may make a better, I intend to submit it to your Correction. Thus you see, I am starting from the Road again into which I am determin'd to return though a little abruptly.

Emelia receiv'd a Letter from your Spouse Yesterday. I discerned by her Countenance, that it discover'd Matter of great Importance ; but as yet, there is not a Syllable transpir'd, except that you were in good Health, and that *Eliza* did me the Honour to remember me. As I never affect to pry into female Secrets, I do not desire you should betray your Trust, in case you should be a Privy Counsellor in regard to the Scheme now on Foot. Is *Celadon* living, or does he think we are dead ? you must know, I have written to him once in the same free Manner I do to you, which I imagin'd our Friendship would allow, I am tempted by his Silence to write again, but it shall be in a more respectful Stile, since he is a Man I would by no means offend, having promis'd myself a great deal of Happiness, as I owe many Obligations to his Acquaintance. I imagine he keeps a strickt Correspondence with you, and therefore doubt not but you will give me some News of him. *Clarinda* has quite alter'd, my Friend and I am afraid she will make a Fool of him. He was wont you know to make a Jest of Love, and he is so much ashamed of being a furious Inamorato, that he shuns his Friends, as studiously as he seeks his Mistress. I receiv'd a Letter from him last Week, and I speak seriously when I tell you, I must write to him to know its meaning. Perhaps I might save my self this

Trouble, by Communicating it to *Emelia*, for I have always observ'd, that the Women understand the Language of Love better than we ; but this would be a sort of betraying my Friend, and besides to tell you the Truth, I don't love to see the Sex Triumph, they are all of them Tyrants, as naturally as we are Slaves.

Among other News, I could wish you would write me how I came to lose *Eliza's* Correspondence. We were Companions in Misfortune, and I remember a Time when her Epistles were of considerable Use towards keeping me in my Senses ; but why, she left me like a Doctor, the Moment I became well is a Riddle not easily to be explain'd, except by herself or you. The Hurry of Visits is by this Time over. I am told that your Study is in perfect Order, which is an Evidence that you are often there ; when you visit it next, and have nothing of greater Moment to employ your Thoughts, write me an answer to this. I admire *Philintus* his Sentiments as to the Commerce of Friends, and wonder that Men should be so punctual about a Bale of Goods, and so little attentive to the Offices which Amity requires. When I consider how many of my Acquaintance part from me with all the Apparent Marks of Reluctance, and yet leave me in the Dark, as to what is become of them, till after three or four Months Absence, I see them either in Town or Country again. I fancy that modern Friendship differs greatly from the Friendship in Fashion in the Days of *Cicero*. Be sure you tell me whether I am singular in this Point, or whether you, or some other People I could name, think as I do. What an extent of Paper have I blotted before I was aware. To be sure you are heartily tir'd if you have

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have read it, and perhaps ready to go to sleep. Well, I won't disturb you any longer, than to tell you, that you have not wrote to me these three Weeks, I am still most sincerely,

Your Friend and Servant,

FLORIMOND.



L E T T E R II.

PHAON to FLORIMOND.

THE Letter you did me the Honour to write, came this Moment to my Hands. This Day fortnight my Father-in-law was attacked by a Fit of an Apoplexy, which put me into such Confusion, that I protest I am scarce yet in a Condition to write you such an Answer as I could wish. It gives me sensible Pleasure that the Letters I sent you prov'd an agreeable Entertainment: I believe it would be impossible to procure the Copy Book of *Hilario's* Letters, but perhaps I may be able to obtain a Transcript of them from the old Gentleman in whose Hands they are, and who values a Scrap of *Hilario's* Writing, as much as any Papist can do a Relick. It is impossible for me to say at this Distance of Time, whither there be in those Letters any such Predictions as you have guess'd at, but I remember perfectly well, That there are concise Accounts of all the *Italian* Courts, and particularly of that of
Rome,

Rome. There are likewise abundance of curious Things in the Epistles of *Philintus*, and you may be assur'd that no Pains shall be wanting in me to procure you the Pleasure of perusing them.

Your Notions of Friendship are, I think perfectly just, and I am going to convince you, that I am really your Friend, and in a Degree not common in these Days. I am very much displeased with the Conclusion of your Letter. It is trivial and splenetick. You had wrought yourself into an Opinion that your Friends neglected you, and full of this Prejudice you talk of my sleeping over a kind Epistle from the Man I most Esteem. Do you imagine *Florimond*, that Accidents will not happen to your Acquaintance as well as to other-People? You have heard what has befall'n me. The inclos'd will show you how much you have wrong'd *Celadon*. Be no more peevish, it is true, it is the Imperfection of the greatest Wits, but surely it is an Imperfection easily remov'd. Examine your own Conduct, you will find that you are courteous, communicative, and candid in the highest Degree. How then is it possible, that such a Man should be neglected by his Friends, or whose Misfortune is it, if he should be neglected? can such a Companion be easily found? or could the Loss of him be remembred without regret. Have a just Respect for your own Virtues *Florimond*, and you never will be in the Vapours. Perhaps you may fancy that I intend to pay you the Complements you were pleas'd to make me on my returning to *England*, without any great Tincture of the *Italian*; but really Complement is not my Province, and to deal ingeniously with you, I was not struck so much with the Behaviour of the *Italians*, as to be fond of imitating them.

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The Secret between *Emelia* and my Spouse, is precisely, that which you thought to keep from them. I am no privy Councillor in the Business, but by the Help of a small Gratification properly applied, I am at the Bottom of it, and as I made a fair purchase of my Intelligence, so I shall make no Scruple of communicating it to you. *Hipolytus!* our wise Friend *Hipolytus!* who us'd to banter us so freely on the Subject of our Passion, has been mad enough to go down into the Country, and live at an Inn within two Miles of the Seat where *Clarinda* resides with her Aunt. He passes on the People of the House, for a Merchant of *London*, whose Affairs are in some Disorder. He was discover'd by *Clarinda's* Maid, who observ'd, that he fix'd his Eyes on her Lady at Church, and that they never miss'd finding him Fishing, when they went to take their Evenings Walk by the Rivers Side. He stills hugs himself in a Belief, that no body suspects him, and Care has been taken to prevent his ever knowing that he is found out. In the mean Time, his Affairs are in a good Train, *Clarinda's* Aunt who was his capital Enemy, is come over entirely to his Side, won by this extraordinary Act of Folly, for so it must be call'd, in a Man of his Age and Circumstances in the World, which I think might have deserved *Clarinda*, without these extraordinary Efforts. The Fair One herself pretends to be unmov'd, but I look upon this to be a meer Pretence, because she is a Woman of sound Understanding, and I have always observ'd, that when a Woman of good Sense hath carried her Point so far as to make a wise Man act sillily, she makes him amends by becoming his Wife. I dare Answer both for *Emelia* and *Eliza*, that though they may divert

divert themselves a little at his Expence, yet in the Main, they will do him all the good Offices in their Power, so that I take it for granted, the next News we shall hear will be of an Interview between this Knight Errant, and his peerless Beauty, which will doubtless be succeeded by other Interviews between her Lawyers and his. These Negotiations will issue in a Settlement, and then I suppose the Treaty of Marriage will be quickly finished. This once over, it will be our turns to laugh, and I promise you, that I intend to pay our grave Monitor for all his Lectures with Interest at a pretty high Rate.

In the mean Time *Florimond*, be pleas'd to give me your Sentiments on this Question, *Why Lovers of a middle Age are rather more Passionate, than young Men?* So many Instances have fall'n within the Compass of my own Knowledge, that I cannot help looking upon the Fact as certain, though I cannot take upon me to say, I can positively assign the Cause. The best Account I can give of the Matter is this, That our Passions serving like Winds, to keep our Faculties in Motion, and to prevent the Mind from feeling the Inconveniencies of a dead Calm, when they have been long kept in Subjection, they unite on the first fair Occasion, and when they find a weak Place, fall forth with tempestuous Violence. Thus we observe, that when a Cool Man is once rous'd to Anger, he is more impetuous, and also more obstinate than one of a hasty Disposition. I suppose in the present Case, that our Friend oppos'd his Passion at first, to the utmost of his Power. But when by repeated Conversations with the fair Object, it became too strong for his Reason, he suffer'd

suffer'd himself to be entirely carried away, and never consulted it more. Besides, those who in their younger Years have struggled with Passions, know better how to conceal and to conduct them. Whereas Men of riper Years, when they are once overcome by them, are equally at a Loss how to behave, or how to ask Advice. For my own Part, I think the Poets have talked better Sense about Love, than the Philosophers. There is certainly, especially in the nobler Kind of Love, a Sort of Madness or Enthusiasm, which transports a Man so, as to render him capable of doing what otherwise he would never have thought of, and for this Reason, I conceive that there is a great deal of cruelty in rallying such as are in this Condition. You see that without any Apology, I give you my Thoughts just as they occur; treat me, I beseech you, just in the same Manner, for as to the cool, civil Style, which is now the Mode, I think it not only improper, but intollerable amongst Friends. I do not see why you and I should not Love each other as well as *Cicero* did *Atticus*, or any of the Rest of his Friends, and if so, we may write as freely at least, if not as finely to each other, as he did to them, or they to him. Wit and Language are valuable I own, but I cannot think they enter into Competition, either with Sincerity or Sense, and therefore I say again, That we may entertain each other as agreeably as the *Romans*, because it is impossible that a Man actuated by a true Spirit of Friendship, can read but with the highest Pleasure whatever his Friend writes, provided it be not either in a Languid or an affected Style. You see *Florimond*, how fairly I deal with you.

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The Shock of an Apoplexy is frequently fatal to the Patients Understanding, but in the Case of my Father-in-law, thanks be to Heaven, I think it has had a quite contrary Effect. He talked to me the next Day after his Recovery, like a Man come from another World; he said that though Health was the greatest of Temporal Blessings, yet it was precarious and uncertain, for which Reason a Man ought to use it while he has it, and not rely on its Continuance. He is now in his sixty third Year, and remembers no Sickness but the Small Pox, and this late Attack. He is at present so well recover'd, that he says himself, he is not sensible of any Prejudice from this severe Trial. Notwithstanding this, he has directed his Books to be immediately settled, has made a new Will, and besides the Care therein taken of some poor Relations, has provided for their present Subsistence; in a Word, he has taken, and is taking all the Precautions possible to prevent being surpriz'd by Death, and what is to us not a little strange, he speaks of this late Accident, as a peculiar Favour done him by Providence, or as he himself phrases it, the most sensible Mercy he ever experienc'd. But withal he is as chearful, or rather more so than formerly, treats his Children and Servants with greater Tenderness and Affability; and to sum up all, shows a Resolution of shaking of every Imperfection that appear'd in his former Course of Life. Grave Reflections these, *Florimond*, but to a Friend, Grave, as well as Gay Reflections are welcome; we are not at all Times Masters of our Tempers, but we ought to be always Masters of our Inclinations, so far as to hear both with Patience and Pleasure

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whatever comes from a Person we esteem. In this Disposition, all your Letters will always find him, who is, and will be while he lives,

Your faithful Friend,

And obedient Servant,

PHAON.



LETTER III.

CELADON to PHAON,

AFTER so long a Silence, you may justly expect that I should begin this Letter with an Excuse. But I chuse rather to give you a concise Detail of what has happened to me since we parted, and then I dare say you will think I may spare myself the Trouble of any Excuse, either to yourself or to *Florimond*, to whom I stand indebted for a very kind Epistle, which I can only answer by intreating you to send him this. My earnest Desire is, to have the Advice of you both, which I dare say you will think necessary enough, considering the Embarrassment in which I am. I know well enough that neither of you is a Lawyer, but that must not excuse you; I shall have Council enough from Sages in that Science beside.

When I went up to *London*, you know it was with a Design to compromise if possible, all Disputes

putes with my Mother-in-law, but I had hardly been there a Week, before I was convinc'd the Thing was impracticable; for having desired a Gentleman of my Acquaintance to gain the best Account of her Disposition, he inform'd me, that her Ladyship breathed nothing but Vengeance, and had taken to her Assistance a couple of Solicitors, esteem'd sharp Men in their Profession, and who were themselves far enough from desiring to be thought over Honest. I wrote her, notwithstanding this Information, a very respectful Letter, which I inclos'd in one to her Chaplain, of whom I had heard an excellent Character. He acted upon this Occasion as became a Man of his Cloth, he deliver'd it, and on her refusing to open it, open'd and began to read it himself; upon which she quitted the Room with great Wrath, and he immediately sent me back my Letter. The next Term she brought a Bill in Chancery against me, prevailing also on my Wife's Trustees, to exhibit another Bill in the *Exchequer*. Her Lawyers also have found out a second Cousin of my Wife's, and perswaded him to disturb me in the Possession of some Estates under the Title of Heir at Law. Thus you see a Man who has the greatest Aversion to these Sort of Conteſts, immerſed over Head and Ears in Law Suits, and which is worse, compelled to live upon bad Terms, with a Family which it is his ſincere Deſire to treat with the utmoſt Affection and Reſpect.

In theſe Circumſtances you may be ſure I have been forc'd to liſt ſome Law Troops in my Service, they conſiſt at preſent of a Solicitor, and three Council; as I am not at all of my Mother-in-Laws Temper, I made the ſtricteſt Enquiry after plain, honeſt Men, and ſuch I think I have found

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found, they assure me, that the Lady will prevail in nothing, but at the same Time tell me Honestly, that she may put me to a very great Expence, because the whole Costs will fall upon my Wife's Estate. I look upon myself therefore to be in a very melancholy Situation. If I could have been quiet, I should quickly have disentangled my Father's Estate, whereas at this Rate, I know not what to call my own, and in Spight of all the Oeconomy I can make use of, I must be tormented with very uneasy Apprehensions, since I am to be at the Charge of another Persons Madness, who without Question, delights in Expence the more, because she knows it must fall upon me. Is not this a hopeful Situation, and can you wonder that I am not in a Temper to write Letters? But this is not all.

My Wife, with whom I could have been happy in the meanest Station of Life, affords me not a little disquiet as I am. She is so much concerned at this Treatment, her Mother gives us, that she is grown absolutely Melancholly, so that in the Space of a few Months, I am, from being the happiest Man in the World, become the most Miserable, and this without any Fault of my own, and merely through the Caprice of an unreasonable Woman. By Nature I am not much turn'd for Business, am still fitted for it by Education, and least of all from Choice. All I desire is Peace, and a private Life, a Power of indulging the Woman I love, and of conversing with the Men whom I esteem. Judge then of my Situation, when I tell you, that I am oblig'd to be in the Morning at the *Temple*, in the Evening at *Gray's-Inn*, and instead of *Homer* and *Virgil*, *Milton*, or *Waller*, am compell'd to pass my Evenings

nings in reading *Bills*, or *Answers*, *Exceptions* or a *Master's Report*. In the mean Time, my Wife is vexing herself into a Consumption, without speaking, and I have the Curse of reflecting, that my Marriage has not only undone me, but a noble Family also.

I have fairly and honestly stated my Case, and now to you, as to my Physicians, I leave it. Write me your Opinions candidly, and do not be afraid of any Harshness in your Physick. Tho' I have not Sense enough to know how to conduct so many troublesome Affairs, yet you see I have the Prudence to ask Advice, and I dare say I shall have the Courage to follow it. One Thing I must insist upon, which is, that you write to me separately, and without consulting each other. In many Counsellors there is safety, and my Intention is, to have each of your Opinions just as my Account of the Matter strikes you. I own this is a singular Letter, and perhaps it is owing to that odd frame of Mind I am in. You are however the only Friends to whom I trust this great Secret of my disquiet. For amongst all my Evils, it is none of the least, that I live in a continued habit of Dissimulation, preserving as far as I am able the same Appearance towards the World, which I was wont to wear in quieter Times, when I had none of those Hurricanes in my Bosome.

Are *Eliza* and *Emelia* in Health? are they as Happy as I wish them, and do they make both of you so? I persuade myself they do, your Difficulties are all overcome, you are safe in the Harbour, and as *Lucretius* says, may divert yourselves with contemplating the Effects of those Storms and Tempests with which Fortune tosses other Men.

Tell

Tell me ingeniously, is there any such Pleasure as this, or was the Philosopher deceiv'd? I am sometimes in doubt whether these great Wits write always in earnest, or whether they do not now and then give us their Dreams, or at least the Fictions of their own warm Imaginations, for certain and incontestable Truths. If so, we are in the wrong to follow them, notwithstanding all the Charms their Expressions may exhibit, since these are fitter to Amuse than Instruct, and ought rather to employ our *Idle* than our *serious Moments*. Yet the greater Part of the polite World do not only entertain themselves with the Poets, but make them also their Counsellors, calling them inspired without Scruple, and attributing to them an Infallibility, which they would reject with contempt, if claim'd for any other Men, and all this, because these Gentlemen have a Knack of cloathing quick Conceptions in elegant Language. This is indeed very little to the Purpose, but you will give me leave to revenge my self on a Sort of Men who have taken up too much of my Time formerly, and of whom I can now make very little Use.

Yet to shew you that I practice that Sincerity, which I profess to admire, I will own to you freely, that there is nothing I long for so much as to be in a Condition to read these *Poets* once again. To wander in the Garden in the Silence of the Morning, when the freshness of the Air excites the animal Spirits to their Office, and enables the Mind to soar beyond the limits of Mortality. To indulge those spiritual Ideas, and as it were, to quit the Earth for a few Minutes. To peruse *Virgil* with a Spirit like his own, and to find in *Ovid*, Things unthought of by the *Critics*. These are

the Delights I have formerly possess'd, and for these I sigh at present. Is it possible, that while I am embarrass'd with Suits, and compell'd to attend Lawyers, I should at certain Hours be a Companion for the *Muses*, or after so many Years acquaintance, must I at length abandon them for the Brethren of the Bar. O the Repose of a rural Retirement! O the tedious Toil and Tumult of the Town! How grateful the one, how hateful the other! By this Time to be sure you think me Mad, which is also now and then my own Opinion. However, be assured that I have sometimes *lucid Intervalls*, in which your Letters will be extreamly agreeable, and perhaps afford me some Hints of the Means of curing this Distemper. Believe that I wait with Impatience for both your Answers, and that as far as my Cares will give me Leave, I am most heartily,

Your Friend and Servant,

CELADON.

P. S. Inclos'd you have my Wife's Complements to the Ladies, which I own to you frankly I have had them in my Hands near a Week, so much more is she Mistress of her Passion than I. I doubt whether you would have heard from me now, but that the last Seal is just over, and my Lawyers assure me, that all our Troops must go into Quarters for five Weeks at least. This has given me such a flow of Spirits, that I think I should never be weary of Writing; however, for your Sakes, I will not add a long *Postscript* to a tedious Epistle. Once more I bid you *Adieu*.

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LETTER IV.

ELIZA to FLORIMOND.

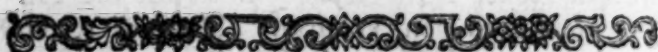
IT was certainly far from being gallant, to signify your Desire that I should write to you by my Spouse, and there are Ladies in the World who would rally you severely, upon a Conduct so *mal a propos*. But as I have no Secrets with respect either to *Pbaon* or yourself, I pass it by, and to show how easily I forgive, this will find its way under my Husband's Cover. You say, truly, that we were once Companions in Misfortune, and I remember I then prophesied we should live to talk of those Vexations with Pleasure. Happily for us, I guess'd right, nor is there a Day passes over my Head, but I reflect with Delight on the Troubles that are past. Every Place that I see reminds me of particular Passages, or at least, particular Thoughts, and I cannot help smiling at the strange Notions which were wont in those Days to roll in my Head. I make no Question you are sometimes occupied with Thoughts like these, if not, you are obliged to me for suggesting a Pleasure you have never tasted, and which is every Way suited to a Genius like yours. *Pbaon* has informed you of the Disorder our Family was in, on Account of my Father's Illness, at least he told me he would, otherwise I should, notwithstanding the Hurry we were in, have stolen so much Time as to have inform'd you of it.

You are no Stranger to the Conquest made by *Clarinda*, over the Heart of your Friend ; but perhaps you do not know that I have taken a great deal of Pains to serve him to a very little Purpose. The Family are pleased to say, the Gentleman is not of Birth to pretend to their Relation, and *Clarinda* herself is afraid of the Violence of his Passion. These *Florimond*, are the Effects of a Quality Education, and *Clarinda* is the first Woman I ever saw, who was afraid her Husband should prove too fond. There is certainly a kind of lucky Enthusiasm in Love, for if *Hipolytus* had taken the Advice of all the Friends he had in the World, he could never have fallen upon any Method which would have answered half so well as the mad one he has taken, without any Advice at all. *Clarinda's* Aunt, who is a great Admirer of Romances, has discover'd I know not what Dignity of Mind, in leaving all his Concerns, to come and dangle after her Niece, without so much as presuming to acquaint her with it. *Clarinda*, herself is touch'd with Pity, and tells me in a Letter that she should think herself oblig'd to marry the Man, though she was sure to be unhappy with him. This is indeed a high strain of Compassion, which I am loath to censure, and yet cannot approve. I should be glad to know what you think of it, though by the way, I suspect *Clarinda's* Sincerity. The rest of her Letter expressing at least, if I understand it right, rather Affection than Pity ; but I fancy Lovers are apt to deceive themselves, and that it is not easy to know where Concern for another ends, or where Respect to ones own Happiness begins. I own to you, that I stole this Thought from a little Treatise of *Phaon's*, stil'd, *The Philosophy of Love*.

That

That I may not write you a Letter absolutely without News, I will conclude this with the History of our French Woman. She was recommended to a Gentleman's Family, as a proper Governess for his Daughters. But she had scarce been three Months in the House, before she entered the Bands of Wedlock with the Tutor to the Gentleman's eldest Son, a Man about fifty-five, who had made a shift to save upwards of two thousand Pound. Upon this Marriage, there has happened the strangest, and at the same Time, the pleasantest Change that can be imagin'd. The Lady is grown quite young again in her Imagination, and which is still stranger, she affects the Woman of Quality, keeps a couple of Maids, that she may call one of them her Woman, and tho' she had a Faculty of introducing Stinginess wherever she came, is become, though not generous, yet very expensive; and the Husband in the mean Time, is grown quite Melancholly, from a Prospect that he shall certainly be sacrific'd to this Woman's Vanity. What I take to be a little singular, she was pleas'd to make me a Visit, but to avoid having too much, or too little Patience, I did not think proper to be at Home. You see, *Florimond*, what Trifles I write you, and in Truth I am glad we have nothing but Trifles to write. I was lately in great Fear, that my first Epistle would have inform'd you of my Father's Death, but as he is now perfectly recover'd, I have likewise recover'd my Spirits, and therefore chuse to entertain you with such trivial Matters, rather than be thought deficient in that respectful Friendship, which will always subsist in the Bosom of your oblig'd and obedient Servant,

E L I Z A.
L E T.



LETTER V.

FLORIMOND to CELADON.

THE Letter you wrote *Phaon*, he transmitted as you desired to me, with a very kind one of his own, and I dare assure you, that if any Share we take in your Afflictions, could diminish them, they would not long be so intollerable as you speak them. I discern from your Epistle, that your Misfortunes have surpriz'd you very much, which is to me no wonder. I assure you, I thought you so happy, that I ascrib'd your not writing to a hurry of Pleasure, for which *Phaon* has given me a severe Reprimand, and I as it becomes me, ask your Pardon.

There is certainly nothing in the World so ticklish and unsteady as human Felicity. To day we are, or think ourselves Happy, and to-morrow we are certainly wretched. Our Wisdom, our Patience, our Virtue, cannot defend us from these reverses of Fortune, which happen we know not why. Lady *Sophia's* Mother must be a Woman of a very singular Temper, to resolve on making the Man unhappy on whom the Happiness of her only Child depends. Yet female Caprice is in this Age no Miracle, and if Companions in Distress could make it easy to you, I could inform you of many who owe their uneasinesses to a like Cause. There is certainly a kind of Weakness in the Temper of Women, especially when they are

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in Years, which too often inclines them to fancy that they are treated with Contempt, and that is a Thing they never forgive. In your Case, the marrying Lady *Sophia*, without her Mother's Consent, pass'd for indubitable Proof, nor can any Submissions you can make, weaken the Strength of this Evidence. In my Judgment therefore, all Attempts to pacify the old Lady are in vain, and you must content yourself with demonstrating in a legal Way, that she has it not in her Power to do you Mischief. Perhaps this may bring her to herself, for it sometimes happens that mischievous Tempers conceive a Reverence for those whom they find it impossible to injure. But perhaps you will say, the Evils you most fear will be brought about before this can be effected, to which all I can answer is, that Patience is the sole Remedy of all inevitable Misfortunes; Prudence which protects us from lesser Ills, points out this Cure for those it cannot prevent.

I do not wonder that so strict a Communication with Lawyers, should make you uneasy. There is nothing so diametrically opposite to a Life of silent Repose, as the having to do with Courts, and therefore *Horace*, in his excellent Panagyrick on a rural Retreat, particularly remarks this Blessing. *That the wrangling of Lawyers is never heard there.* Besides, a Lover of the *Belles Letters* cannot attend to the dry tedious Discourses of Pedantick Law Sages, who ground all they deliver upon Authority, and when you demand Reason, cite my Lord *Coke*. Thus your Circumstances leading you into a Road where your Inclination would never have carried you, You are of Course often at a Loss, unwilling to go on, and unable to go back. We see the same Thing happen
daily

daily in other Cafes of Life, a meer Soldier is almost distracted if he can find no other Company than that of Divines, a Beaux is in the Vapours after half an Hours Conversation with a set of Traders, as these again are at their Wits End, if oblig'd to talk for any length of Time with none but Mathematicians. To get the better of this Evil, you must alter your Temper entirely, and this I suppose you take to be a Thing impossible.

Hitherto all I have said, can only serve to encrease your Malady, but there is a Necessity of probing to the Bottom before we pretend to dress the Wounds of the Mind. To skin them over, is the Practice of Quacks, who desire rather to make a speedy than a certain Cure. But as I have now laid before you my Notion of the Causes of your Disease, I will next offer to your View what I apprehend may prove the safest and easiest Method of Cure. It is absolute Madness for you to suffer another Persons Indiscretion to make too great an Impression on your Mind. This froward old Lady is certainly in the Wrong, to treat you as she does ; but because she is blind to her own Interest, must you be so too? Her Design in involving you in these Suits, is to give you Disquiet, and if you go on as you do, she will gain her End. You must, that you may be easy, look upon this Disposition in her, as a Stroke of Fate, such as a Fire or an Earthquake, of which, when it is once over, it is in vain to torment one's self with the Remembrance of it. But it may be, you will say that it is a growing Evil, and that it is impossible for you to tell when it will be over. This I grant you, but as your Lawyers are positive she cannot prevail against you in any of her Pretences,

tences, you must even be content to compute the annual Expence of her Persecution, and make Provision for it accordingly, which will be the easier, if as you conjecture the Men whom you employ in this Affair, are moderately Honest, and will endeavour to keep the Monster LAW, at as short an Allowance as possible.

Suppose the Estate your Wife brought you had been subject to a Mortgage? suppose she had younger Sisters to provide for, or a certain Number of poor Relations, of whom you were bound in Honour to take Care. This would not give *Calidon* a Moment's Pain. But these are vain Suppositions, and the sole Incumbrance on Lady *Sophia*'s Estate, is the peevish Humour of her Mother. Why then, provide for that, and you may be easy. It would have been better if by Arguments you could have perswaded your Mother-in-law to Reason; but since that is not to be done, its fitter she should have all the Disquiet, than that you should share it with her, and as to the Cost, that will be the same, whither you are disquieted or not. A little Meditation will make you Master of the Subject, you will find what I say to be true, and you will find Arguments sufficient to convince Lady *Sophia* of the Truth of it, which will free you from your second Grievance, or rather from that Circumstance which chiefly contributes to make the first Grievance intollerable.

As to the breaking in upon your former Schemes, which is another Ground of Complaint, you have the Remedy in your own Hands, that is to say, you have the Power of altering your Schemes. The saving your paternal Estate is without Question, a Project from which you ought not easily to depart. In order therefore to succeed
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in this, give up some other Point. In all, *Lucretius*, *Virgil*, and *Horace*, I do not meet with a Word about a Coach and Six, from whence I am led to believe that it is not absolutely necessary, any more than the Retinue which must accompany it. Besides, any Alterations you make of this Sort, will be attended with Conveniences, and put it more in your Power to lead such a Life as you seem to like. If you live with less Eclat, you will have less Company and more Quiet. Lady *Sophia* will find a thousand Amusements agreeable both to herself and you, and when you have spent one Summer in this Way, I am thoroughly satisfied you will never wish to spend a Summer in another. All the Hurry of a Town Life, and all the Bustle of Country Grandeur, is fatiguing to a Man of Sense, and rather a Curse than a Blessing. It serves only to deprive us of our Time and Family, which to Men of true good Sense, and true good Nature, is all that is esteemable in this Life. Resolve therefore to part with Grandeur and be Happy.

After all my dear Friend, how can you seriously complain of these small Disappointments? Consider what is in your Power, and you will not think any Thing very desirable that is out of it. You are Happy in an excellent Wife, you have a very considerable Estate, a House, or rather a Palace, in a pleasant Country, and you fret because besides the Land-Tax and the Poor's-Rate, you are charged with three hundred Pounds a Year to the Law. How many of your Acquaintance, Men of Rank, Good Sense, and Learning, would esteem your Situation, the Summit of Happiness; think of this, and you will consider it in another Light than you do.

That

That the Cure may go on the better, quit that Land of Infection where you got your Disease, and come and breath our serener Air, where the Senses are quicker, where the Mind is more at her Ease, and where every Object contributes to excite new Joys, or at least to banish old Cares. A Morning's Walk by the River will furnish a Train of agreeable Ideas, and if they should be exhausted before Noon, a timely Supply may be drawn from your Library, from Lady *Sepbia's* Drawing Room, or if the Day be fair from an Hour's Ride. The Company of your Friends at Dinner will afford you every Day a Feast, tho' you never exceed three Dishes; the Bowling-Green, your smoaking Parlour, or fishing in the Moat, will with Conversation fill up very happily the Afternoon. In the Evening the Ladies will expect you, and at Night the Satisfaction of having spent the Day innocently, will afford you the noblest Opiate, a quiet and easy Mind. If these are not the best Thoughts that can be written you on the Subject you proposed, they are at least the best in my Power, and are offered you with unfeigned Sincerity; weigh them well, consult your own good Sense, compare what I say with the Advice of our Friend *Phaon*, and may Providence direct you in the Judgment you make, that it may render you as happy as I wish you. Having said this, I have nothing to add more, but that I am with equal Ardour and Sincerity,

Your most devoted Servant,

FLORIMOND.

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LETTER VI.

PHAON to CELADON.

THERE is not at the same Time a more noble and a more pleasant Thing than to do Good to one's Friend. Your Letter gives me an Opportunity of laying before you many Things, which make both for your Welfare and Quiet, I shall state them with that Freedom which it becomes a Man to use when his Advice is asked, by a Person for whom he has a sincere Concern, and as you are a Man of Honour and of Sense, I make myself sure of your Pardon, even if I should miss of your Approbation. He who has the Courage to state his Case fairly as you have done, will in all Probability have the Patience to hear what his Friend has to say, and to consider how far it is supported by Reason, which is, dear *Celadon*, all the Return I ask.

The Evils you complain of are entirely owing to yourself, and are in Fact the meer Effects of Vapours. Be not angry, good *Celadon*, but examine Things attentively, and when you have so done tell me I am Mad, if you think you see Cause, and I promise you I'll bear it. When you were Single, and had certain great Views in your Head, you acted like a Man of Spirit, and you had the Success you deserv'd. In those active Days you had no Notion of sinking under every little Difficulty, and of praying like the Carter to
Hercules,

Hercules, without setting your Shoulder to the Wheel. Bless me, Sir! what an Alteration two Thousand a Year makes, shall I tell you precisely, and in a very few Words? It makes a Man whose Courage despised all Danger, tremble at his own Shadow. Would you not laugh at a Fop afraid of going abroad in a misty Day, or seriously arraigning Providence for sending Sun-shine enough to tann him? I am sure you would, and yet where is the mighty difference between him and you, he would have the Seasons follow his Humour, and you are for having every Woman in Years you deal with, of just such a Disposition as would suit your Purpose; is not this now a very modest Request, and have you not all the Reason in the World to forget the many good Turns Heaven has done you, because it does not do you this? Such Gratitude, such Piety, may perhaps provoke Providence to exercise you with Evils of another Stamp.

I love Books, and I hate Law as much as you, but I can't think of running into a Wilderness to enjoy one, or of dying at the very Thoughts of the other. A meer Poet, a meer Philosopher, differs in my Judgment very little from a meer Fool; we are sent into the World to live, that is, to act not to dream, either asleep or awake, and divert the rest of Mankind with relating our Visions. There is a Time for Study, and there are Times for Business, and believe me there's no Relish in one, unless we are sometimes taken up with the other. Your Whim of seeking Peace in the Groves, and devoting the whole of your Life to a rural Retreat, would have been very pretty if it had been digested into Verse, but for your Pyn-darism in Prose as *Florimond* calls it, its quite out of
my

my Way, and therefore I desire to have no more on't. I am ashamed that a Man whose good Sense I once admired, should be capable of losing his Patience at Things which happen every Day, and which there is not a Man in his Neighbourhood who does not experience as well as he, and without any Tincture of Wit or Philosophy bears them better. But to be serious and examine fairly the Grounds of your Complaint.

Your Mother-in-law is very angry. Good. You would have been very angry if she had disappointed you in your Designs, why then should you think she has no Reason? But she is resolv'd to give you a great deal of Trouble. Why, is she not in the Right? Have not you given her a great deal? She propos'd that her Daughter should have married an Earl's eldest Son, in which Case she was to have married the Earl herself; you have spoiled both these Matches, and she must have been a very good natured Woman indeed, who would not have done twice as much Mischief for thwarting any one of them. Well, but you wrote her a submissive Letter, and sent it by her Chaplain, All that was very right, but she it seems, is of the Class of Ladies who are govern'd by their Stewards; so the honest Priest sent your Letter back, which I hope you had the Grace to commit to the Flames. Now, Sir, you see the Ladies Temper, be so good as to think of other Methods; ask your Lawyers whether she is not to be plagu'd? I do not mean by groundless and vexatious Suits, for in the Space of three Years Management of her deceased Husband's Effects, she must have been very prudent indeed, if she has left no just Occasion for calling her to Account. If she has use it.

As

As to Lady *Sophia*, you only infect her with your own Distemper, and therefore if you cure yourself, she will soon be well. Take the Pains to be acquainted with your own Affairs, read your Father's Will, and the Family Settlements, they won't take up more Time than *Livy* and *Tacitus*, and they may serve you full as much. I have known some Gentlemen make great Discoveries this Way, and very important ones. Why may not you? The Lawyers you say, are a troublesome sort of People, why so are the Physicians and Surgeons; but must I therefore suffer a Winter's Cough to improve itself into a Consumption, or bear a Fistula because without Trouble I can have no Help? Why, Sir, the Lawyers are a very useful sort of People, and you say you have found three honest ones, which is pretty well for a young Beginner. My Father was a dozen Years at Law, and had not such a Piece of good Luck in the whole Time. Don't think I banter you, Sir, or that I am hard upon your Friends, my Advice to you is to be better acquainted with them, and then your Character will do them some good. I have known a Novice in Law take an artful old Knave for a very honest Fellow, and a plain down-right Man, for a Person not to be dealt with. Look narrowly, Sir, into the Affair, and when you know as much of it as your Lawyers, you will know them better, and perhaps like them never the worse.

In the Beginning of a Man's Life where he has not a shallow Purse, a *Chancery* Suit is not amiss, it finds him somewhat to do, it teaches him the Course of the Court, and properly attended to, gives him so much Experience as enables him to avoid half a Score in the Course of
 O his

his Days. A Suit at the same Time in the *Exchequer* is I confess, a little too hard for a Man of moderate Abilities, and who is fond of his Pleasures; but to a Man of your Sagacity and Sobriety, it cannot afford much Fatigue, you may as well converse with your Clerk in Court as with your Bookseller; nor can I see any great Difference between walking in *Westminster-hall*, or the Court of *Requests*. As for the Heir at Law, since his Demand is but small, and at the same Time indifferently founded, you may rid yourself of any Disputes with him, by promising never to break the Entail, which in Honour I think you ought not to do.

The Life of a Man of Business is a true Life of Pleasure, because he has always something worthy of a Man to do. He is in the first Place useful to Society, next he is belov'd and rever'd in his Family; lastly, he is always chearful in himself. The Contemplator, the Philosopher, or in plain *English*, the Hypochondriack, is no Body in Respect to Society, a troublesome somebody in his Family, and except in a very fair Day seldom upon good Terms with himself. He who takes the World as he finds it, acts like God's Creature, but he who is for new modelling the Universe, intermeddles with the Business of his Creator, and acts in Fact like a Man out of his Wits. It was the Repose you took in the Country, and the sudden Disturbance you met with on your coming to Town, that threw you into this Fit of the Vapours, out of which I hope my Letter will rouse you; at least it is for this Purpose I write it, your Affairs would suffer if you should nod too long, and therefore as a Friend I jogg you by the Elbow.

Pardon

Pardon, Dear *Celadon*, my manner of talking to a Man much more capable of instructing me, the Difference is, that at present I am in the little Senses I have, and you a little beside yours. Put your *Lucretius* out of your Pocket, be content to dine now and then with your Lawyers, read the News at *George's* Coffee-house, and drink a Bottle twice a Week in the Neighbourhood of the *Devil*; in the Space of six Weeks you will come to relish Business, value your Mother-in-law's ill Humours at the Rate they deserve, and consider your Law Suits, rather as Lessons in the Art of living, than such grievous Plagues as you now esteem them. These Medicines take on the Word of a Friend, and if they do you no good, take *Florimond's* Advice, who is far gone in the Hyp too, but I intend him shortly a Visit, and shall treat him then as I now do you. Adieu, don't write me a Syllable unless it be a Letter of Thanks, which I assure you will be extreamly welcome to

Your sincere Friend,

and very humble Servant,

PHAON.



LETTER VII.

SOPHIA to EMELIA.

THE many kind Offices, Dear *Emelia*, which you have formerly done me, and that Likeness which I always thought there was between our Tempers, incline me to commit to you the Execution of a Project on which in a great Measure the restoring of my Peace depends; tho' I must allow, that my Mother has some odd Humours, and has shewn a very unreasonable Aversion to my Husband, yet I must always remember that she is my Mother, and that she was very tender of me while under her immediate Care. Her Law-Suits therefore with *Celadon*, give me inexpressible Disquiet. On the one Hand, I see the best Husband in the World distressed in his Fortune and his Peace; and on the other Hand, I cannot help owning, that she who distresses him is the best of Parents, or at least was so, while I remain'd her dutiful Daughter; this compels me to set a Watch upon my Lips, and to be extremely cautious in all my Motions, for as I would do nothing which might give *Celadon* Offence, so with the same Care I would avoid showing any Disrespect to my Mother.

These Things you may be sure occupy my Thoughts. Night and Day, I hope to some Purpose. My Uncle who lives in your Neighbourhood had always a great Influence over my Mother, I fancy if he would make a Journey to
Town,

Town, and give himself the Trouble of making her two or three Visits, he would dislodge her Attornies, and put himself at the Head of her Councils, which would give him an Opportunity of terminating her Differences with *Celadon* in an amicable Way, in which I am confident he would deny her nothing, and at the same Time I am sensible my Uncle would not suffer my Husband's good Nature to be too much imposed on. I would have written to him myself, but that his Wife is no Friend of mine, and a Woman of great Art; I could therefore wish that *Florimond* would make him a Visit, and move the Thing to him as from himself. My Uncle is a good natured sensible Man, and I am confident if it appears to him in a right Light, will readily come to it as well for *Celadon's* Sake as mine, the rather because he had a great Hand in our Marriage, and has been very kind to us since.

That you may not fall into any Mistakes, it will be proper to inform you, that tho' I call this Gentleman Uncle, he is not so nearly related to me as you imagine; his first Wife was my Father's half Sister, by her he had a Son, who will be the Heir of his Estate. He married a second Wife, not of so good a Family as my Aunt, but with a much better Fortune, and of a very managing Disposition, which to speak the Truth, has contributed not a little to my Uncle's good Fortune, whose Estate when he married her was but in an indifferent Condition. With all her good Sense, she is an avow'd Enemy to his first Wife's Relations, and thinks whenever they make him a Visit, that they are come to eat a new Hole in his Estate. By this Account of my Uncle and his Affairs, *Florimond* will square his Conduct,

duct, neither do I doubt, that by his Patience and Address, all Things may be brought into a right Channel. My Mother is indeed somewhat obstinate, but then there is no Body living loves her Friends better than she, or takes their Advice more kindly; she did all Things on my Father's Decease by this Gentleman's Direction, and I have often heard her say, that she had infinite Obligations to him on that Account, which makes me apprehend, that if he was once in Town, he would have as great an Ascendent over her as ever. This I say is my Opinion, but if you apprehend that Hope has got the better of Reason, do me the Favour to let me know it, for if there is any Danger of miscarrying in the Project, I'd rather it should go no farther. You see I am very young, and a very shallow Politician; help me out a little, and let it never be said, that two young Women wanted Sense enough to bring an old one to know her own Interest. My Respects to *Florimond*, to your Father, Mother, and all your Family, together with the sincerest Wishes for their Welfare, conclude me,

Your sincere Friend and Servant,

SOPHIA.

P. S. When you write me an Answer send me some Account of our Friend *Eliza*, since she will send me none of herself, and if there be any News stirring in the Country, leave me not in the Dark about it, that when I come down next, I may not appear a Stranger, or be at a Loss in an Assembly for want of a little secret History.

LET-



LETTER VIII.

EMELIA to PHAON.

AS our Houses secure us from Winter Blasts, so whenever we are distressed we naturally seek the Shelter of our Friends. Who would have thought *Phaon*, when we parted at the close of the last Summer, that before the beginning of the next, we should all meet with something to alarm us. The sudden illness of your Father struck your House into a Consternation. *Celadon* whom we all imagin'd possessed of a flowing Fortune, finds his Circumstances embarrassed, and himself in no Condition of saving his paternal Estate; and we have now our full Share of ill Luck, in the News of my Brother's Marriage, which with too much Reason we apprehend will go near to break my Father's Heart.

Leander must at present be near twenty, tho' I think my Mother usually calls him eighteen; he was always a very forward Child, and esteem'd much the best Scholar in our Grammar School, when my Father took him from thence to send him to the University. He had always a great Passion for Books, and as I thought, no sort of Inclination towards the Ladies, for when he has been at Home with us sometimes for a Month or six Weeks, he grew absolutely uneasy to return to his Studies, and tho' he is naturally very courteous, yet could not I perceive that any of the Ladies who visited me, had Influence enough to

detain him half an Hour after the Tea Things were taken away. What surprizes me still more is, that I never heard him say a Word of the *Cambridge* Ladies. On the contrary, when he was with us at *Celadon's* House, last Summer, I remember he said in Conversation, *That Marriage was a serious Thing, and that he thought every Couple who knew them, should consider before Marriage, whither they could live like Celadon and Sophia.* To this I answer'd immediately with some Warmth, *That a Couple might love one another extreamly well, without being excessively fond.* To which he replied, *That a large Share of Tenderness was necessary to ballance the Cares which attend a married State.* This as far as I can recollect, is the sole Time I ever heard him speak on the Subject, and such an Impression his Observation made, that I spoke of it that Afternoon to *Florimond*, who answered that the Observation was just, and that *Leander* spoke like a Man of Honour.

It was from his Tutor my Father had the News, all he told him was, that having found in one of my Brother's Books a very fond Letter in a Female Hand, he asked from whom it came? To which he answer'd, from his Wife. This Answer so surprized the grave old Man, that he was unable to say any Thing more, and bid him be gone to his Chambers, instead of which the young Man went to his Father-in-law's, who is a Clergyman not far from *Cambridge*, and has never since been near the College. My Father as soon as he had receiv'd the Letter came to our House, and finding *Florimond* and I in the Garden, put it without saying a Word into his Hand, who read it aloud; it threw us all into Tears, and my
Spouse

Spouse was the first who recover'd himself so far as to speak. *This Tutor*, said he, *is a strange Fellow, he does not so much as tell us the Character of the Man whose Daughter your Son has married: Cambridge is not far off, permit me to make a Journey thither, I will go and speak to Leander, and bring you a just Account of this Matter.* No, said the old Man, *I cannot part with you, this ill News is not only so sudden, but so unlook'd for, that I perceive it affects me deeply, and I feel a Faintness I cannot express.* On his going Home he was taken extreemly ill, insomuch, that *Florimond* who is uncommonly tender of him, has not lain at Home since. My Mother too between her Son's Misfortune and her Husband's illness, is almost distracted. In this Distress the Favour I have to ask of you is, that you would read the enclosed Letter from *Sophia*, and in consequence of her Instructions do what my Spouse should have done; you are as well or rather better acquainted with the Gentleman, and I make no Question will succeed in this Negotiation. In this I prefer my Friend's Business to my own, for had not this Affair fallen out, I should certainly have engag'd you to have made a Trip to *Cambridge*, in order to prevail upon my Brother to come Home and make his Peace if possible, by telling us the Truth. It has been my Observation that the Anger of Parents is best appeased by the personal Submissions of their Children, for the Sight of them swelling their Passions to the utmost Height, an Ebb naturally follows, and then the Pleadings of Nature are heard; you know I may the better judge of this Case, because I have once experienc'd it, and they say that Experience can teach even Fools.

I am very sensible that my Father has just Reason to be extreamly chagrin'd at this ill tim'd Match; you know well enough that his Estate is called six hundred Pounds a Year, but I have heard him say, that he thinks it a good Year when it brings him four hundred into his Pocket, he had no great Opportunity of laying up, and therefore the Marriage of his Son would not have been very agreeable, even if he had met with a good Match. Judge you then how much he must be incumber'd, now this Boy has thrown himself away, and he is indebted to *Florimond* three thousand Pounds for my Fortune: It is true, my Spouse will never ask for it, but still the Sense of the Debt will remain heavy on the good old Man's Mind, and the Knowledge of this makes me so heartily uneasy, that I almost wish myself single. It is now that I perceive how unjust a Thing it is for Children to marry according to their own Caprice, and by one indiscreet Action, baffle all the Care of a Parents Life. I cannot however help thinking that this Doctrine ought to be particularly consider'd by Sons, who are to inherit the Estates, and ought therefore to support the Honour of Families; but then, how unfit an Age is Nineteen or Twenty for Consideration in any Case, and how much more when the Heart and Head are taken up by a new Passion, which at the very beginning of its Reign turns Reason out of its Dominions. Alas, *Phaon*, what feeble Creatures are we Mortals! how fleeting our Felicity; the Child that gives us Joy in the Cradle, gives us Death perhaps when it is grown up. If we did not give Way to our Passions, we should never taste of Evil; but then if we never give Way to our Passions, alas! we can never taste of Joy.

Joy. But what am I writing, the Soliloquies of a Philosopher are ravishing, but the Reveries of a Woman must be strange silly Things; do you therefore pardon them in your Friend, and believe that there is no Title which is more esteem'd by

Your faithful humble Servant,

EMELIA.



LETTER IX.

ELIZA to FLORIMOND.

WHILE *Phaon* is abroad endeavouring to execute the Instructions given by your Spouse, I take this Opportunity of corresponding with you, supposing that in your melancholy Way, an Epistle from a Friend will not be thought an unseasonable Intrusion. You must know, that my Spouse had scarce left Home before I receiv'd a Letter, which brought the News of *Clarinda's* Marriage, a Marriage which has astonish'd all that Part of the Country, who were amaz'd at seeing a broken Tradesman transformed into a rich Merchant, and a young Lady of nineteen with a great Fortune, married to a Man towards forty.

Our Friend was lucky in his Adventure, and has gain'd the Lady in a very romantick Way. All Things were settled in the Family before any Notice was taken of him at his Inn, then the
Aunt

Aunt went thither on some Pretence or other with *Clarinda's* Maid ; the Maid first took Notice of *Hipolytus*, and after bidding him be on his Guard towards the People of the House, pretended to introduce him to the old Lady as her Acquaintance ; these Preliminaries over the Aunt, and the Lover entered into a close Treaty ; he agreed to make up *Clarinda's* Fortune twenty thousand Pounds, which is to be settled upon her. So eager he was in this Matter, that he took Post for *London* that Night, *Clarinda* and her Aunt follow'd two Days after in their Coach and Six. On their Arrival in Town, the Money was immediately deposited in the Funds, and the Lovers were made happy yesterday. Is not this proceeding speedily, especially for so grave a Gentleman, one who I remember told us once, that he look'd upon Love to be a Disease, which might be cured by plentiful bleeding, of which he pretended to give us two or three Instances. Alas! *Florimond*, why did he not send for his Surgeon instead of galloping ninety Miles to get now and then a Sight of a Woman, young enough to be his Daughter. This was certainly enough to rivet him in his Opinion, since it was Proof sufficient that the Man was not in his Senses. Well, after all, Love, is a desperate Thing with the Grave I find as well as the Gay.

But to talk now a little of our own Affairs. My Father is so well recover'd that he would needs accompany his Son in his Journey, I confess that I oppos'd it all I could, but to no Purpose ; he was always extreamly fond of *Emelia*, and *Phaon* having shewn him her Letter, there was no restraining him. According to his Scheme *Phaon* is to conduct *Leander* Home, after setting him

him down here. They propos'd to dine as yesterday at the House of *Sophia's* Uncle, and it was agreed that not a Word should be said of her at Table, to prevent his Ladies having any Notion of their Errant, a good Precaution I confess, and yet to speak my Sentiments, I cannot believe half that I have heard of her; she is a Woman of extraordinary good Sense, and therefore I can scarcely believe her extravagantly covetous. Her Husband was heretofore to give it the mildest Appellation, a little too generous, and his first Wife not at all of a Temper to restrain him. This Lady's Fortune just paid his Debts, which by the way would not have affected his Estate, and therefore all she has to depend on for herself and Children, is the Fruits of her Oeconomy. To such a Woman *Florimond*, great Allowances ought to be made; but what recommends her chiefly to me is, the Care she has taken of his Son by the first Wife, for whom when he went to the University she provided a very worthy Tutor, and as she is the sole Manager, fixed his Allowance at three hundred *per Ann.* at the young Gentleman's own Dispos'd without Account. At the same Time she shows no such Indulgence towards her own Children, her Daughters are the best Housewives in the Country, considering their Age, the eldest being but seventeen, yet so it is, that this good Woman pleases no body, all her Neighbours talk in Raptures of her Predecessor, not without a side Glance now and then at the Lady of whom I am now speaking; but she only laughs at this, and as I have often heard her express it, patiently bears the Reflections made on that Frugality, which is the necessary Effects of the first Ladies Generosity; saying pleasantly, that if she had

had not come between, there would be no room left for a third Lady to show her Spirit. I am afraid you are tir'd with this rambling Stuff, and therefore shall detain you no longer, than to desire you would make my Compliments to your Spouse, and assure her, that I have the strongest Expectations of *Phaon's* succeeding in both Commissions. Adieu ! Believe me faithfully yours.

E L I Z A.



L E T T E R X.

CELADON to FLORIMOND.

SINCE I sent you *Phaon's* Letter, I have not receiv'd a Line from you. The Cause of your Silence I cannot penetrate ; but as I am thoroughly perswaded that it is not want of Friendship, either towards him or me, I venture to set Pen to Paper again. When I wrote last, it was not above three Lines. But I am now in a Disposition to entertain you longer. In the first Place, let me return you thanks for your kind Letter, which breaths such a visible Spirit of Concern, that I should be extremely ungrateful if I did not acknowledge it. Certain it is, that your Councils coincided with my own Conceptions ; but it was happy for us, that *Phaon* had a different way of Thinking, and had not so much of that false Complaisance, which is the Essence of modern Friendship, as to stifle his Sentiments.

To

To this I owe my being in better Circumstances, and in higher Spirits, than I was when I wrote you my large Epistle.

After reading seriously both your Letters, I began to think it perfectly expedient to conform my Conduct to the State I was in, to make a Vertue of Necessity, and to be, as well as seem to be, reconcil'd to my Lot. Full of these Notions, I sent for my Attorney, and desired him to give me as distinct an Account as he could of the State of my Affairs, What my Mother-in-Law's Pretensions were, Whence her Lawyers conceiv'd her Claims rose, and what was the Nature of my Defence. I knew he was capable of doing this, because he was a Man of Abilities and Industry, one who had all my Papers in his Hands, and whom my Council assur'd me, had my Cause at Heart. He fully answered my Expectations, in stating the whole Business so freely, fully and fairly, that I went to Bed that Night compleat Master of my Affair, and thoroughly convinc'd, that Expence was the only Evil I had to fear, and that even this, by prudent Management, might be kept so much within Bounds, as not to be a Matter worth plaguing myself about.

I was now convinc'd, that imaginary Terrors are infinitely more grievous to the human Mind, than any real Misfortunes. I look'd in vain for the *Gorgon's* and *Chimera's* which had harra's'd me for so many Weeks, and was heartily asham'd to find *Phaon* so much a wiser Man than I. But being convinc'd by Experience, that it was so, I resolv'd to take his Advice. In pursuance thereof, I converse pretty much with Gentlemen of the Law, and by a proper Turn of Discourse, inform myself in most of my Doubts, and acquir'd a facility

facility both of thinking and speaking on those Matters which had formerly so perplexed me, as to induce a Notion that they were not to be understood. The encrease of Knowledge is always accompanied with Satisfaction; these Exercises were no longer tedious and troublesome; I went to the *Chancery Bar* without Reluctance, and read a Family Settlement with as much Satisfaction as if it had been some new *French Memoirs*. In three Months, I made a total Change of my Manners, and am now so perfectly reconciled to Business, that I find it rather a Pleasure than a Fatigue. But it is Time to tell you, what Effects this extraordinary Alteration has wrought.

It happened one Evening, that I stumbled into a Coffee-House, where I found my Mother-in-Law's Agents. They took occasion to address me, in hopes of picking something from me, nor did they lose their Labour. After a little Discourse, I entred roundly on the Business. I told them the Cause was a good Cause to them, because they were sure to be paid, though but an indifferent one to me, since I was as sure to pay. That as to the Issue of the Thing, I was in pain about it. However, to show them I was a reasonable Man, and not such an Enemy to the Lawyers as I was thought to be, I should think myself oblig'd in Honour not to let any Person suffer in his Profits, who would bring the Matter to a shorter Decision, by making his Client comprehend the true State of the Case. The Lawyers smil'd, and seemed not at all displeased at what I had said. One of them however, told me very frankly, that if the Thing was really as I took it to be, he apprehended Persuasion would signify little to a Woman of my Mother-in-Law's Temper, to which

I replied, that was my Misfortune, but that I should be grateful even for an Attempt of that Sort. I have Reason to think, that they took me at my Word, and if it had been in their Power, would have compromised all Disputes. But it was not, and so Things ran on in their old Channel.

This Week my Wife's Uncle came to Town, paid a Visit to my Mother without coming near me, and to my great Astonishment, sent me Notice to meet him next Day at a Coffee-House, from whence he sent me Word, he would carry me somewhere to Dinner. But guess at my Surprise, when on my coming, he inform'd me, this somewhere was my Mother's. He told me in few Words, that the Secrets of the Family lay in his Breast, and that he quickly convinc'd the old Lady (if I may call a Woman so who is not three Months above Fifty) that it was by no means her Interest to be upon bad Terms with me, to whom all the Relations of the Family wished well. But he refused to explain himself any farther, because, said he, as I would suffer her to do you no Hurt, so I would by no means Hurt her. I assur'd him that was far from being my Desire, and that all I aim'd at was to be easy. Away we went to the old Ladies Lodgings, where we met with a favourable Reception. After Dinner my Uncle took his leave, and I also would have withdrawn, but my Mother told me, that we were too nearly related to part so soon. After we were left alone, she discours'd me in a very friendly Manner, and talked with so much Frankness, that I could not help crying out, *Madam, did we ever differ.* Yes, CELADON, said she, laughing, *but I am satisfied, that it is my Business to differ with you no longer*

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longer, since my Chaplain, my Lawyers, and my Brother, are gone over to your Side. I forget from this Moment that you married Sophia without my Consent; do you forget that I was piqued at it. My Brother's coming to Town was a Plot of her's, I believe without your Knowledge, and it is no small Satisfaction, that my Daughter has still such a regard for my Peace. The next Day she din'd at our House, and this Morning I have paid her Attornies to their Satisfaction, and I assure you to mine, since at the beginning of the Suit, I would have given ten Times the Sum to have been quit of it. Though it is certain in that Case, besides my Money, I should have lost as much Experience as I now value at the same Rate.

Thus I am delivered from the Curse of the Law, both sooner and in a cheaper Manner than I expected. I have likewise discover'd an easy Method for clearing my Father's Estate, such a one as will make both him and me easy. It was originally fourteen hundred Pounds a Year, but having now five Mortgages upon it, some of which by the help of continuation Money, have born between six and seven *per Cent.* Interest, it has not brought in for these twelve Years past, above four hundred Pounds a Year, but on my Father's assigning all in his Power to me, I am content to grant him a clear Income of five Hundred. In the mean Time I have procured Lady Sophia's Trustees to take all the Mortgages into their own Hands at five *per Cent.* Now as this Interest is to be paid over to me, I intend to apply it with whatever Savings I can, without Prejudice to my Reputation, make, to the Discharge of the Debt, which if I live, will be extinguished in about ten or twelve Years. Am I not grown *Florimond,*

mond, a great *CEconomist*, do you not think I shall in Time become a Politician, and in Consequence of recovering my own Estate, pretend to set the publick Affairs to rights? Depend on it however, that this Crotchet will never seize me. I shall always remain satisfied with the State of Life I am in, and be content to pay my Taxes and wish well to my Country, without pretending to any Share in ruling it. If a Man has a narrow Fortune, which was once my Case, he has enough to do to regulate his Expences, so as to live within Compass. And if Providence bestows on him a larger, it brings along with it such a Change in a Man's Way of living, as may bring him to want again, if he does not make a prudent Use of it. At present therefore, I am inclin'd to think that few Men apply themselves to the Study of publick Affairs, without a View to their private Concerns, and in this Light, a Man studies Politicks as he does Law: that it may better both his Estate and his Reputation, which I am so far from condemning, that I think it a very laudable Endeavour, and such an Inclination as I would cultivate in any of the Children Providence should be pleas'd to give me.

As the Weather begins to grow hot, and I have now no Business which obliges me to continue in Town, I shall in a Weeks Time, make a Step into the Country, where if nothing extraordinary happens, I shall very willingly pass away four or five Months. In that Space *Florimond*, I am determin'd not to be idle, I will visit every foot of Land I have in the County, and converse with each of my Tenants. If they have any Grievances, I will redress them. If they make any reasonable Demands, I will comply with them, and if I can

either think or hear of any Thing for their Advantage, I will do my utmost to procure it. I give you this not as my Character, but as the Character I sincerely wish to have, or rather wish to deserve. If therefore you either discern yourself, or are informed by any Body else that I digress from this Road, give me Notice of it like a true Friend, that I may again get into the Track. We are here *Florimond*, to do good, and in doing this to others, we do it most effectually to ourselves. A great Estate, is a deposit left in our Hands by Providence, of which we are one Day to give a strict Account. But when I talk to you of never being Idle, I do not mean that I will never unbend or divert myself, quite the contrary, I propose to make some Alterations in that Article also, and when my Scheme shall be so perfect as to be worthy your Perusal, which I presume may be in a Day or two, it shall without Delay be transmitted for Approbation or Amendment. By that Time, I reckon *Phaon* will be at your House, to whom I would also have it shown, and when it has his Concurrance, it will be Time to think of putting it in Execution. Bless me, I have written a most voluminous Letter, as full of Egotisms, as the Speech of a conceited Member. Its well I write it to a Friend, who with all the Judgement, has none of the Malice of a Critick, and who will Pardon any Thing in one who has the Honour to be with great Truth, his obliged, and obedient Friend and Servant,

CELADON.

LET-



LETTER XI.

PHAON *to* FLORIMOND,

ON my return from *Cambridge*, where instead of a few Hours, I made shift to stay a Week compleat ; I found *Eliza* somewhat out of Order, which hindred me from paying my Respects to you in Person. I am glad to find by the Account your Servant brought, that your Father is recovered, and begins to regain his Strength. I hope what I have to tell you, will rather forward the entire Restoration of his Health, than endanger a Relapse. I was resolv'd to be at the Bottom of this Business, which induced me to spend four whole Days with the young Couple, and at their Entreaty I remain'd a fifth, so that you may safely rely upon my Knowledge, as I am pretty confident you will not distrust my Sincerity. These are Matters which will not bear either Trifling or Varnishing, for where the well being of a Parent and Son are at Stake, Truth ought to be told plainly.

The Place where *Leander's* Father-in-law lives, is far enough from being pleasant. The Country is Fenny, and his parsonage House stands upon a Sort of Quagmire. From the first View of it, I conceived a respectful Idea of its Owner, there being all possible Signs of a frugal Care, in rendering the Place as neat and as convenient as such a Situation would allow. He is himself about Sixty, a grave, sober Priest, of a very honourable

Family, though very poorly provided for, his Living being scarce worth fifty Pounds. His Wife is the Daughter of a Baronet, and brought him three Thousand Pounds, on the Interest of which, and his small Living, they make a very pretty Figure. He has a Son, who by a Fright while in his Nurses Arms, is mop'd, and a Daughter, who is *Leander's* Wife. She is turn'd of Seventeen, and with a fine Person, has as much good Sense and good Nature as any of her Sex. *Leander* first saw her at Chapel Prayers, the only Time her Father ever carried her to *Cambridge*. This was the Beginning of last Spring, and almost every Afternoon from that Time, *Leander* walk'd eight Mile to enjoy a Quarter of an Hour of his Mistresses Company. At length her Father thought proper to restrain her from seeing him, which threw him into Fits and puzzle'd the whole Family. When he came a little to himself, he insisted on marrying *Lucinda*, to which her Parents agreed for no other Reason than because both their Lives were at Stake. In three Days after, his Tutor discovered it, before they had Time to Concert the proper Measures for breaking it to your Family. *Lucinda's* Mother tells me she has prevail'd on her Brother to make a Journey from his own House in *Kent*, to yours, and that he will be with you in two or three Days. *Leander* informs me, that they have all written respectfully to your Father and Mother, yourself and *Emelia*, which I take to be perfectly right.

I cannot say, that all Things considered, he is well married, in the Phrase of the World; but I will swear for him, that he is happily married, since he is dispos'd to be a good Husband, and she

she will certainly make him a good Wife. Neither do I apprehend that what is amiss in this Trans-action is beyond Remedy. On the Contrary, I have a Scheme, in my Head will set the whole Matter to rights, and make both Families happy. In this, I reckon on an Act of Kindness from *Celadon*, which I am sure you will think no Chimerical Foundation. I understand he will in a few Days, be at his Seat, otherwise I would have gone directly to *London*, that your Father might be as soon as possible out of Pain. *Leander*, and his Spouse will be at my House in two Days, when I intend to accompany them to yours, where I hope we shall meet with a cheerful Welcome.

The little Knowledge I have had of the World, gave me such a dislike to *Leander's* Conduct, that when I left *Cambridge*, to go to his Father-in-law's House, I was resolved to rate him soundly. But when I saw his Wife, and considered both their Ages, I found it impossible to be angry, and I believe not your Father only, but yourself will find it impossible too. There is a Sweetness in forrowing Beauty, which is superior to all the Eloquence of Words, and which as soon as it is seen, effectually perswades. All that I could do, was to make a gentle Discourse on the Folly of provoking Parents, which quickly drew Tears from them, and these stopt my Mouth: The old People for they are both in Years, express'd such a Desire of making the young Couple happy if possible, that I confess I was obliged to turn the Conversation speedily, to avoid melting into Tears as well as they. For the same Reason, I avoided entring particularly on this Subject, all the Time I remain'd there.

In all Things which regard Men, Respect must be had to their Constitutions, and in judging of Things, we must be attentive to Circumstances. *Leander*, as I apprehend, has been always tender in his Health, and as this was the first and only Passion to which he was ever subject, it had such a violent Effect upon him, that I am convinc'd if you had not heard of his Marriage, you must have heard of his Death. The Marriage too, though it may not be altogether such a one as you might approve yet I am sure it is far better than you believ'd it. As to Family and Virtue, *Lucinda* yields to no Lady in our Neighbourhood, and as to Fortune, I have told you, that I have good Hopes of fixing that, perhaps to your Satisfaction.

On the whole therefore, since the young Man is married, and since his Marriage is no Disgrace to you, I hope what I have offered in his Behalf will meet with a favourable Reception. *Eliza* is a Suiter also for his Pardon, and as to my Father-in-Law, he says bluntly, he would give five thousand Pound to call the Girl his Daughter. Do not leave me in suspense, but let me know by the Servant who brings this, what Usage we are to meet with, when we bring the lost Sheep Home. I don't know whether I should tell you, that he is more apprehensive of his Sister's Anger and yours, than of his Parents, and he assures me, that he has such an Affection for you, that any continued Coldness would certainly break his Heart. It is with the highest Satisfaction I learn *Celadon's* Success, and that I had a Hand in it. He refers me to you, for a long Letter on that Subject. Pray let me have it return'd by the Bearer. Our grave Friend's Marriage to *Clarinda*, is also News to me

me. That you may not think I visited *Cambridge* in vain, I have translated the *Italian* Poem you recommended to me, and will send it as soon as I have Time to look it over once more. My Paper puts me in mind of telling you what is no News, That I am heartily your Friend, and ever ready to show myself, your humble Servant,

P H A O N.



LETTER XII.

SOPHIA to ELIZA.

I Should be extreemly ungrateful my dear Friend, if I did not speedily and sincerely return you my Thanks for the Assistance you lately gave me. It was *Emelia* indeed, who thought of applying to your Spouse, but I am sensible, that your Influence was not wanting. When I say I am sensible, I mean that the Success of *Phaon's* Negotiation convinces me of it ; he could owe it to nothing so much as your good Wishes. He was here Yesterday to visit my Spouse, who was gone to my Uncle's. I took this Opportunity to pay him in Person, the Thanks that were due to him for the Pains he took to serve me, but I did not think that Expressive enough, of the just Sense I have of the Kindness shewn by your Father in bearing him Company.

Phaon was pleas'd to acquaint me with something he call'd a Request to *Celadon*, and which

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I am confident will have the Weight of a Command. The Church in view of our House is in my Husband's Gift, and is supposed to be somewhat better than two hundred and fifty Pounds a Year. *Phaon* proposed, that it should be given to the Father-in-Law of *Leander*, and if he insists upon it, there is no doubt it will be done. But with the Help of our Chaplain, I think I have hit on a better Expedient. The Parish where *Florimond* lives is somewhat of a less Value than this, for which the present Incumbent would gladly change, and in that Case, the Father-in-Law of *Leander* may also keep the Benefice he has, it being eighteen Miles nearer him than ours, so that he will have better than three hundred Pounds a Year. His Daughter will in this Case have two thousand Pounds down. I think this is the Substance of what he told me, and *Celadon* who is just come in, says it shall be immediately comply'd with, our Parish Priest being in daily Expectation of better Preferment in *Yorkshire*, of which he is a Native.

I am entirely of your Spouses Mind, that there is no need of speaking of this at our Friends, till it is actually done, in which Case *Leander* will certainly be well provided for, without being separated from his Father, which was what the old Gentleman chiefly fear'd. Your Husband is extremely lucky, in adjusting family Disputes, nor do I apprehend any expedient could have been thought of in this Case, equal to that which he has proposed, which the more we consider, the more conveniences it seems to have. *Phaon* has promis'd to go once more into *Cambridgeshire*, in order to adjust Matters with the old Man there, and as for the Business of the Exchange, our Chaplain will take

take upon him to settle it, so at the same Time *Leander* brings his Father-in-law to make a Visit to his Parents, he shall inform the Family that he is also Parson of the Parish. Bless me, *Eliza*, what odd Events we see, and how many little Contrivances are necessary to make Life pass on agreeably.

My Cousin *Clarinda* exchanged two or three Visits with me, since her Marriage, and proves a much better Wife than I expected. While she was single, she had a good deal of Pride, but she has laid it aside entirely. A Citizen's Wife, she says, should not put on Quality Airs, let her Family or Fortune be what it will. Her Husband's Condition ought to be the Rule of her Conduct, and the Mode of *St. James's* never suffer'd to violate the Decorum of *Devonshire-Square*. I own to you, that I was almost ready to laugh, but I turn'd grave again, when she show'd me her Plate and China. I think I do not exceed the Truth when I say, that a Dutchess might be well content with it, nor could I help telling her, that I thought her Humility did not appear strongly on that Side, to which she answered, that there was nothing of her buying, but that they all belong'd to her Husband or to herself before Marriage. *Hipolytus* is immeasurably fond, and I think *Clarinda* has a proper Sense to know it; but you will judge better when you see her here.

Celadon proposes to pay you a Visit next Week, and in the mean Time talks of a very long Letter he is to write to *Florimond* to-morrow. I cannot conceive what it is to contain, since I am confident he will not speak of the Provision made for *Leander*. You will not be long in the Dark, because he says it will be presently sent to *Phaon*.

I will not deny my having a little Curiosity on this Occasion, and shall own myself oblig'd to you for letting me into the Secret, when it ceases to be such to you, because I would have the Satisfaction of mortifying *Celadon* a little, when he pretends to reveal it. You see I treat you with the Freedom of a Friend at present; be assured I shall ever remain so, and that no body is more your Humble Servant, than,

S O P H I A.



L E T T E R XIII.

FLORIMOND to PHAON.

TH E *Athenians* I think were particularly Careful in rewarding those who brought them good News, and in setting up Statues in Honour of their Benefactors. Were we *Athenians*, *Phaon*, you should not want a Reward, or a Statue; nay I verily think every Citizen in our little Republic would willingly bestow on you both. My Father is continually crying, *Florimond*, read me your Friend's Letter once again. My Mother is out of her Wits at the Thoughts of being able to see her Son again, without lying under the Necessity of Scolding. As for *Emelia*, hers is a dumb Joy, only a Drop or two gets through her Eyes, to witness, that it is sincere. For myself I rejoice that *Leander* is so happy, and that having married his Sister, I have no Cause to envy him.

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It is really pleasant to hear our several Commentaries upon your Epistle, I am glad, says his Father, that *Leander* was not struck with a Beauty without Sense. I am satisfied says his Mother, since my Daughter is a Woman of Family, tho' she has not a Groat, and when Sir *Edward* comes, he shall see what a Respect I have for his Alliance. *Emelia* is impatient to see so agreeable a Companion, and your humble Servant would be glad to compare your Picture with the Original. Upon the Whole, there never was so diverting a Change wrought in a Family. It is but t'other Day, that we were all drown'd in Sadness and Sorrow, and now we are full of Joy and Gladness, and which is whimsical enough, from the same Cause.

To deal ingenuously with you, *Phaon*, I discern a good deal of Art in your Letter, and if it came from any body but you, should be very suspicious of the Facts, as it is, I suspect, that your Compassion for my Father, induc'd you to give all Things a handsome Likeness at least, and I shall be very well satisfy'd if I can reduce your Epistle to this Mode of Writing. You do indeed bid fair for our Belief, in offering to bring *Leander* and his Spouse; keep your Word my Friend, and let us see them as soon as you can, but be sure it be the Spouse that you saw, and don't let her Beauty be the Worse for want of Crying; a few Tears of Joy methinks would do very well, and therefore I hope we shall see her to the utmost Advantage.

Of all the agreeable Pictures you drew to divert our Melancholy; I like best the Strokes which respect the Parson's House, neatness and Elegance in the Fens, has something so surprizing in the very Sound, that to tell you the Truth, I took it for a Flight of your Imagination, in order

der to adorn the good Man's Character of whom you were speaking; but upon mentioning this Circumstance to a Neighbour of ours, he told me it was strictly true, that he was well acquainted with the Parson's Dwelling, tho' not with himself, and that his House and Gardens were look'd upon as the greatest Curiosity in that Part of the Country; that he had contriv'd a sort of Water Wilderness of Dwarf Willows, with Cockle-shell Walks, which kept the rest of the Ground dry, and that behind it, he had one of the finest Apiary's in this Island, which serv'd to furnish at once Amusement and Profit. You are always lucky *Phaon*, for this is a Circumstance which reflects Credit on all the rest, but most I think upon your Judgment. Such Improvements in such a Country, might well prejudice you in Favour of their Author, and I do not wonder, that you were apprehensive of giving such a Man Pain. When I come to know him intimately, I foresee that I shall have a great deal of Pleasure, for tho' of all Things I love the Country, yet Country Affairs are of all others those I am least versed in, which has frighted me from attempting in the Place where I am any Improvements. Under such a Master, I flatter myself I shall quickly acquire a good Taste, and then for ought I can perceive, I shall be as happy as it is fit for a Man to be, and not altogether so useless as I am at present.

Be pleas'd to tell *Eliza*, that I frequently amuse myself as she does, with recollecting past Occurrences, and feel a double Satisfaction in present Blessings, from the Remembrance of past Inconveniencies. The Adventures of *Clarinda* do not amaze me, for the Conduct of Women of great Rank and large Fortunes, is generally so irregular,

lar, that nothing but their acting Uniformly ought to surprize us, which not being *Clarinda's* Case, I cannot allow any Thing in it strange. I wish my Friend doubly happy, first as a Man, and next as a Friend, to whom I have had great Obligations. It is true, that there is somewhat odd in his Temper; but amongst other Singularities which expose him to Censure, there is one which certainly deserves Praise; he is singularly honest. As a Trader, he has as much Honour as a Grandee of *Spain*, and as great a Contempt for Profit, when put in the Ballance with Honesty, as any of the ancient Philosophers. In what he used to say to us of Love, he spoke like a Novice who had never felt it; in what he speaks now he speaks from Experience, but the Style is the same, always vehement, always sincere. If *Clarinda* is wise she must be happy, her Husband is a Man of many Virtues, with a few Foibles, which will appear only Excesses of Virtues when thoroughly understood. For Example, his own rigid Integrity makes him dislike many Things which Custom hath rendred tollerable to others, he wont go to a smutty Comedy, nor does he greatly care for Masquerades; he thinks Quadrille too expensive, not of Money but of Time; he seems to be a severe Master, but withal he is a very kind one, and I am acquainted with no less than three, who were bred in his Compting-House, that now make a Figure in Trade. There is an exactness in his Family which does not please at first Sight; but by Degrees one is easily reconcil'd to it, and then it appears to be not only very convenient, but the necessary Consequence of that variety of Business which he transacts. It must indeed seem strange that such a Man as this should be passionately

nately in Love, but we all know, that this Passion acts unaccountably in every Man, and why not in him? You see he has ended his Affair honourably, and generously, he carried his Mistress like a Man of Gallantry; but his Settlement upon his Wife is like a Merchant's. As to the difference of Age, I do not see so much in it as the World talks of; in fifteen Years *Clarinda* will be towards forty, and her Husband above sixty, no Body will think them ill matched then, and how should there be such an unreasonable Difference at present? I hear a mighty Bustle in our House, which makes me fancy our new Relation Sir *Edward* is come; my Mother informs me it is just so, I must go into the Parlour and pay my Respects to him, that is, to avoid being a little uncivil to him, I must be abrupt with you, which I know will be easily pardon'd in,

Your sincere Friend,

and obedient humble Servant,

FLORIMOND



LETTER XIV.

CELADON to FLORIMOND.

I WAS in great Hopes that I should have perfectly adjusted the little Scheme I have to offer you before I left the Town, and I thought to have been at your House in a Week at least, after
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I reached my own; but such is the instability of all human Contrivances, that my Project is not yet ready, nor have I been able to see you, tho' I have been here three Weeks; to assign you the Causes very minutely would take up more Room than they deserve. The Story of the *Remora*, which is said to be no bigger than a Herring, and is yet capable of stopping the largest Vessel, was contriv'd only to suggest, that the veriest Trifles suffice to occasion us Disappointments.

The Affair of *Leander's* Father-in-law is entirely settled, I saw him when I was at *Cambridge*, and almost repented of having promoted his Exchange of this Parish for yours. I find however, that he does not much incline to reside constantly at either, through an extraordinary (if I may so call a natural Affection) for his own little Dwelling. We have hitherto been mistaken about it, in supposing that it was the Parsonage-House, that is it seems at the other End of the Village, and let at the full Sum of Seven Pounds a Year. The Piece of Land, or rather Bog, on which the Doctor's House stands lay waste, he purchased it from the Lord of the Mannor for twenty-five Pounds. The first Thing he did was to dig a very large Pond, which one way or other cost him two hundred Pounds, and while digging exposed him a little to the Contempt of his Neighbours.

This Pond serv'd to drain the Marsh, and left the upper Part of it very dry, there the Doctor built his House, it consists of a Hall, and three good Parlours below Stairs, four handsome Chambers above, and as convenient Offices and Out-houses as a Man can wish. His Gardens are quite in a *Dutch* Taste, and the Improvements he has made

on all sorts of Trees, delighting in a watry Soil, would require a Treatise to describe them. His Bees are worth to him as much as his Living, for with all the Beneficence of a Man of Quality, he has all the Contrivance of a Projector. One cannot wonder that he is so fond of a Place about which he has taken so much Pains, and rendered so very agreeable, there is therefore no Ground for pressing him to leave it; and as he inclines to live with you in the Winter Months, I cannot but think you have Cause to be satisfied. I have Reason to hope he will shortly have a Prebend in a neighbouring Cathedral, which would be very agreeable to him in all Respects; you may depend on my utmost Affiduity in this Matter, and be assur'd, that having mention'd it to you, I will not rest till it is accomplished.

I have something in View for *Leander*, he may live I think very well in your Parsonage-House, your Father did right if I remember what *Phaon* said, intend to put him in Possession of an Estate of two hundred Pounds a Year; I own to you I think he is too young to manage it. There is an Attorney in your Neighbourhood whom I have recommended lately to a very considerable Employment, tho' I scarce knew him, upon express Condition, that he makes *Leander* a Present of five hundred Guineas, which well manag'd, will furnish his House, and keep it too a couple of Years, he will then be older, and we will see what can be done. You will pardon *Florimond*, the Freedom with which I meddle in your Family Affairs, it is the only Way in which I can give you any real Proofs of my Esteem, and consequently in which I can do myself a sensible Pleasure. It is on Account of you, and of *Emelia*,

lia, that hitherto I have taken a little Pains for *Leander*; as he grows older, I am persuaded he will owe my Friendship to his own Merit. There cannot be in my Judgment a better Action than to restore the Fortune of a young Man, and if this had not been my Opinion, I should certainly have taken it up in Emulation of *Phaon*, whose Virtue and good Sense raises him more in my Judgment, than Title or Estate possibly could do. These are Blessings which any Man may owe to Providence, but those are Goods inestimable, and are at the same Time entirely of his own acquiring.

I find the Country more pleasant than ever, and yet I lead somewhat a different Sort of Life here, from what I was wont to do. At present I am employed in settling my Affairs in this Part of the World, by the End of this Week however, I hope to have got through Business, and to have Leisure to refresh myself with my Friends. Is there not something noble in that Expression *Florimond*? To what End do we live, if we are thoughtful only for ourselves? The State of a solitary Person is in the Judgment of Mankind equal to capital Punishment, or is at least the next Punishment to it. Our Sailors I think, call it *Marooning*. They set a Man on Shore with a Brace of Muskets, and a Quantity of Ammunition, with which he is to provide for himself. Just so, the self interested Man acts in this World, he cares for nothing but his Arms and his Ammunition, in this only he is unlike the *maroon'd* Sailor, that he discharges not on wild Beasts, but on his own Kind. Friendship seems to me to be the greatest and most rational Blessing we enjoy. In common Conversation, we speak with so many

Restrictions, our Complements have so little meaning, and our Subjects are so very trivial, that to a Man of sound Sense, they are absolutely irksome, instead of being Entertaining. But with Friends, we do not so properly Speak, as Think in Words, we are at no Pains to disguise our Sentiments, and that Plainness which would offend in another, is particularly pleasing in a Friend. A State of Friendship is a State of Innocence, and I am perswaded that a Man who has many Friends, may be said to have entrenched himself against Vice. He will be afraid of doing ill Things, least he should disoblige them. These are my Notions, and I know they are yours. They are the Notions too *Phaon*, of *Hipolytus*, and of some others I could Name, but they are wide enough from the common Notions of Mankind. Come then *Florimond*, come in the Spirit of Friendship, to a House where it shall ever reign. Let us enjoy ourselves for two or three Weeks, as if we were *Grecians* or *Romans*. I admire *Solon*, I admire *Cicero*, but I cannot conceive why *Englishmen* should not imitate them. Sir *Thomas More* was not a worse Law-giver, than the former, and if *Tully* were living, and wrote in *English*, he would perhaps think it a Complement, if we plac'd him next to *Bacon*. Our Wits approach theirs, let it be our Care therefore, to try if we may not rival them as Friends. Sure I am, that the warmth of that heroic Spirit shall never cool in my Bosom, until it be extinguish'd with the vital Flame.

Adieu. I am

Yours, sincerely,

CELADON.

LET.



LETTER XV.

LEANDER to CELADON.

AS it is our Duty, of *two* Evils, to chuse the *least*, I am guilty of Presumption in writing, that my Silence may not pass for Ingratitude. I find myself so happy, that I have nothing to wish, and I endeavour to express the just Sense I have of my Friends Kindness, that I may have nothing to fear. I was so distress'd when *Phaon* took me under his Protection, that like a Seaman, without Hopes, I durst hardly look round me, so much of Horror did I find in the Prospect. To him, I owe not the Recovery of my Spirits, but the Use of them; I had read a little of Books at the University, but *Phaon* presented me the *Horn Book*, as to *Things*. I am sensible that I am still a *Novice* in them, with just as much Sense as tells me how much I stand indebted to those who deliver'd me from being quite a Fool. My Marriage was the Work of an unreasonable Love, and if I had not been rescued from my own extravagant Notions, I had undone the most innocent Creature in the World, while I intended to make her Happy. I am now Sir, putting away those Childish Thoughts, and under the Tuition of *Phaon*, am studying the first Chapter of the Use of Life, so much the more successfully, since out of a mere Benificence of Temper, you, Sir, have stowed on me the Means.

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My Father-in-law is so well provided for, that he thinks himself too rich, and though my Father, and indeed all our Family, not excepting my Mother, press'd him to abide by the Proposition you had made, yet he would needs give me three thousand Pounds with his Daughter, reserving for the Maintainance of his unhappy Son, his little House, and the Land belonging to it, which it is suppos'd would let for about forty Pounds a Year. This Money which makes my Wife's Portion, my Father is to have, and it will effectually rectify whatever was amiss in his Affairs, and by giving him Peace, add I hope to the Number of his Years. *Emelia* is so well pleased with her Sister, that my Brother and I am in danger of being unmarried. The Ladies reside at his House, while he and I are in one Room at my Fathers. We spend however the greatest Part of the Day all together, and the furnishing my House is in such forwardness, that we hope to be there in less than a Month's Time. Thus, Sir, in barely telling you my Story, I make you the highest Complement, since had it not been for you, I had neither had House nor Furniture, except, perhaps in a Dream. I come into the World, your Creature, and I desire no greater Honour than to live in it your Servant.

I am so little us'd to writing, that I forgot till this Moment the only Thing which could justify my troubling you. The Attorney in our Neighbourhood made me a Visit Yesterday, and acquitted himself of his Promise to you like a Man of Honour. I would have given him an Acknowledgment under my Hand, but he refused any other Discharge, than this, of acquainting you how punctual he was by Letter. I must inform you
also

also of a very extraordinary Piece of Civility which I received from the Clergyman, who is now your Pastor. When he quitted the House, in which I am to live, he left a fine Sett of the Classicks, *cum notis variorum*, in his Study, with a Letter to me, signifying, that they would serve to employ me, till I furnish'd the rest of the Shelves my self. I protest I begin to doubt whither all I have read of the Wickedness and Baseness of Mankind be not down right Calumny, since on my first Acquaintance with them, I have met with such fair and candid Treatment. When my Father-in-law comes next to see us, which will be very shortly, he intends, Sir, to wait upon you, and will make you what I believe will be no unwelcome Present. It is a little Treatise of his own, written on the Plan of *Xenophon's Œconomicks*. He calls it a *System of Rural Science*, and so indeed it is ; for as there is no Part of a Country Life in which he is not well exercised, so all the Effects of his Experience is drawn into the Compass of a Pocket Volume. I told him how much you were inclined to study Country Affairs, and this put him upon transcribing his *vade mecum*, for your Service. *Phaon*, who is allow'd to have a good Taste in these Things, read over the original with great Satisfaction, and it is from his Character of the Book, that I have ventured to think it not unworthy your Perusal. *Florimond* will bear us Company when we come, but it will be only for a Night, that our Gratitude may not be troublesome. My Father earnestly desires that I would pay his Thanks with my own. You know his Temper too well to doubt of his Sincerity or of his Zeal ; but I dare say Sir, you will hardly believe, that notwithstanding his late Illness, he

was in such high Spirits last Night, that he entertained us with several Tunes upon the Lute, an old fashioned Instrument, on which he is said to play with great Judgment. My Wife sung an Air compos'd by *Phaon*, on *Eliza's* Birth-day, and it is impossible for me to tell you how much of Harmony there was in our Minds, as well as our Musick. Indeed I should not have set down such a Trifle, but that *Florimond* who desires it, stands at my Elbow, and assures me, that this will be read with as much Pleasure as it is written.

As I act on this Occasion as Secretary to the whole Family, I am directed likewise to present the Respects, I dare not call them Complements, of *Emelia*, to yourself and Lady *Sophia*. She conceives herself indebted to that Lady for a Cargo she lately received from the *Indies*. I mean a present of Tea and China from *Clarinda*, which has stunn'd all our Neighbourhood. Our House was like a Fair for two or three Days after the Reception of this Benefit. The Gift was too grand to be concealed, there were two Jarrs of such an enormous Size, that our Chambermaids stand at a Distance with their Brooms, and are afraid to come near them. If I was to tell you all the strange Things that were said in our House on this Occasion, it would require a small Treatise, the Sum Total however, may be compriz'd in a short Sentence, viz. That *Clarinda* was as generous as a Princess, and her Husband as rich at least as the great *Mogul*. I do not wonder at these odd Conceptions, since to tell you the Truth, this Accident had some Effect upon me, that is to say, it gave me a high Opinion of the Consequence of Trade, accompanied with some Regret, that I had not been bred to it. I began to consider with myself
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how many Questions might be asked me about this little Cargo, which yet would not fail to Non-plus all my University Learning. For Instance, the Material and Manufacture of China, the Nature and different Kinds of Teas, their Value in the Places where they grow, and their real Virtues. How, and when the Use of them was introduc'd in *Europe*, and what Quantities, it may be presum'd are brought hither yearly from the *Indies*. Questions which might be ask'd with the same Readiness that it would have cost me Pains and Trouble to answer them.

It would certainly become me to close this Epistle with an Apology for writing it, but I chuse rather to rely on the Excuse already made for the Liberty I have taken, and to trust to your good Nature as to the Matter it contains. All our Family as they are equally oblig'd, so they are equally grateful to you and to Lady *Sophia*, for your Favours and hers, and therefore in their Names as well as my own, I venture with the utmost respect, to subscribe myself,

The Humblest,

And most Devoted,

Of your Servants,

LEANDER.

SELECT



SELECT
EPISTLES,
OR THE
Rational AMUSEMENT.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

PHAON *to* CELADON.

 HERE are few Things, my good Friend, which seem pleasing to you that do not also suit with my Inclinations. The Project however which you mentioned the other Day to *Florimond* and myself gives me extraordinary Delight. That we are all Lovers of Poetry is true, and that our Observations on that pleasing Subject would be equally entertaining and instructive, is I think without Vanity highly probable. Do you therefore resolve to execute that Part of the Scheme which you have taken upon yourself, I mean

mean Remarks on the Claffick Writers, and on the Attempts which have been made to put them into *Engliſh*, and you will find none of us backward in executing what is within the Compaſs of our Capacities; but as Method is uſeful in all Things, ſo I apprehend it will not be amiſs to give ſome gueſs before we begin at what every Man may be like to perform, let us then as at Proceſſions introduce the youngſt firſt, and conclude with the eldeſt.

Leander I find hath addiſted himſelf to the Study of the ancient Poets in theſe Northern Parts, I diſcover'd this when I went to viſit him in the Fens; he had *Elſto*'s *Saxon Grammar* on his Table, which enduc'd me to enquire what Uſe he could poſſibly make of that Language, to which I remember he answer'd ſmartly, *He could put it to the ſame Uſe that the greateſt Part of Learning was put to, viz. amuſing himſelf, for* continued he, *I find that our Fore-fathers wrote in this Language what would look extreamly well in ours.* As a Proof of this he ſhow'd me a Page or two of *Robert of Glouceſter*, an old rhiming *Saxon* Hiſtorian, rend'red into *Engliſh* Verſe. I muſt do him the Juſtice to ſay, I peruſed it with a great deal of Pleaſure, and the Diſcourſe I afterwards had with him convinced me, that neither our *Saxon* Anceſtors, nor any of their Neighbours, were ſo rude and illiterate as we are taught to believe them. It may therefore I think be expected from *Leander*, that he ſhould illuſtrate this dark Subject, and try what he can ſay worth hearing of the *Engliſh* Poets before *Jeffrey Chaucer*, who is I think commonly eſteem'd the Father of our Poets.

Florimond

Florimond of all my Acquaintance is the best read in *English* Poetry of all kinds, and I think I may safely add, that he studies it critically. If I therefore might presume to direct his Enquiries, it should be to take up the Thread where *Leander* lets it drop, and continue the Story of our *English* Muses from *Chaucer* down to *Dryden*. I would not by any Means be thought to prescribe him the tedious Labour of reciting the Names and Characters of so many Poets; all I propose is, a free Epistolary Dissertation on the Progress of Poetry during that Space of Time. Different Men have different Ideas of all Things, and by comparing these different Ideas, Truth is best discover'd. I know many People, who tho' great Lovers of *English* Poetry, care for nothing higher than *Waller*, and condemn many of the Poets who were his early Cotemporaries. I confess I am not of their Opinion, and I know that *Florimond* is of my Sentiment, yet I should be glad to read what he can offer in Defence of it; because I am conscious that my own Notion is rather founded in Temper than in Reason. I am naturally fond of such Poets as discover a strong Fancy, and therefore admire *Sidney*, *Spencer*, and *Drayton*, more than many of the Moderns. *Florimond* is not only pleas'd with our ancient Poets, but also imitates them very happily, that is to say, he preserves their Spirit and manner of Writing, without falling into their Defects, particularly false Rhymes, and harsh Numbers; I mention this, that out of many he has by him, he may be prevail'd upon to transcribe a few. For since we all agree in this, that except the *English* *Homer*, the present Age is but barren in Poets, I could be content that

that every Man who has any Vein should cultivate it. Rhimers indeed we have many, who when they have made Prose gingle, will needs fancy they have been writing Verse, this I the more wonder at, because we certainly do not want Criticks; for one who writes, there are ten understand Poetry tollerably well, nor is there any Thing more odd than to hear a Man judiciously remark the Defects in another Person's Poem, and afterwards recite a worse of his own, which yet is many a Criticks Case; but I anticipate *Florimond's* Remarks on this Subject, who is infinitely better acquainted with it, and can write with more Temper than I, perhaps because he is less afraid of the Criticks, for it is a just Consequence that in proportion as we apprehend we abhor, *Dryden* finely says,

*Our Author fears those Criticks as his Fate,
And those he fears, by Consequence must hate.*

I will next contribute all that lies in my Power to the Entertainment of my Friends, by running through the Observations I have made in reading the *French* and *Italian* Poets. With the first I was familiar when very young, the Person chiefly trusted by my Father in the Management of his Affairs was a *French* Gentleman, a Native of *Lyons*, his Father had been ruined by meddling with the Revenue, and not being able to bear his Misfortunes broke his Heart. The Son was a Man of good Sense, and had receiv'd an excellent Education, while his Father liv'd in the Sun-shine of Fortune; he taught me the *French* Language, and made me acquainted with their best Authors, pointing out and explaining
their

their Beauties, by telling me the Customs of the People, or informing me of the secret History to which they related, and without knowing which, their Sense was but half-understood. By Degrees he brought me to read not only readily, but with Satisfaction their old Authors, particularly their Poets, which in his Opinion were preferable to the Moderns. Having once a Relish of this sort of Reading I always preserv'd it, and took Care to keep a good Collection of these Foreign Bards, without neglecting or despising our own. When once the Expediency of sending me into *Italy* had been talk'd of, I took Care to make myself acquainted with that Tongue, and as my Genius led me to Poetry, I of Consequence endeavour'd to understand Verse as soon as I knew a little of Prose; but I must own to you, that I found this Matter very difficult, and sure if I was to value Things by the Pains they cost, I ought really to esteem the little I know of the *Italian* Poets, since I purchased it at so dear a Rate. I must farther add, that if I had never gone to *Leghorn* my Application would have been to very little Purpose. The Conversation of the *Italians*, I mean of such as were Lovers of the Poets, brought me to understand and like them much better than I had conceiv'd it possible for me to do; yet I must own to you frankly, that I believe our Poetry in *England* is in a manner descended from the *Italian*, which was the Language of the Court, in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, and the favourite Language of the three greatest Wits our Island ever produc'd, Sir *Philip Sidney*, *Edmund Spencer*, and *John Milton*, not to mention some Poets earlier than they, who form'd themselves on the *Italian* Plan, such as the ingenious Earl of *Surry*,

Sir

Sir Thomas Wyatt, &c. But I digress from my present Design, my Business is to promise, and so eager am I, that I fall to performing; you will guess however by what I have been saying, how far I may be of Use in the Conduct of that excellent Scheme which you have laid down; if you will furnish me with any Directions I shall consider it as a new Obligation, and pursue them with equal Punctuality and Pleasure, and if not, you will have the more Reason to excuse my Faults.

Here I think your own Part will properly come in, I mean the History of the Improvement of *English* Poetry, from the Study and Translations of the Classics, this I know has been your favourite Topick, or if I may be allowed the Expression, that Valley on *Parnassus* in which you have spent most Time. I never dealt much in Complements, and therefore you may believe me when I say, that no Man of my Acquaintance is better skilled in these Things than yourself; be so good therefore as to lay aside all Diffidence, with which I have sometimes known you troubled, and tell us your Sentiments freely, we are all your Friends, and this is no State Affair, therefore I cannot see any justifiable Reason for Reserve, otherwise I would not press you to be open. There is another Thing since we are upon this Subject I must put you in Mind of, and that is, the Modern *Latin* Poets, with whom I know you have been extremely familiar; they are I confess a sort of Folks with whom I have conversed less than I ought, and as I have now no Time to lose, I should be glad to know, if ever I come amongst them, where to pay my Addresses. This I have Reason to believe is the Case of
much

much wiser Men than I, and therefore I apprehend such a Dissertation as I speak of, might be extremely useful, and at the same Time very entertaining, as Characteristick Writings generally are. The *French* Gentleman I mention'd to you, who was my Preceptor in this Science, fell into a singular Error on this Subject, that is, he entertain'd so high an Opinion of the *Classicks*, that except two *Scots* Poets, *Buchanan* and *Johnson*, who both translated the *Psalms*, he would not allow there was a modern Poet who wrote in *Latin* worth the reading. It is an easy Matter to give any Sentiments to young People, and I confess that what I have heard him say on this Subject had too much Weight with me, for it not only drew me in to his Opinion, but engag'd me also to be a zealous Defender of it; till by conversing with you I began to see that I was in the wrong, and if you can but be perswaded to use your Talents, and your reading with Freedom in this Cause, I doubt not that you will convince Others, which I mention the rather, because some of our Friends want Light in this Respect. Do not suppose that I am weak enough to imagine I can give you any Instructions, all I pretend is, to offer a few Hints, and to enter a Caveat against your shewing too much Modesty, where your Friends expect a Display of your Wit and consummate Knowledge in Books. I proceed now to the last Member of our Society, the venerable *Theodorus*, the Father-in-law of *Leander*, who has studied Poetry longer, and is at least as well acquainted with it as any of us all.

The Conveniency of a Country Retirement, the Nature of his Employments therein, join'd to an easy and happy Affection for the Muses, have

con-

contributed to make this admirable old Man as agreeable in this Light, as he is in every other. He has chiefly studied the *Greek* Poets, and to him I owe the Knowledge of what perhaps had otherwise escap'd me, during Life. I mean the sacred Anacreonticks written by one of the *Greek* Fathers, and not at all inferior in Spirit or in Sweetness to those charming Poems which pass under the Name of *Anacreon*. The two favourite Authors of our Friend *Theodorus*, are *Hesiod* and *Pindar*, both which he has studied with unwearied Constancy. He has also an excellent Taste in *English* Poetry, and is so great a Votary to *Milton*, that he thinks him injur'd in some of his supposed Allusions to *Homer*. The Critics says he, Compliment the Poets Learning, at the Expence of his Genius, and think they do him Honour, when in Truth they do him an Injury. Instead therefore of saying with them, that he copied *Homer*, I would say, continues the good old Man, that he wrote in the Spirit of *Homer*, there may be a likeness in Wit, without Transcribing. I flatter myself *Celadon*, that we shall have little Trouble in engaging *Theodorus* to write his Thoughts on Poetry; with the Maturity of Age, he has the facility of Youth, and with the Probity of a Recluse, the Politeness of a Man of the World. But as in all his Studies he has shewn great Regard to his Function, so in this particular, he has made it his chief Care to be well acquainted with all who have turned their Thoughts towards sacred Subjects. In this Way he has written some Things himself which pleas'd me exceedingly, and I am somewhat Nice in this Respect, for as on the one Hand I think divine Poetry should be more elevated than prophane

phane, so I must on the other Hand confess, that generally speaking I find it otherwise, which must be owing to the Depravity of our Nature, inclining us to pursue eagerly whatever may gratify our Senses, and making us slow and languid in the Performance of all religious Duties. The Collection made by *Theodorus* in this Way, is likewise very curious, and I believe as compleat as most Peoples, for he is very accurate in all Things, and more especially in those relating to Learning and Husbandry, as you very well know.

When you have got all these Pieces into your Hands, I am fully perswaded that you will think them a tolerable Miscellany, *de re Poetica*, neither do I think that they will be extreamly irregular. As to their being written by various Hands, it will in my Opinion be an Advantage, because in most of the Pieces written on this Subject, we see some peculiar Thoughts prevailing, which over-rules the rest, and forces the Author without perceiving it, to deviate from Truth, that he may not digress from the Plan he has once laid down. Whereas various Writers must necessarily consider Things in various Lights, on which in a great Measure the Discovery of Truth depends. Besides another Benefit will arise visibly from this Method, and that is, treating all Parts of the Science with the same Vigour, which in a Subject so extensive, it is scarce possible, for a single Author how well qualify'd soever to do. In Poetry perhaps least of all, since we often see that a Man well skilled in Tragedy, has no Genius at all for Comedy, and that he who writes Odes with great Spirit, writes an Epic Poem not to be read; of which with all due Deference to his Memory, I will venture to say the illustrious Mr. *Abraham Cowley* is an Instance,

stance: His Ode on *Brutus* is an admirable Performance, but sure we cannot say the same of his *Davidides*, wherein though there may be a great deal of Wit, there is certainly great negligence of Rules, and almost an absolute want of Harmony visible throughout it. Hence we may conclude, that no Man is equal to all Things, and that the Thoughts of several People on Poetry may afford more Entertainment, than the best Thoughts on the same Subject by any single Person, how great a Master soever therein. Over and above these Advantages incident to the Work itself, there will some result particularly to us, because every Man will have a Variety of new Fields open'd to his View, where if he diverts himself but once, he cannot be displeas'd, and if he likes it well enough to come there more than once, he must confess that he is obliged to the Author of this Discovery; farther still, it will oblige each of us to think, to methodize our Thoughts, and to digest them into proper Language, which whatever other Effect it may have, cannot fail of instructing and informing our selves. The most substantial Part of our Knowledge arises from Meditation, and he who is but a very superficial Master at first, may in Time reach Perfection by being his own Scholar.

All these great Goods may we attain *Celadon*, by pursuing your Project, and surely this is better than living like some rural Squires, to no other Purpose than to hunt, drink, and make a Noise once in seven Years at an Election. Experienced Officers will tell you, that they find it easier to maintain discipline in the Camp, than in Winter-Quarters. It is exactly so in Life, Men of Business find it easier to act in Character, than

those People do, who have made choice of a retir'd Life. A Blockhead may, and often does get a great Estate, by minding the common Rules, and going on, if I may be allowed the Expression, in the jog Trot of Business. But what Blockhead ever used an Estate, even when it was got for him. People in Town talk of retiring as if it were a Thing of Course, and in every Man's Power, who is out of the Reach of Necessity. They think that a Man may as well lead a Country Life, as pass a Week at *Hampstead* when he has nothing to do. Alas! we know by Experience, that these are all Dreams; that good Sense is requisite to Felicity in a Forest, as well as in a City, or rather more so, and that Solitude without Employment, is of all Others, least a Life of Repose. Hitherto we have scarce known a few Weeks recess from Care, but if Providence should avert all unlucky Accidents this Summer, I am sure we shall be much indebted to you for proposing a Method of employing our Wits usefully and agreeably. You see the Spirit of Writing is upon me, an ill-natur'd Critick would have call'd it an *Itch* of Scribbling, or to show his learning *Cacothetes Scribendi*. At first I thought the assigning every Man his Task, a useful and necessary Labour; in attempting this, Thoughts crouded in, and I have much ado now to think of telling you that I beg your Pardon for this tedious Epistle, and that I am with great Truth,

Your hearty Friend,

And most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

PHAON.

LET-



LETTER II.

LEANDER to CELADON.

I Receiv'd Sir, your kind Letter, and the Copy of that which *Phaon* wrote you, I am alike oblig'd to you both for such strong Testimonies, not only of your Tendernefs, but Esteem, and I should be equally rude and ungrateful, if I did not think of returning you Marks of my Obedience, as well as of the Sense I have of these undeserv'd Favours. Without pretending therefore to lay any Stress on the Shortnefs of the Warning; my want of Books, and above all, my want of Knowledge requisite to such an Undertaking, which yet are Excuses, I might very justly make; I will proceed to execute it in the best manner I am able, and leave you rather to excuse my Inability of performing the Task you have impos'd, than to pardon my want of Desire, or want of Courage, to do my utmost in your Service.

There are two Sorts of People in the World who are alike mistaken, with Respect to the Notions they entertain of their Ancestors. The first are such as have no Acquaintance with Antiquity, and therefore impose upon themselves false and groundless Notions bred by Ignorance, and nurs'd by Vanity. These Men imagine, that Wisdom and Politenefs were Blessings reserv'd for the Age in which they lived; and that in Pro-

portion, as Men stood remov'd from thence, they must certainly have been rude, illiterate *Barbarians*. The second Sort are the very Reverse of these Men, who after passing a great Part of their Time in raking first the Books, and then the Learning of past Times out of Oblivion, grow excessively fond of what cost them so much Pains, and to magnify the Wisdom of former Ages, scarce allow Common Sense to the present. Both these run wide of Truth, and such as pursue it, keep the middle Road; they allow Sense and Knowledge to their Cotemporaries, without detracting from the Worth of those who liv'd in elder Times; they are satisfied that Mankind have nearly the same Talents in all Places, and in all Ages, wherefore they condemn not without examining the Works of ancient Wits, but after reading with much Labour, they censure or applaud, as their Judgment directs.

Among these Sages we may certainly reckon such as have supported the Reputation of ancient Poetry in all Languages, since for ought we have been able to discern. This, as it was the earliest Science, came soonest to Perfection, and as in all Countries there were Poets before there were Prose Writers; so the eldest Poets seem to have by far the greatest Proportion of that Enthusiastick Spirit, which is the Soul of Numbers, and the very Essence of Poetry. As Learning encreases, Art begins to gain Credit; and tho' it be true, that Art and Nature do Wonders, yet it is as true, that Art often stifles Nature, while with too great Care she labours to support her. If the Fragments we have of *Orpheus* be really his, then they are the oldest *Greek* Poems extant, and in Point of Spirit and Fire, they certainly
 excel

excel all later Compositions. *Homer* is indebted for his Superiority to the same Excellence, it is the Rapidity of his Numbers, and the wonderful Strength of his Genius, whence he is justly stiled inimitable. This being so in *Greece*, Why might it not be so in *Britain*? Or why are we to suppose, that our Ancestors were duller in proportion than the *Greeks*? By this Argument I pretend to prove, that it is not improbable, that Poetry is as ancient here as the planting of the Island. Certain it is, that as soon as we read any Thing of *Britain*, either in our old Authors, or in the Writings of Strangers, we hear of Poets, and which is very remarkable, not of miserable wretched Rhimers, but of wise and powerful Men. *Cæsar* informs us, that the *Druids* had the Direction of Sacred and Civil Affairs, and these were no other than Poets, who held their Songs so sacred, and so worthy of Secrecy, that they would not suffer them to be committed to Writing. Two Things are to be remark'd in Favour of these ancient Poets; First, That they were no Idolaters, and Secondly, That they taught the Immortality of the Soul, whence it is clear, that their Notions were better than those of the *Greeks*, and therefore I conclude, their Poetry was no worse.

That I may deal no longer in Conjecture, I shall proceed next to inform you, that altho' the Songs of the ancient *Druids* have been swallow'd up in Oblivion, yet there are still some Remains of *British* Poetry twelve hundred Years old, I mean the Works of *Taliesin* a *British* Bard, Contemporary with *Gildas* the Historian; he wrote Odes in various kinds of Verse, not only with great Vivacity of Sentiment, but also with wonderful Regularity, Elegance, and Harmony. I

do not deliver this upon hear-say, but from my having studied several of his Pieces with great Care ; I will give you the Beginning of one, on the Victory gain'd by King *Arthur* on *Badon-Hill*, in which I have strictly imitated his Measure and manner of Writing,

I.

AT *Badon Hill*, at *Badon Hill*,
The cruel Saxons had their fill
Of Blood, which oft they shed.
The vengeful Britons, Thousands slew,
For Thousands came, and but a few,
From the tir'd Victors fled.

II.

The British Earth drank up their Gore,
And gaping, seem'd athirst for more,
As conscious of the Wrongs,
The num'rous Frauds, and artful Lies,
Deceitful Leagues, and Perjuries,
By which they spoil'd her Sons.

III.

All-powerful Arthur now pursues,
With eager Haste his bated Foes,
And longs to see his Isle,
Free from this base and barb'rous Race,
Resuming all her wonted Grace
In Peace and Plenty smile.

I must entreat you to observe, that this is in a manner a literal Translation, which I introduce to show the Spirit of this ancient *British* Bard, and not my Skill, or rather my want of Skill in Compositions of this Sort. There are a Multitude of little Pieces like that which I have given you, and of as great, or greater Antiquity, in the Hands of the *British* Virtuosi, or *Welsh* Antiquaries, if you will have them so call'd, which if they were collected together, would sufficiently vindicate the Eldest of our Ancestors, at least from want of Spirit, Learning and Eloquence, as I know some who are well versed in History and Politics, who suppose our Laws and Constitution to have been deriv'd from the *Saxons* to the *Normans*, and to both from the ancient *Britons*. But to keep close to my Subject, which is their Poetry, and to lay before you what Remarks I have pick'd up concerning it, in four or five Years reading.

Some have conceiv'd, that the *Druids* were such Poets as recited without Musick, their Poetry was of the gravest and most solemn Kind, such as contain the Doctrines of their Religion, Philosophical Opinions, and Maxims of State. The *Bards* again accompanied their Poetry with their Harps, and therefore composed mostly in the *Lyrick* Way. Their Songs were of three Sorts, viz. First *Sacred*, or *Hymns* to the Deity, Secondly, *Panegyricks* on Princes, Warriors, Statesmen, Poets, and hospitable Persons; Thirdly, *Satyrs* or *Invectives*. If I might be allow'd to offer a Conjecture of my own, I should say, that Christianity having destroy'd the Religion of the *Druids*, their Poems perished of course, because never committed to Writing, which not
being

being at all the Case with Respect to the Compositions of the *British* Bards, many of these have surviv'd, and are still in great Credit with such as understand them. It is certain, that the *Britons* attributed a Spirit of Prophecy to their Poets, which is the Reason that there are more Prophecies still in *Wales* than in most other Countries; and if any Man shall incline to call this a Weakness, let him consider attentively the meaning of the Words *Vates* and *Carmen*, and he will easily discern, that some other Nations fam'd for Wisdom, were exactly in the same Sentiments. But as we judge from the cold Poetry of Modern Times, our Opinion is certainly excusable, tho' perhaps not more easy to be defended than that which we condemn. This is certain, that if there be nothing of Inspiration in the Enthusiastick Flights of old Poets, there is surely something very like it; and if we will not admit them to be Prophets, we must allow, that they were shrewder Gueßers than other Men, and whether this at the Bottom be not the greater Compliment of the two, since Prophecy is a Gift, and Fore-sight a Quality acquir'd, I leave to better Judges to determine.

I cannot dismiss this Subject without taking Notice of the great Use of their Poetick Panegyrics, in Respect to the Preservation of their History, had it not been for these, the whole *British* Story had been swallow'd up in Oblivion, as it is certainly for want of paying Respect to these, that so little of it is yet known. When *Cæsar* came into this Island he found it thoroughly Peopled, divided into many Principalities, all under exact Discipline, and subject to wise Laws; we may therefore rest satisfied, that there were Things

Things worthy of Notice done here long before
this Time, and consequently we may apply to
the *British* Bards what *Horace* says of *Homer*,

Vixere fortes ante *Agamemnona*
Multi; sed omnes illachrimabiles
Urgenter, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia Vate sacro.

Before this Agamemnon's Time
Lived Hero's worthy too of Rhime;
But as these Times no Poets boast,
Those Heroe's Deeds in Night are lost.

I am for putting *Arthur* for *Agamemnon*, since
the Worthies before him are in the same Situation
with the Heroes before the *Trojan War*. This mention
of *Arthur*, puts me in mind of a Story much to my
Purpose, as it is very honourable for the *British* Poets.
King *Henry* the Second, who was the first of the
Line of *Plantagenet*, being in the last Year of his
Reign at *Pembroke*, would needs hear a *British* Bard
as he sat at Dinner; the Poet entertain'd him with
the very Song of which I have given you the beginning,
and being requested to continue the Labours of King
Arthur, he sang all the glorious Acts of his Life,
concluding, that he lay buried between two Pyramids
in the Church-yard of *Glastonbury-Abbey*. The King
meaning thereby to measure the Truth of the whole
Story, gave instantly Order for enquiring into this
Fact. Digging therefore in the fore-mention'd Place,
the Body of this famous Prince was found, and re-
interr'd in the Abbey Church. Methinks this
ought to give the *British* Odes more Credit than
they

they usually obtain; and I am persuaded, that if we allow somewhat for their Poetical Stile, as we do for the Character and Age of our Prose Authors, we may as safely rely upon the one as the other. But once again let me keep to my own Business, wherein I am sure to be safe, since whatever becomes of their Facts, we may be confident, that their Odes are fine, if we judge either by the Rules of Nature, which declare all Things well writ that please, or even by those established in Poetry, from the Practice of the *Greeks*, since with them they perfectly agree.

As their Praises serv'd to encourage their Youth to behave bravely in War, and to dare all Things in the Service of their Country, so where Luxury or Ambition carry'd Men off from these noble Pursuits, then had they Recourse with Reason and Success both, to their Investives. We have an Instance of this too in the Works of the same old Bard *Taleissin*; he dwelt first in the Court of the famous *Maelgwn Gwyneth*, who was King of *Briton* in the Year 580; but when he grew horribly debauch'd and a Tyrant, our Poet wrote with great Vehemence against him; thus he speaks in one of Poems of that wicked Prince,

*No Grace from God, no Praise from Men shall be,
On him bestow'd but Shame and Misery,
Afflict him still. — Short be his hated Life,
Made long to him thro' Exile, Want and Strife.
But let his Son free from these Ills remain,
No Sin he knows, Ah! may he know no Pain!*

Surely if ever Poetry was useful in any State, we may affirm it to have been of publick Benefit amongst

mongst the *Britons*. In our Times, a Woman's Beauty is the top Theme of the brightest Poet, or if they sing to Princes, our Bards are sure to flatter. Their Satyr, whenever they do write it, is the Engine of private Malice, and their Wit differs as much in this Respect from that of their Ancestors, as the *Stiletto* of the *Italian* Assassin, from the short Sword of the bold *Briton* in the Time of *Cæsar*. While others admire the energy and sweetness of *Pope*, my Eyes are fix'd on his Candour and Courage. In him revives the true Spirit of Verse, and while he shows that he knows better how to write than any other Man: He shows himself also to be better than most Men by his Writings. In my next, I propose to speak of the State of Poetry among the *Saxons*, and their Successors in this Island, that is to say, if what I have offer'd on the Subject of the *British* Poetry does not absolutely displease you. *Florimond* thinks it will not, for says he, how little soever there may be of good, there is something new in it. Translations of *Welsh* Poets, are not seen every Day, and as for the Laurels of *Arthur*, they have suffered much by *Blackmore's* Trimming. Adieu! Sir, my Letter is long enough without Complements, which would all end in this, That I am the humblest of your Friends, and the meanest of your Servants.

LEANDER.

LET.



LETTER III.

CELADON to LEANDER.

IF your Letter had pleas'd me only, I would have told you so plainly, without any farther Commendation, but dining a few Days ago at a Friends House, I there met with *Phaon*, to whom I shew'd it. He was so much pleas'd with it, that he could not help reading it to a *Scotish* Gentleman who is Tutor to our Friends Sons. A Man of much reading, but few Words, he express'd a great deal of Satisfaction as to what you delivered on the Use and Excellency of the antient *British* Poetry, some Remains of which he tells us are yet to be met within his Country. *Phaon* immediately produc'd a Multitude of Arguments to prove what you are content to lay down, viz. That *Poetry* was the first of Sciences. Amongst other Things, he said, it might be well accounted the Mother of all the rest, since it chiefly contributed to make Things of great Importance, or of daily Use, be easily remembred, and therefore was not only useful, but necessary in the Infancy of Learning, before Books were common, or it may be, even Letters invented. As the *Spaniards* found the *Americans* perfect in Poetry, though they were absolutely ignorant of the Art of Writing. I then took Notice of the Diligence we use to acquire the Knowledge of the Pastorals, and other Works of the antient *Greek* Poets, such as those which

which are contain'd in that Collection which we call *Poetæ Minores*, which however are not to be read with any Satisfaction without a thorough Tincture of the *Greek History* and *Antiquities*, and the great Veneration paid to such learned Men as have brought us a little acquainted with the *oriental Poets*. While at the same Time, the Study of our Antiquities is look'd upon as Heavy and Laborious, fit only for Book Worms at a *Colledge*. For my Part, after comparing them in the Map, I cannot help thinking *Britain* makes as good a Figure as *Greece*, and under the Auspice of such Heroes as *Themistocles*, and *Cimon*, I am perswaded my native Town of *Southampton*, might have become as considerable as *Athens*. Instead of this Conjecture, which is the Product of Fancy, why should I not be at the Pains of enquiring into the History of this my native Place. It cannot be more Obscure than the History of *Athens*, before the Time of *Theseus*, and it concerns me full as much. We are never weary of reading *Plutarch's* Treatise of the *Manners* of the *Lacedemonians*, and yet honest *Jeffrey* of *Monmouth*, contains for ought we know, as much true History as that celebrated Piece. In saying all this, I was heard with Attention, and therefore I believe it was not quite beside the Purpose.

At last our *Scotsman* was tempted to speak, he said that this Humour of blasting our own History, and reading other Peoples *Fables* with Reverence was no new Grievance, but what the wisest Men amongst the *Romans* long and loudly complain of. The Reason, said he, why the antient History of these three Kingdoms is over-cast with Obscurity, lies in a narrow Compass, our Conquerors have destroy'd most of our Records, and give the Lie to them

them all. This is no more than what has happened in other Countries, and therefore we ought to be patient. That mixt Race of *Arabs*, and *Tartars*, who are now possess'd of *Persia*, have converted all the History of the *old Proprietors* into *Romance*, and make as great a Jest of *Xerxes* and *Darius*, as you do of some of our old *Scotish* and *Pittish* Kings. That young Gentleman is perfectly in the Right in what he suggests, as to the Uses of the British Poems. The Inhabitants of this Island, were originally all one People, nor was this ever controverted by any Historian properly qualified to judge in this Point. *Cambden*, as learned he was, did not understand the *British* Language. *Buchanan*, who wrote *Latin* so elegantly, was a Stranger to the Mother Tongue of the *Highland Scots*, and *Sir James Ware*, the best *Irish* Historian, does not pretend to much Skill in the Tongue of the *Natives*. But some the of *Sanachies*, or Sages in *Irish* Learning, who have been in *Wales*, and in *Scotland* too, affirm that only different Dialects prevail in those Countries, and that the *British* is indubitably the Mother Tongue. As for the old Government of the Country, the best Way to know it is to enquire how those Parts of the Island are now govern'd, which have been least apt to change their Masters. These without doubt are the *West Highlands*, where the Chief still governs according to certain Laws, which are retained in the Memory of Man, for they are not committed to writing, any more than the *Philosophy* of the *Druids*. Each Chief had, and some of them have still three domestick Officers, a *Judge*, a *Poet*, and a *Piper*, answerable to the British *Druids*, *Bards* and *Harpers*. These Men held their Offices, and their Lands by Inheritance,

heritance, and their Business was to discharge each the Function of his Post in the House of his Lord. Some of these Poets anciently called Bards, still remaining, have a Faculty of composing *ex Tempore*, and such retentive Memories, that they can run through a Genealogy of five, six or seven hundred Years, without the smallest Mistake. Yet such is the nice Taste of some Men, that these *Scotch* Genealogies are ridiculous, while they admire the Learning of Sir *Isaac Newton*, in tracing the Families of the old *Greek* Kings of *Argos* and *Sicyon*, concerning whom we have as little Certainty, and with whom in my poor Opinion, we have full as little to do. At this *Phaon* could not help smiling, upon which our Friend said with some Earnestness, *You do me Honour, Sir, you confess by your Looks, that these Criticks deserve to be laughed at.*

I took Occasion from this Discourse to enquire a little after the Poetry in that Part of the Island, and find it exactly answer what you have remarked concerning the *Britons*, yet I cannot help thinking, that if the Songs of these Modern Bards were compar'd with those of their Ancestors, there would appear a visible Deficiency in Spirit ; for I conceive as you do, that the Enthusiasm of Poetry, which is indeed its Life and Soul, is very near expiring in all Countries. Those who deal now in any Thing besides Prose, are not so properly Poets as Men of Sense writing Verses, they have Wit, they have Judgment, they have Learning, but they are not inspir'd. In short, like waxen Kings mov'd by Clock-work, they have the Look, and the Motion of the Persons they represent, but not the Souls ; and therefore, tho' some of their Performances

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please,

please, none of them ravish. The ancient *Spartans*, who were indubitably the most worthy of all the *Greek Nations*, were extreamly fond of Musick, and Lyrick Poetry, that is to say, of such kind of Poetry as you have described the *British* to be. Not loose Songs written to raise Laughter, much less lewd Pieces to weaken and debauch the Minds of Men, but sublime and elegant Performances; such as encourage Men to the Pursuit of Virtue, by showing its Worth and Excellence, dissuade them from Vice, by exposing its Baseness and Deformity; or excite Emulation, by setting forth the noble Exploits of their Ancestors. These were the Subjects of the *Spartan* and *British*, perhaps of all other ancient Poets, and while they remain'd so, Poets might well be esteem'd a kind of Prophets; for sure there cannot be any Thing more divine, then to exhort Men to live well. But to return to our Subject.

I should be very glad to know, whether there be not in *Wales* as well as *Scotland*, some Remains of this Poetick Spirit. I persuade myself there are, and I am ashamed that I am not convinc'd of it, either from Books, or from Enquiry. We live in the midst of this Island without knowing any Thing of what passes any where, except in the Shires about us; if we now and then pick up a Pastoral of five Centuries old, or in the Dialect of the West or North of *England*, it passes for a great Curiosity, and more admire than read it. Had it not been for Mr. *Burchet*, *Allan Ramsay's* Poem on the Death of Mr. *Addison*, had never reached the Knowledge of us who lost him, and yet one may safely say, that it is the Poem which does most Honour to his Memory. But as to any *Welsh* Bard of late Times, as surely there

there must be, or how should their old Poetry be admir'd or understood, no Body either thinks or talks of such a one; yet we all allow the *Welsh* Gentlemen to have a high Sense of the Antiquity and Nobility of their Descents, and a just Regard for the Honour of their Country. To me therefore it is wonderful, that none of them have thought of doing this Justice to their Poets; I know very well, that but few would relish or even read their Verses were they ever so elegant, and accompanied with a Translation; but what then? The curious few in all Ages would esteem them, and they would never be in Danger of Oblivion. Perhaps too, the Taste might spread, and in the next Age Men might grow as curious in this Respect, as they are now in some others, which were scarce heard of by our Grandfathers.

In the Course of such Enquiries, what if we stept a little beyond the Bounds of our own Island, I mean, what if we made some Search after the Bards in *Armorica*, or *Britany* in *France*, might we not chance to meet with something worth our Labour? Besides, it would be opening a new Field, and tho' we might do little, yet those who came after us might do much, and some Reputation would rise from thence. Among other good Consequences which must attend such Studies as these, I reckon this, that the old Spirit of Poetry would revive, and that we should no longer confine ourselves to the Form, without having any Thing of the Power of Verse, which is so much celebrated by, and at the same so visible in the Works of the Ancients. I should particularly expect to see Lyrick Poetry in some Measure restor'd, which in my Judgment, when well writ-

ten, is of all others the most moving; but by a Fatality which we may justly lament, hath been least cultivated amongst our modern Poets, and yet some of them have shown that they did not want Genius, if they had bestow'd Industry and Attention. Mr. *Dryden's* Ode on the Power of Musick stands alone in this kind, and may therefore be consider'd as the compleatest Thing in our Language. I fancy the old *British* Poems were of this Form, and that their Authors assisted their Vein in composing by the Harp, and to this, I am led by observing, that tho' we are not now solicitous about Quantity in writing Verse, yet in such Pieces as are set to Musick, there must not only be a nice Choice of Words, and a due Regard to Rhyme, but also a proper Respect to Numbers. You will excuse this wild Way of Writing, by considering the Subject, and make some Grains of Allowance to a Man who professes himself an Admirer of Enthusiasm. When you write next pursue your own Method, without taking any Notice of this Epistle; it will be Time enough to answer my Demands when you have gone thorough with what you proposed in your Method. My Wife and all Friends on this Side the Country, present their Respects to you, your Family and Acquaintance, and I with great Sincerity inform you, that there is none more

Your Friend and Servant, than

CELADON.

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LETTER IV.

LEANDER to CELADON.

THE *Saxons* were a brave rough People, but by no means so barbarous, even when they landed in this Island, as we generally imagine them. It is clear enough from *Tacitus*, that they were regular in their Manners, and had a fix'd Form of Government, and therefore I make no Question but they had Poets long enough before the Time of their invading this Island. I am the more confirm'd in this from the Consideration of their Poems, which as I shall presently show, require so much Care, and so nice an Ear, as nothing but long Experience could supply their Poets with. I now not what you will think of this Argument, but to me there appears to be a great deal of Force therein. We know how long the *Latin* Poets were in acquiring a perfect Skill in Numbers, and since we find that the eldest *Saxon* Poets, I mean after their Settlement in this Island, wrote with the greatest Elegance and Purity of which their Language was capable; I think we may from thence infer, that they were not the first Masters in their Art.

The *Saxon* Poetry, like that of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, depends wholly on Quantity, and not at all on Rhyme, which was not in Use with them till their Language came to be corrupted, and with Foreign Words, and Foreign Customs, they took up a liking to sameness of Sound, and a

likeness in the Cadence of Verses. But we must not imagine from hence, that Rhyme was not in early Use amongst other Nations ; because nothing is more certain, than that the old *British* Bards always affected Rhyme, and were very nice in it, as were also other Northern Nations ; but it seems the *Saxons* differ'd in their Notions of Harmony, they plac'd the Essence of Poetry in a sublime Sentiment, nervously and sweetly expressed ; and therefore they chang'd the natural Order of Words, and instituted a kind of Poetick Stile to keep it at a greater Distance from Prose, I mean, that they licens'd a Multitude of Phrases in Poetry which they did not use in ordinary Discourse, or in Prose ; and this with their varying, as I said before, for the Sake of Harmony, the Position of Words, makes it a Thing extremely difficult to understand what Remains we have of their Performances of this Sort. Besides, what increases the Labour, and takes off at the same Time from the Pleasure of this Study is, our having no just Notion of the Quantity in *Saxon* Verses, upon which however their Excellence in a great Measure depends ; and yet in Spight of all these Difficulties, when a Man has for some Time accusom'd himself to reading their Compositions, he is as well pleas'd with a *Saxon*, as with a *Greek* Ode ; for tho' these are very different Languages, yet the Poetick Spirit is the same in both, and in each is equally charming.

The *Saxon* Poets made use of different kinds of Verses, from three to eight Syllables, but very seldom exceeded that Measure. Like the *Britons*, their Poems were divided into *Hymns*, *Panegyrics*, and *Satyrs*, each of these Heads must be understood, not in a strict and limitted, but in a fair

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fair and extensive Sense. For Example, under *Hymns* I include all Paraphrases in Scripture made in Verse, which were very common amongst the *Saxons*, and also all Poems in Praise of Saints and Martyrs, with other Things of a like Nature. Under *Panegyrics* I place moral Sonnets in Praise of Virtue, and Mourning Elegies on great Persons deceased, as well as Songs of Victory, and Poems in Praise of living Princes. Under *Satyr*s I class all Invectives whatsoever, whether against Vices or Persons; and then under these Heads thus taken, I apprehend all the *Saxon* Poetry, at least that is remaining, will properly enough fall. That Regularity which I have already ascrib'd to the *Saxon* Poets, and which may be indeed observ'd in all their Compositions, must not be understood to exclude *Genius*, which is as visible in their Performances as I believe it is in any kind of Poetry whatsoever. To say the Truth, the *Saxons* had Notions perfectly just in this Respect, they ascrib'd the *Furor Poeticus*, the *Divine Rage* of Verse to a Gift from Heaven; but they attributed the Structure and Elegance of Poetry to the Art and Application of Man, as is evident from the Account they give us of *Cedmon*, the *Saxon Homer*, with whose Works they would not suffer the Poems of any other to compar'd. His History in few Words was this, as we have it from *Beda* and *Leland*.

He flourished in the latter End of the Seventh Century, and was Brother to the Abbess of *Whitby* in *Yorkshire*, he liv'd himself a *Monk* in an adjoining Monastery, where he was extreamly belov'd for his extraordinary Candour and Purity of Manners. He had it seems no great Taste for the softer Sciences, and therefore when the

Monks, were merry at a Feast he chose to retire, as not being able to bear a Part in their Mirth. Once he did this, on a great Feast, and it being then his Turn to look after the Horses, he left them at Supper and retired to the Stable, there, having perform'd all that was wanting, he went and lay down to Rest; he had not been long asleep when he dream'd, that a Person came to him and bid him Sing; *Cedmon* answer'd, that he could not Sing, and that for this very Reason he left the Company that he might no be ask'd in his Turn; but the Person repeating his Command, *Cedmon* was press'd by his Good Genius to make the *Creation* the Subject of his Song, he perform'd so admirably tho' in his Sleep, that it made a great Impression on his Mind, insomuch that when he awoke, he was able to recite the same Hymn or Poem to the Monks of *Whitby*, who tho' they were learned Men, and many of them great Poets, were exceedingly surpriz'd, and ingenuously confessed, that they were not able to perform any Thing like it. Thence forward he possess'd this wonderful Gift of composing in his own Mother Tongue; insomuch, that whenever the Scripture was expounded to him, for he was no *Latin* Schollar, and so could not read it himself, he would immediately paraphrase it in *Saxon* Verse with wonderful Elegance, of which there are various Instances still remaining. Other Poets wrote in the same Manner, and with great Reputation; but still none of them approach'd this *Cedmon*, who was constantly believ'd to have receiv'd this Gift of Poetry by Inspiration. It is said, that he foretold exactly the Day of his Death some time before it happen'd, which was about *A. D. 670.* under the Reign of *Æcfrid* King of *Northumberland*,

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From this Time, to that of *Ælfred* the Great, who was not more famous as a Law-giver, or a Conqueror, than as a Poet; there flourished many excellent Writers in this kind, particularly *St. Aldhelm*, who wrote both *Saxon* and *Latin* Verse, and if we may believe himself, was the first *Anglo-Saxon*, who wrote in the last mention'd Language. *Beda* also, the ecclesiastical Historian, was a Poet, and so was *Flaccus Albinus*, or *Alcuinus*, who was Chaplain to *Charles* the Great, and the Founder of the University of *Paris*. But the frequent Invasions of the *Danes*, and that Luxury which attended the prosperous Condition of the *Saxons*, though for a short Space of Time, had terrible Effects on the Sciences, and almost eradicated them out of this Island. Infomuch that as *Ælfred* himself tells us in a Preface to one of his Books, when he came to the Crown, there was not a Priest in the South Part of the Island (for Learning was then retired into the North) that could translate a Chapter out of *Latin* into *Saxon*, though as that King assures us in the same Place, Learning had flourished much, and been in high repute with their Ancestors.

This learned King, who restored Order, Laws and Victory to the *Saxons*, was likewise the Restorer of the Sciences, some say, the Founder of the University of *Oxford*; but all allow him to have been the Reviver of Poesy, and without any Complement to his Dignity, by much the greatest Man in that Way, of the Age in which he liv'd. His love of Verse, was the true Cause of his becoming so great a Schollar. He was twelve Years old before he could read, but then his Mother reading certain *Saxon* Poems to him, and the rest of her Sons, and promising to give the Book to him

him who could first learn to make use of it. *Ælfred*, apply'd himself with such Diligence, that he quickly gain'd the Prize. His Love of Poetry was so great in his Youth, that it gave him a Dislike to Business, insomuch, that he would willingly have declin'd the Splendour of that State to which he was born, for the quiet Possession of some rural Solitude, where he might have liv'd to himself, and pursued his Studies without Interruption.

This Monarch, to show himself a true *Patron* of the *Muses*, did not only draw by great Acts of Magnificence, the most famous Men for Learning throughout all *Europe* into his Dominions, but also provided for them there so plentifully, as to leave them no Desires of returning. He settled Schools for the Education of Youth. He form'd a University for the Encouragement of those of riper Years. He made Learning the sole Road to Preferment, and to show his Love for Poetry, he not only compos'd many excellent Pieces, but also translated into the *Saxon* Tongue, the *Consolation* of *Philosophy*, from the Latin of *Boetius*. This was a favourite Author with the *Saxons*, and their best Writers imitated his Manner. Whatever is the Fashion at Court, will quickly grow into Use through a whole Nation. This was the Case with Respect to *Ælfred*, and his Zeal for Learning; all the Nobility studied, and we may form some Idea of the Credit Poetry was in, from an Act of his Grandson *Æthelstan*. That Prince being attacked by a great Army of *Danes*, went to their Camp in the Disguise of a *Harper*, and by performing while their Princes and Captains were at Dinner, discover'd their Intentions and defeated them. Without a competent

petent Skill both in Poetry and Music, it is impossible that *Æthelstan* should have succeeded in this hazardous Exploit, and we may be sure, that while Poetry was studied by Princes, it was not neglected by Persons of meaner Rank. But as the Power of the *West Saxons* declin'd, so their Language grew corrupt, and their Genius for Poetry began to sink as is discernable enough in the Compositions of those Times. Having thus ran through the History of this Science among these People, I return again to the Consideration of those Remnants which are yet in the Hands of the Curious, and serve to maintain the Reputation of the *Saxon* Poets, while the Language they wrote in can be no longer said to live. In this Respect, they are certainly on the levell with the Poets who have written in those which are stiled the *learn'd Languages*, and if I had Abilities equal to my Affection for their Memories, I should not despair of maintaining their Credit in every other Respect, so that wherever I fall short you are to censure me, and not them. But withal I must put you in mind that this is really a very arduous Study, in which a Man meets with few helps, fewer Companions, and little or no Encouragement. But still the *Amor Patriæ* join'd to a *Passion* for Poetry, will spur me on to do my utmost, which will be some Excuse for not performing all that you may expect.

The *Saxon Poets* made it always a Rule to write on useful Subjects, and in a useful Way. For Instance, we have a *Hymn* still extant, describes the Situation of *Durham*, and with all the Honors of the Cathedral there, dedicated to St. *Cuthbert*, of which, that I may not seem to spare my Labour, I will give you the best Translation

I can

I can, keeping close not only to the Authors Sense, but as near as may be, to his Sounds, by imitating the Structure, as well as turning the Sense of his Poem into *English*. The *Saxon* Ode consists of eight and thirty Lines, written in a kind of Lyrick Strain, accommodating the Sound of the Verse to the Subject of the Poem.

AN ELEGIAC POEM, literally translated from the *Saxon*.

THIS famous City lies beyond,
The British Kingdoms, Northern bound,
On an Ascent its Buildings rise,
The Rock around defenseless lies:
Amazing in its lofty Scite,
Which strikes with Wonder and Delight.

Sweet winding Were, beneath it flows,
A copious Flood its Channel shews,
And as its silver Waters stray,
In Shoals the wanton Fishes play.
Thick Woods th' adjacent Country Crown,
The Sea, in various Bays is shown,
From its high Seat, in Vales below,
The tripping Deer in Numbers go.

For Men too, is this City fam'd,
Men with deep Rev'rence to be nam'd.
St. Cuthbert's venerable Shrine,
Is here ——— and royal Oswald, thine;
A King, for Charity renown'd,
For Valour too, with Laurels crown'd.
With Bishop Aidan resteth here,
Æidbercht and Ælfred noble Pair.

Here

*Here Æthelwold great Prelate sleeps,
 This Church, the sacred Body keeps,
 Of Beda, venerable Scribe,
 And Boifil too, doth here abide,
 A learned Abbot, by whose Care,
 St. Cuthbert, gain'd his Knowledge here.
 And with these Saints, the Relicks lie,
 (Safe in the inner Monastery)
 Of many more, grave Authors tell,
 What Miracles, proclaim their Zeal,
 While here in a consuming State,
 Their Bodies, Heaven's last Judgment wait.*

You see Sir, that by this Manner of writing, the Geography, as well as the History of a Country, is perfectly preserv'd. Without doubt it was from this Motive that *Homer* was so exact in his Lists, and so particular in all his Descriptions. By this Method, Poetry was made to convey all Kinds of Sciences, and while Men heard with Pleasure, and took Pains to remember a well wrote easy Ode, they imperceptibly acquired other Branches of Knowledge, without any Labour at all, which sure was a very great Advantage. These Odes were wrote with such extraordinary Energy, and the Paintings in them were so beautiful, and so pleasing, that even their Historians would sometimes copy them, which hath occasioned in process of Time, not a little Perplexity to modern Commentators. Thus in the *Saxon Chronicle*, one of the oldest and most authentic historical Works, we have; in the Account of a great Victory gain'd by *Æthelstan*, against *Anlaff*, King of the *Norwegians*, there is a considerable Passage out of one of *Cedmon's* Odes, containing a Description of a Fight applicable enough

nough to this, though written three hundred Years before. A Person well skilled in the *Saxon* Learning, who first published that Chronicle, did not perceive this Quotation, but complained that the Book was here written in a very obsolete and obscure Stile ; but the present Bishop of *London*, in his more accurate Edition of that Work, has set the Matter in a clear Light, and made an excellent Version into *Latin*, of that perplexed Passage as the old Editor call'd it.

Whatever Beauties, whatever captivating Figures, whatever Graces in Sound, or Elegancies in Expression, the Criticks have remark'd in any of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, the same are to be found in our *Saxon*. So that Nature seems to have dictated in all Nations to such as were truly Poets, those Methods of charming the Mind and soothing the Ear, which Men of cooler Heads have digested into an Art. If I should cite to you several Instances of this Sort it would appear tedious, and at the same Time a little Pedantick : I will therefore content myself with supporting what I have advanced, by only one Authority, which will I hope sufficiently demonstrate, that I deal fairly, and neither attempt to impose upon Others, nor am myself bewitch'd with an unreasonable Passion for the Antients.

There is not a greater Beauty in Versification, than that happy Repetition of the same Letter which *Erythraeus*, that excellent Commentator on *Virgil*, calls *Alliteratio*, of which there cannot be a better Example, than in the following Line, from that excellent *Roman* Poet.

Et sola in sicca secum spatatur arena.

Our

Our Poets saw and copied this Beauty very early. The first *English* Poet we have, I mean the Author of the Satyr entitled, *Pierce Plowman*, uses it frequently as in this fine Line.

In a Somer Season, when set was the Sunne.

So also *Chaucer* speaking of *Cresida*.

Full sorrowfully she sigh'd, and said Alas!

But of all our Bards, *Denham* excells in it most, who in his *Cooper's-Hill*, hath variety of Examples, not only of this, but of all the Beauties of which *English* Versification is capable. I will mention but two, the first in describing the rise of the Hill on which *Windsor-Castle* stands, which he compares to the Appearance of *Charles I.*

*Thy mighty Masters Emblem in whose Face,
Sat Meekness, heightned with majestic Grace.*

And again, speaking of the Happiness of the *Scotish* Line, in enjoying all those Advantages for which the *English* Monarchs fought, even when their Ancestors suffered, and were made Prisoners by them.

*To whom, their better Fate reserves what e'er,
The Victor hopes for, or the Vanquish'd fear.*

Waller was particularly Happy this Way, as appears in the following Lines.

*Illustrious Acts, high Raptures do infuse,
And every Conqueror creates a Muse.*

But

But of all our Poets, *Dryden* us'd this Manner of Writing most, for Instance, here are two Examples in two Lines of his Character of *Shaftsbury*.

*In Friendship false, implacable in State,
Resolv'd to ruin, or to rule the State.*

But our *Saxon* Poets knew, and us'd this Grace many a hundred Years before, as in the following Verses.

Death com on this Midelard,
Thurth thees Defles onde,
And Senne and Sosge and Iſrinc,
On Se and on Londe.

*Death fills the World with Slaughter still,
From the foul Fiends, malicious Will :
And Sin, and Shame, and Sorrow too,
On Sea and Shore to it we owe.*

I could with much facility produce a variety of Proofs of this Sort, which however you may easily find in Doctor *Hicks's Treasure* of the *Northern Languages*, the noblest Storehouse of this kind of Learning the World has yet seen; there the Learned Author hath entirely exhausted the Subject, and made it evident, that our Ancestors who wrote Verse in that Language, were truly Poets, in respect to Genius, and excellently skill'd in what we have since considered as the principal Rules of the Art. As I am fully persuaded that good Translations of the *Saxon* Poetry, would serve to illustrate many dark Passages in our ancient History, so I am also clearly convinc'd, that

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if we return'd to this *Saxon* Manner of Writing, it would contribute not a little to restore the Reputation of our Poetry, and to render this kind of Writing of much greater Service to Mankind, than hitherto it has been. To give you some Notion of what I mean, permit me to observe, that *Cooper's-Hill*, *Windsor-Forest*, *Clare-Mount*, and all the descriptive Poems like them, if they are not Imitations of the *Saxon* Poetry, as I confess I believe they are not, yet I can assure you, they are built on like Plans, and serve excellently to defend various Passages in modern History, from sinking into Oblivion, as well as to afford a lasting Picture of the Places they are design'd to represent. By the same Method, other Things worthy of Remembrance might be preserv'd, and a sublime Instructive, and improving Poetry might be introduced, instead of that low, useles tinkling kind of Rhimes, which are the Disgrace of the present Age.

I am very sensible that this Letter is of an unreasonable Length, and I will endeavour to digest my Matter closer for the future. In my next, I intend to say somewhat of *Danish* Poetry, not that there was any great Difference between the Tongues ; but because in my Judgment the Genius of the *Danish* Poets is of a distinct Nature, and therefore worthy of Consideration. The kind Letter you was pleas'd to write me, shall receive as speedy an Answer as is consistent with your own Commands, which shall always have the Place of Laws with me. I am extreemly oblig'd to *Phaon* for his kind Opinion of my little Labour, and hope in Time to merit that Approbation which he seems so willing to bestow. I shall go to my Father-in-laws next Week, and

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from

rom thence I propose to write my next Epistle, which will contain also an Account of what the good old Man is doing. Adieu! dear Sir! I have scarce left my self room to assure you, that the common Phrase was never more sincerely us'd than when I tell you,

I am,

The most devoted of your Servants,

LEANDER.



LETTER V.

PHAON to LEANDER,

I Received yesterday from *Celadon*, your Epistle on *Saxon* Poetry, which without a Compliment, pleases me very much. I cannot however understand how you came to imagine that People are prejudiced against the Truths which you have advanced therein. As to the common Sort of People, they are certainly very incompetent Judges of such Things, and yet they are, though they know not why, generally speaking, Zealous enough in the Cause of their Ancestors. Those who are better qualify'd to decide on this Subject, are so far from having any byas the other Way, that if I am not extremely mistaken, they too incline to that Side which you espouse. These *Leander*, are my Reasons. We owe our Laws to the

the Saxons. Whenever we turn over *Hollinshead*, *Stowe*, or *Speed*, who notwithstanding the general Vogue of *Rapin*, are still Historians with Men of Sense I say, whenever we turn over these, we cannot but observe that our Constitution is *Saxon*, and that the constant desire of our Fore-fathers was, to be governed by the Laws of the Confessor. On the other Hand, all the Cathedrals, Collegiate Churches, and other Monuments of Antiquity, which are most admir'd, are *Saxon* Monuments. Do you then think it possible, that while such visible Marks are before our Eyes of the Policy and Piety of these People, we should if we think at all, think meanly of their Poetry. No, my Friend, those who have studied the *Saxon* Tongue, are convinc'd, that the Bards of former Times wrote elegantly and accurately, and those who have no Ideas of *Saxon* Poetry, but what they gather from the Marks they have left of their Skill in other Sciences, are very ready to believe all that can be said in their Favour as to this. But a dislike of Labour, which you own must be great in order to attain any Degree of Knowledge in this Way, is the true Source of that Want of Application of which you so justly complain. A little *French*, a gentile Bow, and a Song out of the *Beggars Opera*, includes Wit, Learning and Politeness, and a Man with these Accomplishments, may pretend to any Thing at present. But this smooth Season seems to be drawing towards a Close, the Sky looks cloudy, and whenever ill Weather comes, these smart Fellows must retire. They are not made for Storms, nay, they can scarce endure a Shower, and therefore when Mankind stirs, Men of Parts will certainly be distinguished, and that Spirit of Industry

dustry revive again, which for want of Encouragement hath been so long declining. I say this, *Leander*, to keep you in Spirits, and that you may not think all your Pains and Reading have been thrown away.

When I read your Letter first, I was apprehensive that you deviated a little from what you at first laid down, concerning the Spirit of Poetry, and the accommodating our Verse to certain Rules, but upon perusing that Part of your Letter again, I perceived it was my Mistake, and that you adher'd closely to your former Doctrine. I fancy I have found out a Sort of Demonstration of that Proposition, that the eldest Poets are most Perfect. I reason thus, all our Rules are drawn from the Effects of Genius, and Genius is the same Thing in all Nations. You have rightly observed, that the Songs of the *British Bards* resemble the best *Greek Odes*; I have since taken some Pains to be informed in that Point, and I find that they are, properly speaking, *Pindaricks* in *Welsh*. The same Thing I perceive may be remark'd of the *Saxon Sonnets*, and I dare say, you must have observed the like in two *Lapland Odes*, publish'd in the *Spectator*, and which may be found in their original Language in *Scheffer's History of Lapland*. This being so, nothing can be more clear than that Rules deduc'd from such Pieces, can never teach any Man to come up to the Models from which they are taken, and therefore I no more wonder that modern Poets fall short of the Antients, than that our Sculptors fall short of theirs, because the Reason is the same in both Cases. There are certain Sciences in which the human Understanding may make a continual Progress, such as in Natural Philosophy, and

and the Mathematicks ; but in regard to Rhetorick, Oratory and Poetry, there is a certain Point of Perfection, which once reach'd, we in vain think of going farther, and by pursuing our own mistaken Notions of Excellence, are apt to go back again. *Cedmon* was the Standard Writer amongst the *Saxons*, he hit that Point of Perfection which all could discern, and yet none could find the Tract by which he reach'd it. One might perhaps say the same Thing of an *English* Poet, but I chuse rather to give an Instance in another Way. Sir *Walter Raleigh*, reach'd the Summit of Historic Eloquence, he wrote an Age ago, and we have had Numbers writing after him, but not one who has wrote like him. Art therefore being no more than an imitation of Nature, must be content with the second Place, and till we find out something equivalent to that Institution which is call'd in the Sacred Writings, the *School* of the *Prophets*, where Instruction was convey'd by Practice rather than Method, we shall never reach those Heights to which we aspire. At least these are my Notions, and the Notions of some who Wiser than I. I know that they are Notions which have been ridicul'd, but so have the most sacred Things, and yet are they never the less true, or less deserving of Esteem.

It is impossible to tell you how much I was pleas'd with your Version of the *Saxon* Ode, describing the City of *Durham*. I shew'd it to the Parson of our Parish, a Man of good Sense, and not to seek in these Matters. He presently recollected his having met with this very Ode in one of the antient Writers, published by the great *Selden* ; at my Request, he look'd for, and found it, with the *Latin* Translation, which gave us

great Pleasure, though we were Criticks enough to discover that you made Use of some other Copy, which is certainly the Correcter of the two. I wonder so useful a Sort of Poetry ever grew out of Fashion. Have the Charity to inform me, if there are still remaining many of these Odes, and if my Recommendation be of any Weight, try what you can do in this Kind, at your Father-in-laws, his House and Gardens really merit such a Description, and I should think that considering it as *Lucinda's* Birth-place, you would not stand in need of any other Muse. I promise you, I mean to try my little Skill in the same Way, though I foresee it will cost me a good deal of Trouble, since vulgar Instances would sink the Majesty of the Poem, and those of an heroic Nature are not easily found. It would be a generous Thing to celebrate in this Manner the most remarkable Places in this Island, especially such as have fall'n, or are falling to decay. The Parson I mentioned to you before, lent me *Drayton's Polly-Olbion*, a poetical Description of this Kingdom, by its Rivers, with which I dare say, you are well acquainted. I am never weary of reading it, such a happy mixture do I find therein, of the profitable and the Pleasant. How grand a Design was this, to eternize every Rivulet, and to add the Graces of Poesy, to a Geographical Description? Well did this *Drayton* deserve the Laureat's Wreath, since this Work shows him both a Patriot and a Poet. But alas! how few have trode in his Steps, nay, how little is his Poem known, and of those who know it, how few esteem it as they ought? It is to your Letter that I myself owe the Pleasure of reading it; be communicative *Leander*, and if you are acquaint-

acquainted with a variety of Authors, like *Drayton*, let me have a List of them, that I may immediately apply myself to so charming a Study, and make Poetry my Business, after it has been so many Years my Amusement.

In *Celadon's* Library last Summer, I met with a Book which pleased me very much, it was printed at *Edinburgh*, and is call'd the *Ever-green*, or a Collection of old *Scotch* Poems. It cost me I confess a good deal of Pains to understand it, but I thought my Pains well rewarded by the many lively Hints I met with, which either are, or at least seem to me fuller of poetic Spirit, than any modern Compositions. If you have never seen it, it shall be sent you, and in that Case I flatter myself you will believe that I lay you under a sensible Obligation. A Treasure of fine Thoughts to a Man of Taste, affords a Surprise as agreeable as the finding a Treasure of another Sort does to a *Muckworm*. Among the several Pieces in this Collection, there are some like your *Saxon* Poems, descriptive, others extremely humorous ; but those which drew my Attention most, were Allegorick. Our ancient Poets excelled in this Way, and I wonder since *Spencer* hath met of late Years with so many Admirers, so few have ventured to write in his Manner, and of those few which I have seen, most imitate rather his Faults, than his Excellencies, and have no Idea of surpassing him, or of improving that kind of Poetry which to me however, seems far from being impracticable. The *French* Poet *La Motte*, in his Fables hath in my Judgement afforded several Instances of this, neither have there been wanting some other ingenious Persons in that Kingdom who have cultivated this Manner of Writing. Amongst

mongst these, some Ladies have been particularly Happy, uniting all the Fire of true Poetry with that delicacy of Thought, which is peculiar to the Wits of that Sex. After so long, and so very sober a Letter, you will I dare say, be well enough pleas'd to see a little Poetry, though it be but indifferent, I have therefore sent you one of those allegoric Pieces, in the best Translation of it I am able to make. Having now done with our Business, let me tell you a little Country News. *Clarinda* has been these two Days at *Celadon's*, and her Husband is expected to-morrow; they will stay a Fortnight, and I give you this Notice, that you may not fail in paying your Respects. My House will lye in your Way, and therefore I expect you should call on me when you go to make your Compliments to that illustrious Couple. You are also to know, that Lady *Sophia* is with Child, which is a Matter of great Importance in her Family, and may possibly afford you the Subject of a Poem; last of all let me tell you, that my Wife's favourite Cat deceased Yesterday, and that with all her good Sense, *Eliza* has not been able to recover her good Humour since. Looking for the Poem I was to send you, I met with a Sonnet written by the famous *Pere Commire*, on the Death of his tabby Cat, which is a full Proof that Wits have a Liberty of making the most trifling Accidents Matters of Moment, when they relate to themselves. Be pleas'd therefore to pardon all these Trifles, if not for the Sake of my Wit, yet because I am most sincerely,

Your hearty Friend,

And obedient, humble Servant,

PHAON.

PRU.

PRUDENCE and TRUTH

A FABLE, or ALLEGORICK POEM.

ONCE it fell out as Poets say,
 When TIME and LIGHT had been at play,
 The Lads prov'd big----a Trick of Youth,
 And brought old TIME---a Daughter TRUTH.
 This Virgin when she left their House,
 Came up to Court to look a Spouse.
 But sad alas! her Fortune there,
 How wild says one that Creature's Air!
 How blunt the Wench? another cries,
 A third, spied Madness in her Eyes.
 Thus us'd, poor TRUTH was forc'd to rove,
 For none pretended to her Love.
 ART was the reigning Toast, and she
 Could never with plain TRUTH agree.
 Vex'd to the Soul the Virgin goes,
 To Wilds and Woods she speaks her Woes.
 And as thro' these she chanc'd to stray,
 Fortune threw PRUDENCE in her Way.
 Seeing bright TRUTH, the Goddess said,
 How fares it lovely looking Maid?
 Why heave these Sighs! Why fall these Tears
 Can harmless TRUTH have real Fears?
 With Grief at this her Bosom swells,
 For sobbing scarce her Tale she tells.
 Dear Cousin,----said with smiling Air,
 The GODDESS----tho' divinely fair,
 From every Stain of Guilt, tho' free,
 Yet Nakedness becomes not----Thee.
 Be then advis'd----Put on some Cloaths,
 No more all bare these Limbs expose.

Nor

Nor trust your Conduct quite to Chance,
 But learn to *speak*----nay, learn to *dance*.
Good Breeding borders not on *Vice*,
 Be both in *Dress* and *Vertue* nice.
 Once polish'd----Trust me Friend of mine,
 In *Coutts*----you'll *ART* herself---out-shine.

TRUTH took her *Word*---and when she came,
 Grave FLEURY introduc'd the Dame.
 Wherever since she has been seen,
 And beld of all *Virtues* the Queen.

VERSES. by a JESUIT on the Death of his
 CAT.

GRISSET is dead, who pleased me Night and Day,
 So gentle, yet so sprightly, work and play,
 His Time divided. Now with me he sate,
 Now mous'd, how rigid are thy Laws O Fate!
 That gave so good a Cat so short a Date.

His shining Back, a speckled Tabby spread,
 Nor Rat, nor Mouse from his fell Talons fled
 Wanton in play, fatal in Rage,----he's Dead!

Ye Graces mourn, ye Muses chant his Praise,
 Shade ye his Urn, with Roses and with Bays.
 Ye Mice be merry, and ye Rats be glad,
 While I his hapless Master thus am sad,
 And see you ravage---Oh! 'twill make me mad!

He never more shall pur about my Bed,
 No more shall I stroke 'ore his glossy Head,
 No more! Alas no more!----GRISSET is dead.

L E T.



LETTER VI.

LEANDER to CELADON.

THE Expeditions of the *Danes* into this Island make a considerable Part of our ancient History, a Part hitherto very loosely treated thro' the Partiality of some, and the Ignorance of most of our Writers, who have affected to represent all the Attempts of the *Danes*, as so many thievish Enterprizes undertaken by a mean barbarous Enemy, for the Sake of Subsistence. It is very possible, that all the offensive Wars of Princes ought to be consider'd in this Light; some grave Philosophers have treated *Alexander the Great* as an over-grown Robber, and it was once fashionable for Divines to represent *Lewis the XIV.* under the same Character; yet still the Generality of the World have thought otherwise of both these Princes. From the same Motives consequently which lead us to speak respectfully of any Heroes, or of any Warlike Nation, we ought to change our Sentiments concerning the *Danes*, who long before they troubled this Country, were a very powerful People both by Sea and Land. In order therefore to have a just Idea of their Notions and Customs, we must have Recourse to their own Historians, from whom we learn, that the *Danes* were govern'd by a Number of petty *Chieftains*, whom some call Lords, others Princes, and not a few, Kings. As these Men were advanc'd to the Commands they held, chiefly on Account
of

of their distinguished Bravery, Courage became of Course the Quality most esteem'd among the *Danes*. This Opinion serv'd to rout out all the common Notions of Justice, at least with Respect to Strangers; so that attacking and plundering them was so far from being look'd on as a base and barbarous Action, that it was really esteem'd the first Employment for Men nobly born, and desirous of distinguishing themselves by great Actions. It is true, that all the *Saxon* Historians represent the *Danes* as Pyrates; and it is as true, that in the proper Signification of the Word so they were, yet that Piracy was not a shameful, but an honourable Profession in the Judgment of the *Danes*, we have already shown; and whoever still retains Scruples on that Head, may by perusing the Preface written by *Thucydides* to his *Greek* History, be fully convinc'd, that the *Danes* were not the only Persons in the World who thought in this Way; but that the ancient *Greek* Heroes were of the very same Stamp with theirs, and the Expedition of the *Golden-Fleece* not a Grain more honourable; and according to some *Danish* Accounts, less so than that of *Inguar* and *Hubba*, two *Danish* Princes, who were among the first Invaders of *Britain*.

I should not have run into this Detail, but that I thought it absolutely necessary, to render the Account I am to give of the *Danish* Poetry intelligible. It would certainly have look'd odd, had I asserted, that eminent Poets were to be found among a Race of low inconsiderable Thieves, such as the first *Danish* Adventurer are usually represented; but having once clear'd up this Point, it will not appear at all improbable, that when such Knight's-Errent as these *Danish* Princes were
went

went in Quest of Adventures, they were attended by some of their Poets, and welcom'd by others at their Return Home. It would be beside my Purpose to enter more particularly into the Customs and Manners of the Nation I speak of; and therefore I shall content myself with only noting another Practice of theirs, which was Drinking stoutly; this was an old national Vice amongst them, and which for ought I know, may not be eradicated to this Day, they practis'd it wherever they came, and established it wherever they settled. As Poets therefore always celebrate Subjects which delight those who are their Hearers, so War and Feasting were the two great Topicks of the *Danish* Votaries to Verse. That these Poets became excellent in their Way of Composing, is by no Means wonderful, since they had such frequent Opportunities of exerting their Talents; for whenever the *Danes* possess'd themselves of any Part of a Country, their Method was to plunder it to a certain Extent all round, and then carrying all the Booty to their head Quarters, they feasted there plentifully, their Poets singing all the Time either Panegyricks on their Princes, or the Pleasures of a jolly Life. When any of these Songs or Odes were particularly pleasing to such as heard them, they were carefully preserv'd, and very warily transmitted to Posterity; so that it may be justly question'd whether more of these ancient Poems are not still extant, than in any other Language whatever; this I take to be chiefly owing to the Respect which the learned Men of *Denmark*, *Norway*, and *Iceland*, notwithstanding the Zeal of the Popish Clergy, have ever had for their Ancestors, whose Works they have been careful not only to preserve, but to under-stand,

stand, and of late have been at great Pains in publishing and explaining them to the World. Far be it from me to run out into any Invectives against our Fore-fathers for their Carelessness in this Respect; I persuade myself that many of our Monks were well versed in these Studies, otherwise I cannot account for their Care in preserving Manuscripts. It is true, we have many harsh Charges on this Subject, about the time of the Dissolution of Monasteries, but we know well enough, that when any Set of Men are to be ruin'd, it has been always held convenient to blacken them, that they might not only be the more easily undone, but seem also to deserve it. To return however to the *Danish* Poets, and to show wherein the great Force and Beauty of their Art consisted.

I must observe to you, that these People being *Pagans*, had a Religion wonderfully calculated for Poetry, I will just touch on its Original, because without digressing far, I can show you how it came to be so. Certain Magicians that is Pretenders to the working of Miracles, came amongst the Northern Nations, from that Part of the Continent of *Asia* which is next them; the Chief of these Men gave himself out to be *Odin*, the principal God these People ador'd, and found Ways and Means to obtain such high Veneration amongst them, that he was really believ'd so to be; the Account that he gave of himself was, that he came from a certain Country where all manner of Delights abounded, into which they were sure to go when they died, and where they were to meet with Rewards proportionable to the Respect they paid to the Laws he left them. This Country he call'd (for as it was of his Invention he certainly had a Right to give it a Name)

Name) *Asgardia*, and these Gardens of Pleasure he talk'd off were stiled *Val Holt*, which were in short a kind of *Elysian* Fields; there was supposed to be in these a prodigious large and fine Palace, which was stiled *Odin's-Hall*, where this Prince was believ'd to live and reign eternally, and to entertain his Disciples when they came from the other World, with all manner of Delights, and especially with the richest Wines. This Impostor directed, that his Body whenever he thought fit to leave it should be burnt contrary to the usual Custom of the *Danes*, that they might not see it corrupt, which might have hazarded his new invented System of Religion. From him the *Danes* also receiv'd many other strange Notions, such as that it was possible by certain Magick Spells, to raise and converse with the Dead, to oblige them to foretel future Events, and to perform whatever they commanded them. From the same Source they drew their Nations of Fairies, or Beings between Men and Spirits, which they supposed when visible to Men, to appear of a low Stature, and therefore in many of their old Poems they are called *Dwarfs*. From such Materials as these 'tis easy to conceive, that Men of strong Fancies might raise a Diversity of beautiful Structures, capable of amazing, and at the same Time pleasing, such as contemplated them, and were besides fully possessed with a Persuasion, that all the strange Things they were told might be true. We know of what mighty Consequence Machinery is in Verse, we know how much *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Milton*, and besides these *Chaucer* and *Shakespeare* owe thereto; and therefore we need not doubt, that these *Danish* Bards, or as they are call'd in their own Tongue *Scalder*, were as successful

cessful in their Management of a System so well fitted for their Purpose. Such as are acquainted with their Writings know this by Experience, and perhaps I may give you a Specimen of it before I quit this Subject.

The ancient *Danish* Historians tell us very extraordinary Things of their Poets, and of the mighty Respect paid them in those early Times; for Example, they assure us, that these Men had such a Power of Verse, as to be able to charm the most boist'rous and outrageous Passions, of which they give us an Instance in *Egillus Skalligrimus*, who by a Poem pacified *Eric Blodock*, King of *Norway*, notwithstanding he had been his ancient inveterate Enemy, had slain many of his Friends, and even one of his Sons with his own Hand. They could likewise by the Power of their Numbers, excite all the Human Passions, and carry them to the utmost Height. Nay, some modern Authors tell us, that the *Icelandic* Poets possess this Quality even now. It is however remarkable, that the *Danes* ascrib'd this extraordinary Science not to Study, but to Inspiration, and that those who pretend to succeed them in their Skill in *Iceland*, all own it a Gift from Heaven; whence it is plain, that the Northern Nations referr'd all to Genius. In Consequence of this they conceiv'd such as were endued with the Spirit of Poetry, to be peculiarly favour'd by Providence, which led them to elect one *Hiarn*, who made an excellent Epitaph upon their King *Fretbo* his Successor, with as much Reason at least as the ancient *Lacedemonians* set a Poet at the Head of an Army. I do admit that most of what has been said regards the *Danes* before they settled in this Country, and consequently at first

Sight

Sight may not appear so consistent with the Design I am upon ; but if it be consider'd that vast Numbers of *Danes* settled at several Times in this Country, and left their Posterity intermingled with the *Saxons* ; and if we also call to Mind, that our next Conquerors the *Normans* were but *Danes* under another Name, we cannot avoid seeing, that as the Inhabitants of this Island must by Degrees have much *Danish* Blood in their Veins, so they must therewith receive some Tincture of their Manners, and of their Genius. That this is not meer Conjecture might be easily made out, by comparing the *Norman* Poets with their Predecessors the *Saxons* ; for tho' it be true, that the *Normans* had by that Time lost much of the Genius of their Ancestors, yet they still retain'd enough of that Romantick Turn, peculiar to the ancient *Danish* Scalders. Here therefore let me end my Historical Remarks on this sort of Poetry, and that I may keep within some sort of Bounds, give you a concise Account of the Art itself, and how it was practis'd amongst these ancient Professors, who if some Northern Criticks were allow'd to decide, will not only pass for Men on a Level with the most celebrated *Greek* and *Roman* Writers, but also much above them, which is perhaps as great a Strain of Madness as that which supposes, there are no Poems worth reading except in those Languages.

The very learned *Wormius*, who has written expressly and with great Learning upon this Subject, informs us, that the ancient *Danes* had no less than a hundred and thirty-six different kinds of Verses, and from this alone we may be assur'd, that they were great Proficients in, as well as great Admirers of this heavenly Art ; they did

not, like the Saxons, place all the Force of Poetry in Quantity, but in Harmony and Rhyme. To enter on this Subject, and to repeat to you the Rules they observ'd for accommodating Sound to Sense, would require a Treatise; I will therefore content myself with saying, that in Regard to these Things, they were far more nice than any of our Modern Criticks, and whenever you desire a Proof thereof, I shall show it you in *Hicks's Thesaurus*. As to Rhyme they used it in all the Varieties that can be imagin'd, and besides this, they practis'd a Distinction not known to us, for they used a whole and a half Rhyme, the whole was the same with ours; but the half Rhyme is not easily expressed, it consisted in a Sound near, but not exactly like, as if the Words *Guardian* and *Pardon* were to end Lines. This half Rhyme they employ'd in the first Line of a *Stanza* of four, and in the third, but the second and fourth Verses ended with whole Rhymes, which had a very happy Effect. Something of this Sort there is in one of *Hopkins's* Psalms, which I set down to make what I have before advanc'd intelligible.

*The Lord who made the Ear of Man,
He needs aright must bear;
He made the Eye, all Things must then,
Before his Sight appear.*

The greatest Part of their Performances were *Odes*, *Dialogues*, or *Elegies*, with some historical Poems of considerable length, some of all these are still remaining, and we might have had many more, but that some zealous Divines, who had the Care of converting this Nation to Christianity, hearing

hearing such strange Things reported of Verses wrote in the *Runick* Character, and perceiving how fond the People were of them, and how transported at hearing any of these Poems repeated, they immediately conceiv'd, that there was something of Witchcraft both in their Words and in their Letters, and gave Quarter therefore to neither, making it a Point of Religion to destroy all the Remains of Antiquity they could meet with. How far this was really requisite in order to the first Establishment of Christianity, it is at this Distance of Time impossible to say; but this I think I may venture to remark, that nothing but a real Necessity could justify such a Behaviour, of which this however is no great Sign, *viz.* That the *Icelanders* have been always very zealous Christians, and yet have preserved amongst them more Fragments of ancient Poetry than any other Subjects of the Crown of *Denmark*.

As to any real Progress that either the *Danish* Manners or Poetry made in *England*, I cannot say much with Certainty, there being an apparent Spirit of Envy in what most of our Historians report of those Reigns; yet even these spare not to inform us, that the *Danes* introduced a Custom of Drinking, which came to such a Height, as to require Restraint by Law; and if the *Danes* propagated their Vices, we may well suppose, that their better Qualities were also taken Notice of and imitated. *Canutus* was not only a great King, but the greatest King ever rul'd in this Island; for with the Kingdom of *England* he held *Norway*, *Denmark*, and Part of *Sweden*. Besides all this he was a very wise Prince, a Protector and Encourager of learned Men; and therefore by

Consequence of Poets, yet I should not have mention'd him but for this Reason, that he strongly endeavour'd a Union between the two Nations, and with this View left his Dominions here to *Hardiknute*, his Son by Queen *Emma*, who tho' not an *English* Woman by Birth, yet on account of her being the Widow of King *Æthelred*, and so once a Queen by a *Saxon* Title, was extremely dear to them. This Son of hers *Hardiknute*, did also pursue his Father's Maxim, and died of Drinking at a Feast which he made on marrying a *Danish* Nobleman to an *English* Lady. From these Circumstances we may certainly infer, that the *Danish* Customs by this Time began to prevail, and to make great Alterations in the Temper, Manners and Genius of the Inhabitants of this Island. The little Poetry we have immediately after the Conquest, differs widely from the old *Saxon* manner of writing, and as it hath a greater Air of Libertinism, I think one may safely suppose, that this was receiv'd from the *Danes*.

In order to enliven a little so dry a Subject, I have annex'd two Translations, one of an ODE, preserv'd in the Collection made by *Olaus Wormius*, of Fragments of ancient *Danish* Hymns; the other from *Saxo Gramaticus*. I am sensible that I need your Pardon for many Things in this and in my former Letters; but you must consider, that this is the first Attempt, that I write not to show my Skill but my Obedience, and that the Theme itself is not a little crabbed. On the whole, if I have not altogether missed the Mark, but have been so lucky as to write some Things new or pleasant, for their Sake, pass by the rest, and believe, that these Letters in general are the best

best that could be perform'd by him whose highest Title is that of

Your humble Friend,

and obedient Servant,

LEANDER.

An Ancient DANISH ODE.

I.

IN Deeds of Arms our Heroes rise,
 Illustrious, in their Offspring's Eyes,
 They feared not thro' the Stormy Sea,
 To urge their Course,—Then why should we,
 Ingloriously such Labours flee?

II.

No, let us rather love our Arms,
 And see like them---in Danger charms.
 Let us stretch far and wide our Sway,
 Why should not we as well as they,
 Teach vanquish'd Nations to obey?

III.

Bring then the Oars, the Sails unbind,
 Send ODIN, send a happy Wind,
 So shall we quickly reach the Shore,
 And as our Grandfires did before,
 In Bloody Battles, thee adore.

IV.

*No lazy Rites, no sumptuous Feast,
Are glorious ODIN to thy Taste;
A martial Monarch thou wast here,
Armies are still thy darling Care,
The Leader once, and now the GOD of War.*

V.

*Haste! haste! ye Heroes, haste on Board,
Haste! haste! great Hubba give the Word.
No more Delay, but let us fly,
If ODIN please to Victory,
He chearful lives who does not fear to die.*

Another on VICTORY.

I.

THE Combat's o'er, the Deed is done,
The Foe is fled, the Field is won,
Let Mirth succeed, the Day's our own.

II.

*The * RAVEN claps her sable Wings,
The Bard his chosen Timbrel brings,
With Art he plays, with Joy he sings.*

* A Magick Standard belonging to Ingvar and Hubba, said to be wrought in the Hour of Noon by their three Sisters, the Raven depicted therein was seen to clap its Wings after a Battle won.

III. Fill

III.

*Fill the Bowl with potent Ale,
Let it's Strength o'er Care prevail,
Too much Thought did ne'er avail.*

IV.

*While we're here let's fight and play,
Toil this, to drink another Day,
Let Pleasure former Pain still pay.*

V.

*When from hence we shall remove,
'Twill be to the Folks we love,
ODIN, and the Chiefs above.*

VI.

*Grateful he will pay our Vows,
With what bigbest Blifs bestows,
There, as here, shall we carouse.*

VII.

*Drink then Heroes, drink and sing,
To ODIN's Praise, auspicious King!
From whom our glorious Conquests spring.*



LETTER VII.

CELADON to PHAON.

I SEND you the last Letter I receiv'd from *Leander*, and I assure you, that I am for my Part well satisfied with what he has hitherto perform'd. I am sorry to say, that most of the Matter contain'd in his Epistles had the Charm of Novelty with me, there being many Things in them which I had never heard of. A Physician in our Neighbourhood, who visits Lady *Sophia* sometimes, hearing me say at Table, that we ow'd this agreeable Entertainment to your finding *Elftob's* Grammar upon *Leander's* Table, he immediately said, that ingenious Lady had done a very acceptable Service to her Country, by the Publication of that Work, I made him no Answer, for Fear of making my Ignorance more conspicuous; but sure, *Phaon*, it is very little to any Man's Reputation, that he should know nothing of a Subject of which a Woman knew so much. For tho' it may be true, and I believe is so, that Nature makes no Distinction in the Understandings of the Sexes, yet it must be granted, that we make a great deal by the help of Education, so that I think I may fairly say, a Man has ten times the Opportunity of acquiring Knowledge that is left to Woman; I am determin'd therefore to be on a Par with this Mrs. *Elftob*, if the Expence of an Hour or two's Morning Study will enable me to conquer the Difficulties of the *Saxon* Tongue.

I like his Observations in respect to the *Danes*, because they seem to me founded in Truth. I do not understand why a Man should be crown'd with Laurel for an Action which entitles another Man to a Halter of Hemp; but I know that Conquerors have always been reputed Heroes, and therefore I cannot give that Title to a *Macedonian*, and in the same Breath call a *Danish* Conqueror a Thief. His inference as to the Use of the old *Danish* Religion in furnishing Machinery, for their Poems seems in my Judgment also to be well founded. But after all, I prefer the *Saxon* to the *Danish* Poets, the latter may be more entertaining, but the former are beyond Question more Instructive. For this Reason, I should be glad to be acquainted with these Writers, for as I am a great Lover of Poetry, so of all Things I like to see it well apply'd. To me therefore it does not seem strange, that King *Ælfred* translated *Boetius*, that Book always had Charms for Men of deep Sense, and such as have thought moral Precepts of more Worth than pleasant Amusements. We are told, that Queen *Elizabeth* made a Version of that very Piece, which employed the Pen of *Ælfred*, and the last *English* Translation we have, was made by the Viscount *Preston*, while a Prisoner in *Newgate*. Yet I will own to you, that I do not think the *Latin* original very elegant, but it is the Author's Sentiments, and not his Style I would recommend.

To the Reasons given by our Friend, for the Spirit and Life that is discernable in all the ancient *Danish* Poems, he might as I apprehend, have added the Nature of the Subjects, on which they are written. All *Dithyrambicks* have usually a great flow of Spirit, and this is discoverable even
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in our common drinking Songs, inſomuch that we have ſeen Men write well in this Way, who wrote miſerably in every other. Again, all hiſtorical, or rather narrative Poems, borrow rapidity from the Matter of which they treat, and if there be extraordinary Facts to ſupport what the Poet endeavours to deſcribe, the Readers Imagination will lend him not a little aſſiſtance, as you may obſerve in two of our taking Tragedies, *The Albion Queens*, and the *Earl of Eſſex*, both written by one *Banks*, a great affecter of Poetry, but one whom Nature had not entrusted with a Genius, nor his Friends ſo far as I can perceive, with any great Advantages from Education. Yet the bare Choice of his Subjects, and a tollerable Diſpoſition of his Scenes, make his Tragedies ſtrike the Spectator and force him to conceive more than the Poet could tell him. While the *Danes* therefore kept to theſe two Topicks of Drinking and fighting they might well write with fire. But Methinks the true Spirit of Poetry appears in giving Warmth to cooler Subjects, and by placing points of importance to Mankind in a pleaſing Light, to encourage the practice of thoſe Heroick Virtues, which are leaſt agreeable to our deprav'd Natures.

On this Account I ſhould be glad to ſee thoſe ſacred *Anacreonticks* you once mentioned, for tho' I cannot deny that I always read what are called, the Works of *Anacreon* with Pleaſure, and without any great Concern whether they are his Works or not, yet I muſt at the ſame time confeſs, that the Subjects upon which he writes, contribute not a little to the Taſte I have for his Compoſitions. If you will conſider the Matter attentively *Phaon*, I perſuade myſelf you will ſee that this is the Caſe
of

of all his Readers. The Beauty of *Anacreon's* Manner, consists in his giving a natural Description of the Passions he describes, viz. A Thirst of Wine and of Beauty. Now I cannot apprehend this Manner can be apply'd to sacred Subjects so happily, I say, I cannot apprehend it, and therefore I should be glad to see some of the *Greek Fathers* Performances in that Way, or some of our Friends. I am sure that *Cowley's* Versions of *Anacreon*, are excellent, and it would please me exceedingly, if I could meet with any *English* Poetry on sacred Subjects written in that kind, and with that Fire, for your Remark is certainly right, that the very same Men have shown Genius and Spirit in prophane Poetry, and very little of either, where there ought to have been more of both.

There came inclos'd in the last Letter *Leander* sent me, a Copy of yours, with two little Poems, both of which you seem in your Letter to stile Translations, but why so my Friend? The first I am positive is no Translation, though the latter is. I was at first a little at a Loss to account for the Art you made use of on this Occasion; but when I considered the Complement at the latter End, I saw plainly you were apprehensive that it did not become an *Englishman* to bestow such high Praises on Cardinal *Fleury*. Yet consider a little, what you say of him is strictly true, no Man either does, or can doubt it. He certainly is the first Minister ever attempted to govern without Art, and to direct the Affairs of a Kingdom with the same Candour that distinguished the Merchants in the last Age, and with the same Success. On second Consideration however, I discover a new Beauty in this very attempt to conceal

ceal your Poems being an original. It is an Example grounded on the Maxim deliver'd in your Fable, and by this innocent Deceit, you have shown us that *Truth* may sometimes follow the Advice given her by *Prudence*. The original of the other Poem I have seen, and I remember sent it a Gentleman on the Publication of an Epitaph on a *Greyhound*, written as I have heard by the Author of the *Engliſh Perſian Letters*, which Epitaph is conceiv'd in Terms extreamly natural and elegant.

What you ſay in that Epiſtle of yours, as to allegoric Poetry, ſuits perfectly with my Sentiments on that Subject, Some Objections have been made, and I think with Reason to *Spencer's Fairy Queen*; but Mother *Hubberd's Tail* is judiciously writter, ſo that I think it hard to ſay whether the flow of Fancy viſible therein, or the Beauty of its Moral ought moſt to be admir'd. You are likewiſe right, (as indeed you generally are) in aſſerting that our ancient Poets delighted much in this Manner of Teaching. The Phyſician I mentioned juſt now, hath by him a Collection in Manuſcript, and in Print of ſeveral ſcarce Pieces in this Taſte, When you come over to our Houſe I will procure you a Sight of them. But after all, I doubt whether the oriental Poets do not excel in this Way, which I attribute to their having us'd it more. To ſhow you how much I am pleas'd with this Kind of Commerce, I ſend you a little Poem communicated to me by an ingenious Man who is a great admirer of theſe Poets, and well vers'd in their Performances, and let me remark to you what pleaſes me in this Poem, is, its quickneſs, which you will forgive me if I ſay I do not obſerve in many of *La Motte's*

Ly-

Lyrick Odes. They are pretty, they are pleasant, they are polite, but generally speaking, they want Salt. In this respect, I prefer *Gay's*, which are wonderfully well season'd, though from their relish, I suspect his Friend *Pope*, had some Share in serving them up. That great Man is not Content with being himself the best of Poets, but would also take the Pains to make all his Friends good ones, and yet this Ornament of Verse and Mankind, has had false Friends, as well as implacable Enemies, meerly from the Transcendency of his Genius.

Ever since I receiv'd your first Letter in relation to my Scheme, I have been doing what lay in my Power to collect proper Materials for my Share therein. With this View I have taken some Pains in gathering all the Translations from the *Latin* Poets that I could meet with, both old and new, and so great is the Pleasure I take in comparing these, that I am sometimes alone in my Study two or three Hours, when I think I have not been there a Quarter, and it is certainly a Sign that a Man is employed to his liking, when Time runs away unperceived. Amongst these Translations I have met with one made from *Virgil*, by *Gawin Douglass*, Bishop of *Dunkell*. What you say in your Letter to *Phaon*, of the *Ever-green*, put me upon reading, though I confess to you with some Difficulty, this Translation ; but it is scarce possible for me to express my Surprise, when after a short Acquaintance with this Author, I discovered that he was by far the ablest Translator ever attempted the Works of this Prince of the *Latin* Poets. His Translation in my Judgment, has all the Advantages a Translation can have ; it is close, concise, and comparable

rable in its Beauties, to the Original itself: In
 short I know nothing equal to it, unless it be
Chapman's Homer, which, take it altogether, is a
 wonderful Book, but then its Excellency lies in
 the Author's Genius, and not in the Justness of
 the Translation; whereas the Bishop of *Dunkell*,
 shows himself to have been a Great Man, by
 showing him a Great, that is an exact Translator.
 To this Care of collecting *English* Translations, I
 have added another Labour, that of methodizing
 the large Collection I have of modern Poets, in
 the learned Languages, that if it be really in my
 Power, I may give you and your Friends the
 Satisfaction you seem to desire on this Head.
 While I am writing, I call to Mind some little
 Pieces that I transcrib'd from a Manuscript at
Paris, I copy and enclose them for your Use, and
 in order to make you some amends for so dry a
 Letter, when you have leisure enough to think of
 writing me an Answer, or rather are in a Hu-
 mour good enough to believe that such an indi-
 gested Epistle deserves one, be pleased to add
 some Specimens of your Affection for the *Muses*,
 which you may be sure will be very acceptable to
 me in this Retirement. The Servant who de-
 livers this, has Orders to go into *Cambridgeshire*,
 where amongst other Commissions, he will execute
 one at the House of our Friend *Theodorus*. He
 will call upon you in his Way back for your Com-
 mands, and if the Answer I talked of be ready, it
 will extreamly oblige,

Your sincere Friend,

And faithful humble Servant,

C E L A D O N.

The

THE
FALCON, and the Farmer's HEN,

AN INDIAN TALE.

THRO' Pride of Heart, or private Grudge,
*We oft amiss of Others judge ;
 Not always stands another's Case,
 As ours would standing in his Place,
 He therefore who would see Things right,
 Must view them well in every Light.
 As PILPAY sage, thro' INDIA famed,
 And even by us, with Rev'rence named,
 Taught in this Story fit for Youth,
 A Tale in form, — in fact a Truth.*

*A FALCON, by a Farmer kept,
 As one Day thro' his Yard he stept,
 At a poor HEN began to scowl,
 And call'd her an ingrateful Fowl.
 Ingrateful said the HEN, — and why,
 What Act of that base kind do I?
 Many, the FALCON quick replied,
 Nor pass they PARTLET unespied.
 Much sure you unto Mankind owe,
 Who all that you can ask bestow,
 Whate'er you eat, 'tis they provide,
 And for your Ease at Night beside,
 A Roost they give in which you sleep,
 And Locks and Bolts in safety keep,
 Against the Kite, fell Bird of Prey,
 Or Fox that prouls at Break o' Day.
 Yet if they offer but their Hands,
 You fly averse to their Commands,*

For-

*Forget these Benefits and run,
 Into back Lanes, your Friends to shut.
 Not so, altho' by Nature wild,
 Do I behave, — but ever mild,
 Obedient to their Arms I press,
 Receive with Pride each kind Caress,
 Feed from their Hands, nor fear if they,
 Or stroke my Tail, or with me play.
 True, cry'd the HEN, — but know you why,
 Though you are safe, I ought to fly.
 No FALCON Friend you've seen as yet,
 Sit neatly truss'd upon a Spit ;
 But boil'd or broil'd as each likes best,
 The white legg'd PULLET's daily drest.
 Call you ingrateful my Retreat,
 From those who feed me but to eat.*

PODAGER MEROBIBUS.

TEntatum podagrâ senem Vacerram,
 Nec vini tamen abstinentiorem,
 Vifens Archigenes : Amice, dixit
 Cado parcere, si sapias, memento ;
 Fons est ille tuæ unicus podagræ.
 Audivit placidè senex monentem ;
 Et grates specie probantis, egit.
 Verum post aliquos dies reversus
 Ad ægrum medicus, scyphos ut illum,
 Vertentem reperit meraciores,
 Eho quid facis inquit. At Vaccerra :
 Fontem sicco meæ, ut vides, podagræ.

A new

A new Regimen in the Gout, from the foregoing
Latin Poem, by Mr. DE LA MONNOYE.

OLD SLYBOOTS *by the Gout attack'd,*
Yet in his Drinking never slack'd,
 Cries, Dr. PULSE, my-Friend beware,
 Take my Advice, the Hogshead spare,
That's your Gout's Source, and that alone.
 Old SLYBOOTS *to the Bottle prone,*
Heard with a Smile, where lay the Blame.
After some Days the Doctor came,
And seeing Bowls which Dregs besmear,
Heyday cried he ! what Doings here ?
Doings ! quoth SLYBOOTS, — thus I drain,
That, which you call'd the Source of Pain.



LETTER VIII.

LEANDER to PHAON.

I AM glad of this Opportunity of entreating
 you to make my Excuses to *Celadon*, for my
 not sending him another Letter this Month. We
 have had a melancholly Accident here which has
 thrown our little Family into the utmost Confu-
 sion. You know the State in which my Brother-
 in-law was, and in which he has continued for
 several Years. The last Time *Theodorus* was at
 my Fathers, the good Woman his Wife was
 prevailed upon to carry her Son to *Cambridge*, to
 a famous Quack, who on seeing the Lad, and con-
 sidering the Account given of him, boldly under-
 took

took his Cure. He directed that he should be first purged, then vomited, and after three Days respite, take every Morning a Powder and a Draught. These accordingly the Boy us'd for about a Fortnight, not without some Appearance of Amendment. For whereas he was Subject to a Thickness of hearing, especially in cloudy Weather: He now became perfectly free from that Malady, and spoke more rationally in consequence of his hearing freely. But two Days after my last coming hither, he grew worse than before, and at last sunk into a kind of Lethargy, out of which whenever he is reliev'd by the Application of Medicines, he falls into Convulsions. It is impossible for me to tell you, how much his Misfortune affects us all. His Father remains the greatest Part of the Day in his Study, as I apprehend at Prayers. His Wife never stirs from her Son's Bedside, and I am more there than any where else. When he is free from Convulsions, which is seldom above an Hour at a Time, he has certainly more Sense than hitherto, but as he grows weaker and weaker every Day, the Doctors imagine he will not last long. In such a Situation, it cannot be suppos'd that I can apply my Thoughts to the Subjects I have lately been upon, and which is still worse, I find myself incapable of recollecting myself sufficiently, even to excuse this Delay to my Friend. This is the Reason why I would employ your Pen, having return'd nothing more than a verbal Compliment, by his Servant, who brought me a Catalogue of near two hundred Books, which were it seems duplicates in *Celadon's* Library, and which he has been so kind as to send to my House. This Gentleman sure intends to over-whelm me with Benefits, before I have

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Time to contemplate one Act of his Bounty; he amazes me by another. My Gratitude is all that I can pay, and my not continuing my Letters, may give a just ground of Suspicion that I should prove defective even in that. It is this, dear Friend, that I rely on you to remove, and I pawn all my Credit with you, that as soon as this Misfortune is some Way over, I will readily return to my Labours.

Before his Son fell ill, my Father had set about his Share of our Task, and on perusing what he has written, I am become in a Manner ashamed of my own, and more especially ashamed of being unacquainted with some Writers on whom he has bestowed the Commendations they deserved, particularly the Reverend Mr. *Norris*, of *Bemerton*, whose Writings I never met with till now. His Sentiments I confess are strong and his Language out of the common Road; but for all that, there is a great deal of Sweetness and Softness in his Poetry. In our present melancholy Situation, he is almost my sole Author. Indeed I do now and then dip into the Works of the Archbishop of *Cambray*, and a little Volume of Mr. *Pascal*, but I own without being much Instructed, because I want the Attention Necessary, thoroughly to understand those deep Authors. I have likewise renewed my Acquaintance with *Boetius*, with whom though I am mighty well pleased, yet I cannot help thinking, that another Work in the same Way would please the World, better than an entire new Translation of this, which however considering the Errors of the last, a Man at his leisure might be encouraged to attempt. I am inclin'd to this Opinion from a Propensity I find in myself to write somewhat like

it. When I wake in the Night, I am hindred by a Croud of Ideas from falling asleep again, I accustom myself to lay hold of some Thought or other, and pursue it as far as I can, which sort of Exercise has generally the desired Effect, for it so wearies my Understanding, that at length I fall fast asleep, and usually wake no more till Morning. I have formerly try'd rising and reading with less Success. I was always a little restless, and I believe so are most People, who read much and are very sober. I remember I once said so to my Father-in-law, who gave me the following Reason, which I lik'd, and which I fancy will not appear very absurd to you. He observ'd, that the animal Spirits, or at least a peculiar Sort of them, are employed by the Soul in the Act of thinking, which sort he supposes to be most copiously furnished, when a Man uses a temperate or sparing Diet, whereas full eating furnishes another Kind of Spirits fit for corporal Exercise or Labour. By the same Method he accounts for that known Truth, that thinking People Dream most, for these finer Spirits being seperated in the Sleep, seem to solicit Employment from the Soul, and if you do not retain a perfect Remembrance of the Errands on which they were sent, it is because the Organs are then indispos'd, and less fit to receive Impressions, than when we are awake. I cannot tell whether I express myself clearly or not, but I am very sensible, that when I heard the old Gentleman on this Subject, what he deliver'd seem'd both plain and satisfactory. I should be glad to know how far you think what I have related to you may be thought so.

My Mother interrupted me just now to tell me that her Son's Convulsions left him last Night, but that

that the lower Part of his right Side is quite dead, whence she and the Nurse conceiv'd, that he would not last beyond this Day. But the Doctor coming in, declar'd himself of quite a contrary Opinion, he says that the Palsy will probably save his Life, or to speak with greater Propriety, protract his Death some Years. This appears the more probable, because he has eat a hearty Breakfast, speaks more sensible than ever, and looks much better in the Face. Oh! *Phaon*, how wonderfully are we made? Diseases frequently endanger Life, and yet in some Cases they preserve it! Hitherto this Boy has had Health without Senses, henceforward he is like to have Sense without Health. But who knows that? This Palsy came in a Night. Ought we thence to infer that it must stay for ever? I see no Cause for this. *Theodorus* is more chearful than he has been hitherto in his Son's Illness. He pray'd by him just now with a fervour which though I shall always remember, I shall never be able to describe. When he perceiv'd the Lad attentive, Tears of Joy stood in his Eyes, and when he heard him speak rationally, he was scarce able to contain himself.

— But why do I trouble you with these Things? or rather why do I make this Apology, I am speaking of what relates to human Nature, and he who is a Man must be some way affected with what I say. You are too sensible not to know this, you have too much good Nature not to feel it. Instead therefore of excusing the incorrectness of this Letter, I appeal to it as a sufficient Motive to incline you to make an Apology for me to *Celadon*. I suppose it cannot now be long before we shall be certain whether his Mother's or his Doctor's Conjecture will be verifys'd by my

Brother's Fate. You may therefore venture to promise for me, that I will not be slow in resuming my poetical Dissertations, providing always they are thought worth resuming, and that my Friends are not already tired with the Fruits of my antiquated reading. Adieu! commend me to all my Acquaintance, pay my Compliments particularly to *Eliza*, and do me the Justice to believe that no Fortune, no Accident, whether good or bad, will ever alter the sincerity with which I am,

Your true Friend,

And devoted humble Servant,

L E A N D E R.



L E T T E R VI.

PHAON to CELADON.

TH^{O'} the inclosed might in some Measure pass for a sufficient Apology, yet I will begin this Letter with asking your Pardon for detaining your Servant. He brought me *Leander's* Epistle in the Afternoon, and though I had nothing to do but to transcribe the remaining Part of this, yet I found myself too Melancholly, or too much out of Order, to set about it. You see my Friend, that all human Schemes are liable to Miscarriages. But after all, there has been a good

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good deal done this Summer, and I think you can have no great Reason to complain. Therefore I think we adjourn the Prosecution of this Design, till such Time as you next visit the Country, if it will not be amiss. We shall all of us then have the more Time to consider and digest our Materials, for I think *Leander's* Specimens are mighty plain Proofs, that the History of Poetry is a Thing not to be written in a Hurry. He came in a Manner prepar'd to the Task, and yet what he wrote cost him a great deal of Pains; for my part, I am glad of this Opportunity of proposing so seasonable a Measure, and I make no Manner of doubt you will come into it. The Point with us is not so much the immediate, as the happy Execution of your Plan, and therefore let us not hurry, lest we should spoil it.

There are certain Circumstances in *Leander's* Letter, which are very affecting. I admire in this young Man, a Philosophic join'd with a tender Disposition. Books harden some Men to such a Degree, that they mistake Inhumanity for steadiness of Mind, and fancy that want of Compassion is the Effect of greatness of Soul. *Leander* is of quite another turn of Mind, he has made a right use of Reading, and has improv'd his Head without hardning his Heart. A Pedant instead of being touch'd with this Accident that has hapened to his Father-in-law would have treated even the Concern of his Parents, with Contempt, and have try'd (which is but too commonly done) to have shaken the Credit of Virtues, he wanted the Generosity to imitate. But our Friend writes in another Stile, and in following the Dictates of his Heart, displays at once a great deal of good Sense, and not less of good Nature

ture. He thought justly of me when he suppos'd that Strain of Writing would not lessen him in my Opinion. So far from it, that though I had before a great Kindness for him, yet my Esteem has risen considerably since, and I shall always look on *Leander*, for the future, not only as One from whom much may be expected, but on whom his Friends may safely rely.

In order to return a distinct Answer to each of your Demands, I shall take them in the Course in which you have placed them in your Epistle. I knew the *Saxon Grammar* was written by a Lady, and I read a very instructive Preface before it when I was with *Leander* in *Cambridgeshire*; but farther than this I can say nothing. Our Friend *Leander* will be the proper Man to give you the History of this learned Gentlewoman, or if you are very impatient, no doubt you may be inform'd by your Lady's Physician. I concur with you exactly as to the *Danish Poetry*, I like the Spirit of both the Odes, but I do not think them any way comparable to that excellent *Saxon Poem* he gave us on the City of *Durham*, or the *British Poem* on the Fight at *Badon-Hill*; but that is none of his Fault, he puts it in our Power to judge of the Difference between them, tho' he does not make it; but notwithstanding all this, I should methinks be glad to see even a Collection of these *Danish Poems*, they would serve to illustrate our History, and the History of this Science. I approve likewise of your Additions to his Remarks on this Head, and I beg Leave to join to them one of mine, Time and Reading instead of prejudicing, exalt the Reverence we owe to *Shakespear*, one of the greatest Poets this Island ever produc'd; his *Hamlet* hath been commend-

ed by almost every Writer who has considered it, except Mr. *Rymer*, who seems to have had none but a Critics Passions, Anger and Envy; his *Hamlet* I say, appears to me in a new Light since my reading *Leander's* Letter; because the Spirit which appears in that excellent Tragedy is evidently a *Danish* Spirit, that is, such a one as it ought to be; for to represent all Nations with like Manners is a Fault, too common even with some of the greatest Poets, especially some of the *French* Writers of Tragedy, who if their Actors did not wear long Robes and Turbans, the Heroes would be taken for meer *Parisians*, tho' the Scene be laid in *Persia* or in *Turkey*. *Dryden* himself, tho' a great Critic as well as a Poet of the first Rate, fell frequently into this Error. His *Moors* in the Tragedy of *Don Sebastian* talk sometimes like *Heathens*, sometimes like *Christians*, but hardly ever as they should do. It is a just Maxim, that a good Poet ought to be a general Scholar, and tho' forty Years ago, it was a common Opinion, that *Shakespear* was no Scholar at all, but sung like a Nightingale by instinct, yet I find those who have read him more, and understood him better, agree, that he was a very great Scholar, or which is to me the same Thing, had a very extensive Knowledge both in History and in the Arts. I own to you, that this Discovery pleased me exceedingly, I have a high Veneration for this Poet, and so I think must every Man who reads him with true Taste, and a competent Fund of Learning.

I could not help smiling at what you were pleased to say of the little Fable I sent *Leander*, you certainly have guessed very near the Truth, which is this, the Ground of the Fable is originally

nally *French*, but I have taken the Liberty to express it as I thought fit in *English*, and have added the Complement to Cardinal *Fleury* from Conviction of Heart. I will not tell you, because you must know it already, that he is the first Politician in *Europe*; but this I will venture to say, that there does not breath in it a more candid Man, I will give you an Instance of this; a little after the King of *Spain* resigned his Crown to his Son *Don Lewis*, a certain *Abbe*, who pretended to have a great Interest at that Court, was sent thither on a particular Affair. While he was at *Madrid* he fancy'd some ill Offices were done him at his own Court, upon which he wrote the Cardinal a very warm Letter, who in Answer thereto assured him, that the King had never once heard of any of the Things he mention'd, adding at the Close, do you your Duty, and you may be sure of a Reward, mind the King's Business, and think of me just what you please. This *Abbe* retir'd into *Holland*, and in high Discontent publish'd an Account of his own and the Cardinal's Conduct, which did that Minister the greatest Honour, by showing him a Person incapable of Dissimulation, or of Envy, one wholly concern'd for his Master's Service, and for his Nations Glory. The other Translation is pretty exact, and therefore I shall say no more of it.

I have been lately putting my Books in order, which affords me a Capacity of yielding you Obedience in two Respects: First, by sending you some Translations not very common, which came into my Hands by purchasing a deceased Clergyman's Books in my Neighbourhood; and next, by transmitting two or three little Things, which perhaps would not offend you if they were a
Strangers,

Strangers, and consequently may please you coming from me. I have nothing to add, but that I am suddenly become a great Reader of *English* History, for Reasons which I will endeavour to give you in another Letter, as desiring to enjoy no Pleasure in which I would not afford you a Part. *Florimond* I hear is very busy, writing and tending his Bees, they thrive wonderfully, and the Gentleman who laugh'd so heartily at his Project when he first set it on foot, may run the hazard of being laugh'd at in his Turn, for with the World you know, Success is the surest Proof of Wisdom. All here salute all with you, as doth with great Sincerity,

Your Friend and Servant,

P H A O N.

From the *Italian*, by a L A D Y.

W H E N Men against the Laws of Sense offend,
 We say to Error human Judgments tend.
 Thus as a Man to Men th' Excuse is good,
 Why then for Women urg'd is it withstood?
 If Gallantry is scarce in Man a Sin,
 Why for a Woman's Slip such mighty Din?
 Own then as Men you are to Justice blind,
 Or own us Women, of superior kind.
 Angels alike in Person, and in Soul,
 And arm'd with Power our Passions to controul.

S T A N.

STANZA's addressed to his Son.

By MAYNARD.

HOW Gay so'er some Bards appear,
Yet wretched is a Poet's State;
The Love of Rhyme my Son forbear,
Nor your ag'd Father's Woes forget.

In Time be wise,---The Bar frequent,
Study to raise thereat a Name,
No Lawyer, if he's eloquent,
But gains a Fortune with his Fame.

The Law then eagerly embrace,
Assert thou injur'd Innocence,
So shalt thou have both Pay and Praise,
In Credit live, and Opulence.

But ah! thou wilt not happy be,
Regardless of thy Father's Call,
The Palace has thy Heart I see,
And thy Aversion is the Hall.

Alas! thy Vanity I mourn,
Who all thy Learning, all thy Parts,
To serve a Court desires to turn,
A Stranger to its servile Arts.

Those Palaces which you admire,
However bright, however brave,
An Air of Insolence respire,
Alone agreeing with a Slave.

*In these the Great, who look so high
Sleep restless still, and insecure,
And such as them for Places ply,
Endless Expectancies endure.*

*In these, Men oft are paid with Air,
In these, the Wise out-witted be,
Their insides foul, their outsides fair,
More Masks, then Faces there we see.*

*My Son, too often Royal Thoughts,
But little have of Royalty ;
Virtues more frequently than Faults,
Are Objects of their Cruelty.*

*Happy the Man who lives obscure,
Who nothing sees with Fear or Wonder,
Safe in his Cottage pleas'd and poor,
Below the Reach of Princes Thunder.*

*Young Man in so unsafe a Way,
You may experienc'd Council permit
A Courtier till my Hairs were gray,
And now by Reason rul'd---a Hermit.*

An ODE in Imitation of the Spanish Poet LOPEZ
DE VEGA.

I.

IF any ask my Muses Name
I with Devotion due proclaim;
'Tis Peace of Mind---from Trouble free,
I sing as Birds from Tree to Tree,
As sweetly and as merrily.

II. Hence

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II.

*Hence, hence, Ambition I aspire,
To rise on this Side Heaven no higher,
Hence e'ry sordid Thought of Gain,
Unpinch'd by Want while I remain,
All griping Cares I can disdain.* }

III.

*This Ashen Crook, this humble Cell,
So long as Peace shall with me dwell,
Are all the Ensigns of Command,
And Treasures too that I demand,
To crowd my Stores, or grace my Hand.* }

IV.

*O Peace! which Misers never find,
Which Fraud or Power can never bind,
Which Victors midst their Triumphs want,
For which in vain even Monarchs pant,
Which nought but Innocence can grant.* }

V.

*Be thou my Patron, thou my Muse,
My Theme the only Theme I choose,
Possess'd of thee well pleas'd I sing,
Thou dost the Wealth of Indies bring,
And mak'st me happier than a King.* }

TO FLAVIA.

A LADY greatly admiring the *Spanish* POETRY.

In the Manner of ALONZO DE ERCILLA.

I.

WHEN I would thy Beauties paint,
All the Powers of Verse are faint ;
 Tho' a hapless, hopeless Lover,
All thy Charms I can discover.
Charms peculiar unto thee,
Charms which 'tis unsafe to see ;
Charms which might a Hermit bribe,
Charms no Language can describe.
Where Words no fit Ideas raise,
Silence best expresses Praise.

II.

But when I explore thy Mind,
A new World of Charms I find,
Every Virtue, every Grace,
There possess their proper Place ;
When of these I think a while,
Raptures soon my Soul beguile.
Alas ! too strong, too clear a Light,
Suits not either Sense or Sight ;
All we can do is to gaze,
Sweetly lost in fond Amaze.

III.

Fairest FLAVIA, fav'rite Maid,
 Let these artless Lays persuade,

Not

Not that I am skill'd in Verse;
 Or thy Conquests can rehearse,
 But what I did long conceal,
 That thy Beauty's Force I feel;
 And in mournful Numbers sigh,
 For those Charms by which I die.
 Let them tell! — what would you more,
 That I expire, and yet adore.

THE PERPLEXING OPERA :

Or, The LAUREAT Posed.

From the French, of Mr. QUINAULT.

'TIS not the Play I'm making for the King,
 Which forces me to scratch and swear,
 No, for our Monarch when I sing,
 The obedient Muse is always near.
 Alas! my Plagues are in my House,
 Five Daughters fair and scarce a Souse,
 The very youngest wants a Spouse.
 'Tis true, for them I should provide the Pence,
 But seldom are Apollo's Sons well stor'd,
 Five Sons-in-law, — O Heavens! — what an
 Expence.

How ill can Wits such Things afford?
 Five Portions to be paid away,
 The Time — dramatick — in a Day,
 Shield me ye Gods from such a Play!

SELECT



SELECT
EPISTLES,
OR THE
Rational AMUSEMENT.

BOOK V.

LETTER I.

FLORIMOND *to* PHAON.



Chain of unthought Accidents having interrupted our poetical Correspondence, I look upon it as an Act of Wisdom to lay that Design aside for a Season, till Time and the Course of Things shall remove, as they have brought these Obstacles. *Leander's* Brother-in-law I find continues still in an uncertain Way, and he in Decency cannot leave his Father and Mother, while they remain in so unhappy a Situation. Lady *Sophia's* Indisposition, which considering the State she was in before, cannot but be attended with

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with

with Danger, renders it doubtful whether *Celadon* will have either Leisure or Liking to that sort of Correspondence, which we have hitherto carried on. These my Friend are unforeseen, inevitable Strokes of Fortune to which we must submit, and of which therefore we ought not to complain; but while Heaven continues to us Health and Tranquility, let us gratefully employ these Blessings in improving our Minds. This I take to be the rational Sacrifice of Beings like us, and that which will never cease to be well pleasing to the Author of our Faculties, and of our Existence, according to the *Arabian* Proverb, That no Incense hath so fragrant an Odour as that which rises from good Works.

Such an Introduction as this to a Man of your Temper, might have been easily spared; because I am thoroughly persuaded, that merely out of Respect to a Friend, you would have undertaken what I am going to propose to you; tho' it had not been as I persuade myself it will be much in your own Taste, and what you will execute with Pleasure; nay, on reading your last Letter to *Celadon* over again, I am inclined to fancy, that if I had waited a little longer, you would have offered something of the same kind to me, which I am now going to present to you. But be that as it will, when you have read and considered what I shall lay before you, you will act as you think proper; that is to say, you will tell me whether your Leisure will permit such an Intercourse as I desire, or whether Business or some better Plan of Amusement inclines you to think it inconvenient, in which Case I shall come over to any alternative you may judge expedient, for

I know that you like Idleness as little, if not less than I do.

In the Beginning of this Summer, a Gentleman who came to visit *Leander*, and who had been his School-fellow, enter'd into a Discourse with me on the Merit of Historians, in which he was pleas'd to maintain what I then thought a Paradox, viz. That our ancient Historians were preferable to the Moderns; this put me upon examining into the true State of the Controversy, in consequence of which I am gone clearly over to his Opinion; nor can I help believing, that if the best of our old Writers were translated carefully into *English*, the Matter would for the future admit of any Dispute. For certainly that is the best Method of writing History, which renders History most useful. We ought not to read Books merely for Amusement, or purely to cram our Memories, the first is childish, and the latter Pedantick. We read to supply our want of Experience, and as the wisest Men have agreed, that of all kinds of Reading, that of History answers the End best, it follows, that the better the Histories are we read, the sooner and more effectually our Work will be done.

But I would be glad to know, how these Ends of Instruction are answered by the Modern manner of Writing. What signifies it to me when a Battle was fought, or when such a Parliament sat, if I know nothing more of the Matter; or what Improvements can I make from the Histories of *Europe* lately written, from those authentick Memoirs the *Gazettes*? If we consider the Merit of *Livy*, *Sallust*, *Tacitus*, or any other Historian in universal Esteem, we shall find that this Merit consists in making History instructive,

not in a bare jejune Relation of Facts. I do not however deny, that Annals and such like Relations carefully drawn up, may not have their Uses, for I know they have many, and those very important; all I say is, they do not answer the great End of History, by conveying Experience; this is the Reason why Men of Parts addict themselves still to the *Greek* and *Roman* Histories, and neglect *English*, which they will always do till we have some Authors who set about the rectifying this Error, and introducing a proper Method and Style in History.

Now tho' I am far from imagining that it is in my Power to do much in this Way, yet I could not help desiring to make some Experiment as to our ancient History, how far it might be improv'd by rendering it more useful and more pleasant to the Reader, and not suffering ourselves to be led Captive, either by the Credit or the Arguments of certain spruce Critics, who are for burying in Oblivion the Deeds of their Ancestors. It is amazing to me that so great a Man as Sir *William Temple*, and one who knew so well how to afford History its most taking Ornaments, came to entertain so strange a Notion as that, there was little worth enquiring after earlier than the *Norman* Conquest; but I persuade myself that it was from the Consideration of our *English* Writers that he ventured to advance this; for had he taken Pains to have made himself thoroughly Master of our ancient History, he would surely have thought quite otherwise; because I know of no Charms in either the *Greek* or *Roman* Authors, which might not appear in a just and genuine Detail of the Actions of our Ancestors. But if with a View to dwell longer on late Affairs we huddle up, as most
of

of our general Historians have done, whatever passed before a certain Period of Time, there is no doubt to be made, but that we may pretend Obscurity by way of Excuse, and run the hazard of preventing Posterity from ever rectifying so gross an Error.

The digesting Events into an easy and natural Order, cloathing them in a proper Style, and enlivening them with necessary Descriptions, and well timed Observations, is so far from prejudicing Truth, that in Reality it both clears and recommends it. How many People who would otherwise never have known any Thing of the Matter, owe a competent Understanding of that curious Part of the *Roman* History to *Vertot's* Revolutions? What Multitudes were charm'd with *Voltaire's* History of *Charles XII. of Sweden*, and I could still name a later Instance, the Memoirs of a certain *Spanish* Prime Minister; yet in all these it is the Method which pleases, at least as much as the Matter. Curiosity is inseparable from human Nature, and there is nothing that delights Men so much as penetrating into the Secrets of Princes, and the private Affairs of great Men; neither is this Curiosity altogether so criminal as some may imagine, for if we read for Instruction, these are the Parts of History in which we must find it: There are few of us have any Prospect of becoming Statesmen or Generals, and yet our private Affairs differ little from those of Men with high Titles, consequently, a Knowledge of their Management in these Things, may prove useful as well as entertaining, I mention this only as an Instance in one Point, I might go on to insist on many others, but I hasten to a Close.

It is impossible in a Course of Reading, but that different Men should be struck by different Objects, one admiring what another passes by; and others remarking what escaped the first. If therefore amongst Men of Parts and Learning, some would addict themselves to new modelling such Parts of our History as affect them most; we might hope to see many Productions little inferior to *Sallust* or *Plutarch*, or at least as good as *Vertot's* or *Voltaire's*. I know that for some Months you have turn'd your Thoughts in a manner this Way, at least you have read *English* History assiduously. Let us see the Fruits of it; let us know who is your Heroe; let us hear why he is so; and let us be instructed from your Observations, how to value the Worth of our Ancestors, and to express our Value of them, both by our Esteem and Imitation.

That I may provoke you to a Compliance with my Request, I have ventur'd to send you a Specimen of my own Labours; trivial indeed, if you consider the Manner in which I have executed my Design, but not altogether unworthy of Notice I hope, if you contemplate the Intention of it. For if to form just Notions of Government, Liberty, and true Glory; if to vindicate the Reputation of an illustrious Person too little, and too obscurely known to Posterity; if to excite Mankind to the Practice of Constancy, Fortitude, and a Contempt of sensual Pleasures, be Recommendations to any kind of Writing, then the following Fragment will not be altogether despicable; such as it is I submit it to your Censure, and only desire that as Occasion serves, you will give me your Thoughts of it freely, and if you approve of my Project, a Specimen in the same Way.

I will not swell this Pacquet with an unnecessary Train of Compliments, all who have any Connection with you, merit my Concern, and the excellent *Eliza*, all the Regards the best of Women and of Wives can deserve, to which, what can I add more, but that I am with Zeal and Affection,

Your Friend and Servant,

FLORIMOND.



The HISTORY of

B O A D I C E A,

A *British* QUEEN.

THERE cannot be a falser Step in Policy, than to treat a whole People with Contempt, or to repose such a Confidence in a military Strength, as shall quite extinguish all Respect to the general Reputation of the civil Government. This was the Case in *Britain*, under the Reign of *Nero*, for the Officers of that Prince courting his Favour by a likeness of Manners, a Deluge of Carelessness, Cruelty and Corruption overwhelmed the Provinces of the *Roman* Empire, insomuch, that the brave were driven upon Rebellion, and the base into Despair. The People of this Island, or rather this Part of the Island, were never subjected, though they were subdued by the *Romans*,

that is to say, they were treated as Friends and Allies, and not as Servants, much less Slaves. But when the *Roman* Government itself degenerated, it was no wonder, the legal Form of Rule in so distant a Province should suffer an extraordinary Change. It did so, and the Consequences were such as might naturally have been expected, a general Revolt, prodigious Slaughter, and an inconceivable Weakning both of the *British* Power, and of the Power of the *Romans* in *Britain*. In which Transactions there was however one very particular Circumstance, that the Leader in this sudden Revolution was a Woman.

Prasutagus, King of the *Iceni*, was a Prince very considerable in *Britain*, as well on Account of his personal Merit, as of the Situation of his Dominions, the Number of his Subjects, and their Wealth. They were the Inhabitants of *Sussex*, *Norfolk*, *Cambridgeshire*, the *Isle of Ely*, and County of *Huntington*, and by a long Peace, and intimate Correspondence with the *Romans*, were in far better Condition than any of the rest of the *Britons*, either within or without the *Roman* Province. This King when he came to die, being desirous to save both his Family, and his Subjects from any Alteration in their Circumstances, devised his Dominions jointly to the Emperor *Nero*, and his own two Daughters, leaving them under the Guardianship of their Mother, Queen *Boadicea*. His strain of Policy, though fair and fine, yet proved of little Force, for under Colour of performing the Will, the *Romans* immediately took Possession of his Dominions, his Treasure, and his very Palace. His Kinsmen, as they had justly provoked them to become their Enemies, so they treated them, as if they had shown themselves already

already such, for they imprisoned them, and seized their Estates. The Princesses his Daughters, they deflowered, and when the Queen their Mother, who was a Woman of great Spirit, expressed Part of her Resentment in Words suited to the Injury she had received, they forgetting all Respect due to her Age, her Sex, or her Dignity, whipped her with Rods. How wanton are Men in Power, and how forgetful of the Arm of Providence, and a provoked People !

This injured Queen of the *Iceni*, whose Name is very differently written by the *Roman*, *Greek*, and *British* Authors, for all have mentioned her with Honour, was descended of an antient and royal Line, some think from *Cassibelanus*, who opposed *Julius Caesar*, and on Account of her great Wisdom, had been intrusted with a large Share of the Government, by her Husband in his Life-time. In her Person, she was extremely graceful, a tall stately Woman, of a very fair Complexion, and her yellow Hair flowing behind her in long and large Curls to the very middle of her Back. Her Education had been excellent, such as gave the highest Polish to natural Abilities, uncommonly strong and lively. Her Temper equally fierce and resolute, her Carriage terrible towards her Enemies, most winning, most affectionate towards her Friends ; neither is this Character drawn from those who can any way be suspected of Flattery, but from the Memoirs of Men, opposite to her in Interest, and whom the Love of Truth compelled to do this Justice to her Virtues. Such was this Heroine, such the celebrated *Boadicea*, who had well nigh put an End to the *Roman* Empire in *Britain*, and missed but little of freeing her Countrymen from
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the Yoke of that People, who after subduing a great Part of the World, were now themselves subdued by their Vices.

So long as her Misfortunes seemed to admit of no Remedy, she bore them with Impatience, as disdainingly to conceal the just Sense she had of her ill Usage. But when by due Consideration of the State of the *Romans*, and the Temper of the *Britons*, she grew persuaded that Redress was practicable; Dissimulation became a Dress fit for her to wear; nor did she hesitate at any Conduct that might render her useful to her Country. O! that Men would always think like this Woman, and believe that there is nothing just or unjust, beautiful or ugly, but as it stands in relation to the common welfare of Society; no Guards could then preserve a Tyrant, or secure a successful Monster from the Hand of a true Patriot. The first whom *Boadicea* lifted, as to the possibility of expelling the *Romans*, were certain Chiefs of her own Nation, who readily entertained the Motion, and promised to promote it to the utmost of their Power. These Men kept their Words, they diffminated their Resentments through all their Dependants, and by Degrees a seditious Spirit began to spread amongst the *Trinobanti*, who were more immediately subject to the *Romans*, and who consequently wanted not just Causes of Complaint. But before we proceed to speak of the Consequences of these Intrigues, it will be proper to take Notice of the Situation of the *Roman* Affairs in this Island at the same Time they were carried on.

The Governor of the Province was *Suetonius Paulinus*, a Man of great Abilities, and of equal Reputation, a good Statesman, but an excellent Soldier,

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Soldier, severe in his Manners, and extremely desirous of maintaining the Glory, and extending the Empire of *Rome*. *Cato Decianus*, was Procurator or Receiver General of the Emperor *Nero's* Revenues, whose Character may be well drawn in a few Words ; he was a fit Minister for such a Monarch. Two Years had *Suetonius Paulinus* Govern'd with great Reputation, that is, in such Matters as were in his Power ; but as he was too much a Man of Honour to be in favour with his Master, so to rid himself of Disputes with the Procurator, and at the same Time to do something worthy of the *Roman* Name, he projected the Conquest of *Mona*, the Name then given to the Island we call *Anglesey*. In this Expedition he employed about ten Thousand Men, the standing Force kept up by the *Romans* here, being about forty Thousand. The remaining thirty were disposed of in Guards and Garrisons, in such a Manner as was held most convenient for maintaining the public Tranquility. *Decianus* with a considerable Force, was in the Country of the *Iceni*, where he rioted in all the wantonness of Power ; insulting the Nobles, oppressing the Commons, and plundering all. As to the Rest of the *Roman* Officers, they were most of them tainted with the Vices of the Times, and considered their Commands, rather as Means of supporting Luxury, than as Posts which merited their Attention. The Contagion had even seized the Soldiers, for Vice quickly descends, so that though they were *Romans* in Name, yet their Manners were Asiatick. Thus by their own Indiscretion they were fitted for the Disasters they were to endure, and by affecting Ease too much, they sacrificed the Means
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of Safety. A Thing too common when Peace and Plenty have continued long.

When all Things were ripe for taking the Field, the *British* Queen directed a Review of her Forces, and if all the Historians who treat of this Affair, did not agree in it, one could scarce credit it that such a Number could be drawn together at the first rising, for the *Britons* took the Field with 120,000 Men. It is true, that the Causes of this War were as great as of any other that we read of, they fought truly *pro Aris, et Focis*, and therefore all the *British* Lords contributed their utmost, and the *Druids* also did as much as lay in their Power to promote the Design. Priests dis-obliged, are, and ever were dangerous Persons. In the present Case, their Craft was exceedingly in danger, the *Romans* beheld their Rites as impious, and had by Law forbid the Practice of them at Home. *Paulinus* was now engaged in the Destruction of their chief Seats in the Island of *Mona*, they were therefore engaged by all the Ties of Religion and Interest to urge on the People in this Cause, and it is unanimously agreed that they were not lukewarm in their Endeavours. The Rendezvous was in the Isle of *Ely*, and as soon as their Chiefs had brought them together, the Heroine, who was to be their Leader in this War, ascended the Tribunal of Turff, which according to the *Roman* Custom, had been erected on this Occasion. She was drest to the best Advantage, and in the *Amazonian* Mode, in her right Hand, she held a Lance, and in her Left, under her Robe, she privately kept a Hare. Her Stature, and her Looks corresponded exactly with her Dress, and her Design, insomuch that the *Britons*

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shouted before she spoke, conceiving her thus arrayed to resemble the Goddess of Victory, the Deity by them principally worshipped.

To these Transports of Joy, a respectful Silence succeeded, and then with a clear and shrill Voice, *Boadicea* harrangued her Countrymen. We have her Speech at large in the *Greek Historian Dio*, the Critics indeed suspect it to be of his own making, which with respect to the Form may be true; but as to the Sense, I am persuaded that is the Queen's, because I cannot apprehend the Historian could otherwise have touched on some Particulars. Her principal Aim in this Harangue was to convince the People, that the Design they were upon was practicable, and that Design she boldly declared to be no less than the total Destruction of the *Romans*. To encourage them in so dangerous an Undertaking, she briefly set before them the Mischiefs to which their Enemies lay exposed, and the Advantages which they themselves had; above all, she inveighed bitterly against *Nero*, as so feminine a Man, that even Women disdained his Rule. She thence fell upon the general Luxury of the *Romans*, and the Moderation and Hardiness of the *Britons*, concluding that they were *Wolves* and *Greyhounds*, alluding to their Fierceness and Fleetness, whereas the *Romans* were either *Foxes* or *Hares*; and as she pronounced this Word, she let the Hare slip from under her Robe, which flying through the midst of the People, they took it for a Signal Omen of Success, and by shouting again, testified their Approbation of their Queen's Speech and Purpose.

Immediately the usual Sacrifices were performed, for when were unhallowed Wars attended with

with Victory ? And then the Army set forward on their first Exploit, which was against the Colony at *Camalodunum*, now *Maldon* in *Essex*. This was one of the most flourishing of the *Roman* Settlements ; they had there erected a Temple to the Emperor *Claudius*, adorned the Place with a Variety of public Structures, as well as elegant private Buildings, delicious Gardens, shady Walks, pleasant Fountains, and stately bathing Places, enriched this rising City, one Thing only was wanting, and that was proper Fortifications. A fatal Want ! as the *Britons* who were settled in the Colony, instead of assisting the *Romans*, joined with their Enemies, and soon forced the Garrison to take shelter in the Temple of *Claudius*, where they hop'd they might be able to defend themselves till such Time as they were reliev'd ; but in this, they were miserably mistaken, their Enemies proving more vigilant, and their Friends more remiss than could well be imagin'd. The *Britons* thought of nothing but Slaughter and Destruction, giving no Quarter to any of the *Romans* who fell into their Hands. The Procurator, as great a Coward in Danger, as a Bully when out of it, deserted his Post, and retired into *Gaul*, having sent no other relief than two Hundred Men to *Camalodunum*, which was just giving up that slender Supply to Slaughter, the *Britons* setting the Temple on Fire, and putting to the Sword every Man they found therein. After this, they vented their Fury on the Buildings, on the Groves, Gardens, Baths, and whatever other Marks of *Roman* Magnificence came within their View.

But in the midst of their Rage, they still retain'd the Sense of their Danger, in case the ninth Legion, which lay not far off should be supported

ported by the neighbouring Garrisons, and then take the Field against them, it was therefore received as good News; when an Information came that *Petilius Cerealis*, who commanded that Legion, was advancing without waiting for any other Troops, in Hopes of relieving *Camalodunum*; they immediately march'd out in order to receive him, and falling unexpectedly on the Body of Troops he commanded, defeated them so totally, that the Tribune was glad to retire precipitately with a Party of Horse to his fortified Post, and leave the Foot which compos'd the Body of his Legion to the Mercy of the Enemy, who having surrounded them, cut them all to Pieces, not suffering so much as a single Man to escape. By this unlucky Blow the *Romans* lost at least two thousand of their best Infantry, and besides, it so far rais'd the Reputation of the *Britons*, that their Army grew every Day more and more powerful; in Consequence of which they executed still greater Severities on such of the *Romans* as fell into their Hands, and on all who remained faithful to them. Thus far the *British* Heroine carry'd all Things before her, and seem'd to bid fair for the Performance of her Promise, of freeing her Country from a foreign Yoke.

In the mean Time *Paulinus* the Roman Governor, had better Success in his Expedition, for after a long and painful March of two hundred Miles, he came to that narrow Channel which divides the Island of *Mona* or *Anglesey* from the Main. Having dispos'd his Army in the best manner he could devise, he attempted the Passage, which was however attended with extraordinary Difficulties; the *Britons* were drawn up in vast Numbers on the opposite Shore, and between
their

their Ranks were their *Druids*, bauling out Ex-
 crations against their Enemies, and Troops of
 Women running to and fro with Fire-brands in
 their Hands, and their Hair about their Ears.
 Such strange Sight's stupified the *Roman* Soldiers,
 till such Time as their Commander by a warm
 and eloquent Speech restor'd them to their Senses,
 and their Courage, by making them apprehend,
 how unworthy it was of the *Roman* Name, for
 them thus to stand at Gaze on a few Women and
 Wizards. The succeeding Engagement was sharp
 and bloody, but in the End the *Romans* were vi-
 ctorious, and the whole Island thoroughly con-
 quer'd. Here as little Mercy was shown the *Bri-
 tons* as they had shown elsewhere; and if there
 was any Distinction in Severity the *Druids* felt it;
 all of them who fell into the Hands of the *Ro-
 mans* died without Mercy, their sacred Groves
 wherein they perform'd the solemn Rites of their
 Religion were cut down and destroy'd, and all
 imaginable Pains was taken to secure the Possession
 of this new conquer'd Island; but before this
 could be fully compleated, *Paulinus* receiv'd the
 News of *Boadicea's* Revolt, and of the Slaughter
 of the Troops he had left behind him, which ob-
 liged him to turn his Thoughts another way, and
 immediately to make the necessary Dispositions
 for marching back into the Heart of the Island.

There could scarce be a more hardy or dange-
 rous Undertaking than this March, which the
Roman General projected; he had scarce ten thou-
 sand Men, and with these he was to pass through
 a Country full of Enemies, in order to join the
 Ruins of the *Roman* Power, with a View to re-
 store the present disorder'd State of their Affairs.
 In this March he experienc'd the Friendship and
 Fidelity

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Fidelity of *Cogedunus* a *British* King ; this Prince had receiv'd many Favours and a large Accession of Territory from the *Romans*, he in Gratitude remained fixed to their Interest, and notwithstanding the most pressing Instances were made to him by his Countrymen, and the Situation of the *Roman* Affairs suggested, such Hopes in case he had join'd *Boadicea* of obtaining absolute Freedom, yet he remained as true to their Interest when in this declining Condition, as when in Virtue of their irresistible Power ; they first subdued Principalities, and then assign'd him their Conquests. Through his Assistance *Paulinus* overcame all Difficulties, and after a very fatiguing March, arriv'd with all his Forces in the Neighbourhood of *London*, which struck the *Britons* with Astonishment, and reviv'd the drooping Hopes of the *Romans*. But as he drew nearer to the Danger, *Paulinus* discover'd it to be greater than he had at first imagined, all the Motions of the *British* Army confessing rather the Prudence of a consummate Commander, than the hasty Resentment of an un-experienc'd Woman ; for which Reason the *Roman* Officer thought it best to protract the War.

The *Britons* approaching, compelled *Paulinus* to come to a quick Resolution as to the keeping or quitting his Post ; without doubt he was very unwilling to leave a City so important to the *Romans*, and in a manner inhabited by them ; but on the other Hand, his Forces were far from being numerous, and there was very little Corn in the Place. Alike incapable of fighting or sustaining a Siege, he was constrained whether he would or no to quit the Place ; before he did this, he caus'd Proclamation to be made, that such of the *Londoners* as were willing to retire, should find

Safety in his Army, and that for the rest, he could not be answerable for their Safety. Numbers laid hold of this Occasion to withdraw, and many more escaped privately, by crossing the River, as for those who remained, they were totally destroy'd, for *Boadicea* and her Forces knew not what it was to think of Mercy. In all these Cruelties, the *Druids* are said to have had a great Share, but perhaps the Reports of Enemies ought not to be receiv'd as circumstantially true. Thus much however seems to be certain, that *Boadicea* compleatly ruin'd by Fire and Sword *Camalodunum*, *London* and *Verulam*, that is a *Roman Colony*, a *British City*, inhabited in a great measure by *Romans*, and a *Municipal Town*, which tho' its Citizens were *Britons*, yet were they Freemen in *Rome*; and in these three Places, this Queen and her Army slaughter'd not less than eighty thousand Persons, a prodigious Number, if we consider the narrowness of its Compass, and therefore we may be assured, that this Part of the Island at this Time was thoroughly peopled. But these desperate Excesses were not of worse Consequences to *Romans*, who suffered them, than to the *Britons* who acted them; Licentiousness is always fatal to such as practise it, and so it prov'd here, for having recited the ill Uses the *Britons* made of their Victories, we shall henceforward have no more Victories to speak of.

Paulinus in quitting *London* provided for the Safety of his own Army, and therein for the Hopes of the *Romans*, for had he been conquer'd, there is no Doubt the Island of *Britain* had been entirely lost. He bent his March, as the best Writers agree Westward, in order if it had been possible, to have joined the second Legion, who
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were station'd among the *Silures*, and whose nearest Quarters were in *Herifordshire*. This without doubt was a prudent Measure, and yet it failed him, for *Boadicea* with her Forces pursued him briskly, and *Posthumus*, who commanded the second Legion, refused to obey his General's Orders, who commanded him to advance. *Paulinus* therefore seeing a Battle was not to be avoided without Shame, thought only of chusing a Field where it might be fought with least Hazard, which at length he found; but where, none of our Historians expressly say, some are for *Salisbury-Plain*, but this does not agree with the Description which *Tacitus* gives us of this Battle, wherein his Hero *Agricola* was in Person. All therefore that we can say is, that this Field must have been open for at least five or six Miles at one End, and narrow at the other, with Woods on each Side; for this was the Situation which induced the *Roman* General to fight, because it secur'd him from the Danger of being surrounded, by covering his Flanks. As for *Boadicea*, she minded not this Advantage which the Enemy obtained, for being persuaded, that Victory would always attend her; she was only desirous of Fighting, without minding where, or upon what Terms. This Passion she had now an Opportunity of gratifying, for *Paulinus* making a sudden Stand, shew'd plainly enough that he had alter'd his Intentions, and that finding it scarce possible to retreat to the second Legion, he was determin'd to end the Quarrel here.

Most evident it is from the Speech of *Boadicea*, that she was charm'd with this Resolution in the Enemy, and thought herself now secure of carrying her darling Point, the utter Destruction

of the *Romans*. Indeed Appearances favoured her Opinion, most of the *British* Nations were now at her Command, and even a *Scottish* King, with a very considerable Body of his hardy Countrymen fought under her Banner; the Number of her Troops is said not to have fallen short of two hundred and thirty thousand, whereas if the *Roman* Authors do not mistake, the Troops under *Paulinus* were not more than ten thousand; but then they had the Advantage of being well armed, and excellently disciplin'd. *Boadicea* drew up her Forces herself in a broad Front, consisting of as many Battallions as there were Nations in her Service, in an open Chariot accompanied by her two Daughters; she passed from Battallion to Battallion, encouraging them by a vehement Speech to make an End of the Dispute, and by conquering these *Romans*, effectually to assert their own Freedom. The more to encourage them she put them in Mind of their former Victories, and of the Terror thereby impressed on the Enemy, some of whom she observed could not be drawn out of their fortified Posts, and even those they saw before them did not think of Fighting till they could fly no farther. On the other Hand, *Paulinus* disposed his Foot in three Columns, and having a considerable Body of Horse, placed them on the Wings, with a good Body of Reserve in the Vacany between the Woods on their Flanks. The *Britons* on the contrary had no Reserve, but instead thereof a strong Barricado of Waggon and Carriages, whereon their Women and Children might stand to behold the Triumphs of the Day. The Oration of *Paulinus* was very sober and Soldier like, he told his Army freely, that they ventured all in this Engagement, but he
told

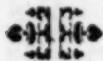
told them at the same Time, that Success was by no means impossible, since the mighty Advantages of military Skill and Discipline were on their Side; whereas the *Britons* were only rudely fierce, and knew not how either to gain any Advantage to themselves, or to provide against any Superiority their Enemies might gain by Conduct. These necessary Preparations dispatched, the Armies wanted nothing but that Signal, which by giving a loose to their Resentments, was to dye the Field with Blood, and end a Quarrel amongst Men, by a Method which would become Beasts better.

The *Britons* began by a bold and brisk Charge which the *Romans* received with great Steadiness, and without any Inclination; but when the Ardour of the *Britons* began to abate, then the *Romans* charged at once on all Sides with prodigious Execution. The *Britons* however fought it out bravely till towards Evening, when they were totally routed, and then they found the great Mistake they had made in hedging themselves in with Waggon, for by this false Step they were in the Condition of wild Beasts caught in Toils, exposed to the Rage of implacable Enemies, and after being overcome in Fight, incapable of seeking Safety by flying; a woeful Calamity, more especially if we consider how well the *Romans* knew how to improve every favourable Circumstance. In this Case the Carnage was excessive, not less than eighty thousand Men perished in the Field of Battle, with the small Loss of four hundred *Romans*, if their Authors did not mistake in these Numbers. Such was the fatal Issue of this unfortunate Battle; all irregular Forces once beaten Fight no more, this was the Case with the *Britons*, they shifted for themselves as well as they could,

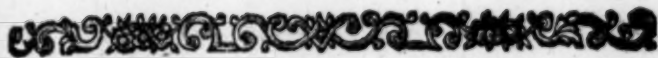
and submitted to those Chains which they were so near shaking off.

As for *Boadicea*,* her Heart was too great to allow her to grace a *Roman* Triumph, she therefore dispatch'd herself by Poison, and the last Act of Patriotism in the *Britons*, was giving her a public Funeral, and building her a stately Monument; but whether this was *Stone-henge*, as the ingenious Mr. *Bolton* conjectures, I pretend not to decide, without doubt the best Monument they could raise fell short of her Merit. The Intention of restoring Freedom to her Country, groaning under the Load of a foreign Usurpation, ought to consecrate her Memory to all Posterity, and make her consider'd as a Saint and Martyr, by all free *Britons* of every Church. What Numbers of pusillanimous Kings who tamely yielded to the *Roman* Power are justly buried in Oblivion? May no Memorial of Existence be bestow'd on such royal Slaves! But let the Name of *Boadicea* be for ever glorious, let eternal Honours wait on the Protectress of *British* Freedom, and let this devout Reverence teach us, that the most cruel Death is preferable in the Cause of Liberty, to the best Life that can be lead without it.

* This Battle was fought A. D. 63.



L E T T E R



LETTER II.

PHAON to FLORIMOND.

I Receiv'd and read with the utmost Satisfaction your kind Letter, as well as the entertaining History inclosed therein. I shewed them both to *Celadon*, who was at my House last Week, and who approved them, as he does all Things which come from you. Lady *Sophia's* Fever has left her, and she advances happily in her Pregnancy. I say no more of this Family, because in a few Days you will have an Epistle from *Celadon* himself, with a short History in your own Way. I proceed now to a succinct and sincere Account of my own Application to the *British* History, which however trivial, I flatter myself will not offend you.

When I was very young I had a strong Passion for this kind of Reading, the Gentleman who had the Care of my Education was a Foreigner, but for all that he encouraged me in nothing more than in this kind of Study. By his Advice I read *Camden's Britannia* very carefully, and at the same Time I studied attentively the largest Maps of the several Counties that could be procured. Next I perused a short System of *British* History, which is said to be Dr. *Howel's*, though so far as I remember, there is no Author's Name in the Title Page of the Book. This Introduction was a great Favourite with my Instructor, and I think not without Reason; for having lately perused it,

I can safely say, that it is not only the plainest, but by far the most perfect Abridgment of our General History that is extant; and I very much wonder that it is not more generally known and esteemed, such Performances being of greatest Use to young People. The next Author I read was *Speed*, after him *Camden's* Annals of the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, and *Echard's* History of *England*, were the chief Sources of my Knowledge, though I have occasionally read other Pieces of *English* History, particularly *Clarendon* and *Burnet*, Sir *William Temple's* Memoirs, and a Life of Queen *Anne* in two Volumes.

I own to you, that till the beginning of this Summer I was pretty well satisfied with this Stock of superficial Knowledge, it served well enough to supply my Occasions in common Conversation; nor was I much at a Loss in reading our Political Pamphlet, but visiting a Neighbour of mine, whose Sons are under the Tuition of a *Scots* Gentleman, he quickly convinced me both of my Ignorance, and of the Mischief it did me. For the Sake of keeping up Discourse in a more lively and instructive Way, I was wont to debate with him some Political Points, in which his Opinions appeared to me a little singular. This obliged him, tho' otherwise very modest, to display his Knowledge in the History and Policy of his own Country, which he did in such a manner, as filled me with an earnest Desire of applying myself a new to the Study of the *British* History in a regular Way. I consulted him as to the proper Method, and he advised me first to read *Hollingshead*, as the only Historian that had undertaken to give the *English*, *Scottish*, and *Irish* History in one Body. This was a pretty tight Task,

Task, however I was so eager about it, that I went through it in a couple of Months.

When I had conquer'd this voluminous Work, I return'd to my Historical Guide, who after discouraging me on its Contents, advised me to read all the original Writers of our History in a Chronological Series, beginning with *Gildas*, and such Fragments of ancient *Scots* and *Irish* Writers as are yet extant. In order to facilitate this Undertaking, he gave me a Scheme of the Authors I was to read, and lent me the Books; but what I think myself most obliged to him for is, this Rule, to read the compleat History of the Island at once. By this Method I saw the Connection, the *English*, *Scottish*, and *Irish* Affairs, had with each other in every Period, and by examining nicely the Ecclesiastical History, I readily saw how the Spirit of Religion evaporated, as the Power of Churchmen increased. He likewise obliged me to give close Attendance to the History of the Laws, first to the *Britons*, then of the *Scots*, and next of the *Saxons*, and lower than this I am not yet come. I must freely acknowledge that at first, this was a very troublesome and grating Task, infomuch that I would very willingly have avoided it, but my Preceptor found a Method of reviving my Application, which will make you smile. One Day when I was complaining to him of the Crabbedness of this Study, he made me no other Answer than this, the Ladies tell me *Phaon*, that you play extremely well at *Ombre*, I am sure that learning that Game to a Degree of Excellence, must have cost you more Time and Trouble than is necessary to the understanding the *Saxon* Laws, without which a Man must be a Novice in the Knowledge of our Constitution,

take

take on trust whatever is told him of the most important Point in the World next to his Salvation, or at best depend on the *Bona fide* of Translators, which he will find too often a slender Security. Roused by this gentle Reproof, I returned with new Vigour to that Study which I had before resolved to desert, and am now engaged in it much to my Satisfaction. There is a Season in Life when the solid and severer Branches of Learning strike our Taste, and then we despise the light and airy Trifles which before took up our Thoughts.

As I am still but a Scholar, you cannot expect from me any finished Performance; but that you may not be disappointed absolutely, I have inclosed the Outlines of a History, to which if I could have done Justice, it would certainly have been worthy your Perusal, as it is, it will sufficiently show, that our Ancestors in all Parts of the Island were not barbarous eight hundred Years ago; and that the Course of Events then and now differ, not so much as we are apt to imagine, either in Policy or Politeness. Indeed I should not have had the Courage to have submitted it to your Perusal, had it not been first read by my kind Instructor, who was pleased in some Places to retouch it, as I am afraid you will but too plainly perceive. As it is, it is at your Service, and when it is in my Power to send you a better Present, you may depend on my good Will.

These Sort of detach'd Pieces of *English* History, are in my Judgment a new kind of Writing, equally amusing and instructive, and alike fitted for the Perusal of those who are, and those who are not acquainted with this sort of Learning. I really wonder, that considering the
great

great variety of curious and pleasant Stories that occur, especially in our ancient Writers, no Collection of this Sort hath been already made. The little Story you have written is sufficient to show how the most intricate Parts of our History may be set in a clear Light, so as to be read with Pleasure instead of Pain, as they really are in the Style of our old Chronicles. Besides Numbers of our *Monkish* Writers, who are to polite Persons insupportable, contain vast Treasures of pleasant Reading this Way, the more pleasant because being drawn out of *Latin*, they are in a manner new to most of the Perusers of our History, many of them being such as even the best Writers in our own Tongue had no Opportunity of consulting. To these might be added such Assistances as can be drawn from the Perusal of such foreign Writers as have touched upon the *English* Story, I mean ancient Writers, some of whom, such as *Froissard* and *Monstrelet*, were well acquainted with it; but as to the Moderns, they are never to be regarded, they know nothing of our Manners, and they seem to be incapable of being made acquainted with them, as appears from a late celebrated History, which notwithstanding all its Fame, is fuller of Faults than of Pages, and the Memoirs of Count *Polnitz*, wherein there are two such Stories of *English* Highwaymen, as any *English* School-Boy would laugh at. But I find I am digressing farther than I ought, and therefore to prevent being tedious, I will return without Ceremony into my old Road.

Leander wrote me a Letter yesterday, where he informs me, that his Brother is somewhat better, and that if he continues so, he intends to return Home next Week. In that Case I think
you

you might employ him this Way, methinks the the History of King *Arthur*, illustrated with the Poems of some of our *British* Bards, would be a Task that would suit him extreamly well, and at the same Time afford us a great deal of Pleasure. I fancy there is a great deal of true History buried under those Loads of Fables that have been dispersed concerning that King, and it would be doing Justice to his Memory, and at the same Time obliging the Publick, if any judicious Pen would attempt to sift the true and the probable, from the false and extravagant, he would then be an historical Monarch; whereas at present he is no more than the Hero of a Romance. My Paper forbids me troubling you with any more of my Remarks, and therefore with the usual Compliments to yourself and Family, I remain,

Your Friend, and Servant,

PHAON.





A

F R A G M E N T,

Containing the STORY of

S I G I B E R T,

King of the *East Angles* in the 7th Century, and
Restorer of the MUSES.

IT is certainly a Tribute justly due to the Memory of learned Men, assiduously to preserve the Fame of whatever may do them Honour. We owe a grateful Remembrance to all such as have distinguished themselves in useful Arts, but above all to such as have cultivated Learning, and encouraged learned Men; because such are the common Parents of Arts, and but for them all kinds of Science would soon sink into Oblivion. Yet such a strange Fatality there is in the long continued Envy of our Sister Universities, that their respective Sons, for the Sake of impeaching each others Antiquity, have done their utmost to convert the fairest History into Fable, and by a surprizing Perversion of Ingenuity and Letters, have struggled hard to ruin the Credit of those Princes with Posterity, to whom the Seats of the Muses have stood most indebted. To
this

this preposterous Contest is owing my calling this a Fragment, since the little I have to say of *Sigibert* is pick'd up here and there, no proper Pains having ever been taken to transmit his Life and Reign to our Offspring, or to Foreigners, and therefore pick'd up, that at least it might appear one grateful Man at the Distance of ten Ages had a just Regard for his Virtues, and was desirous as far as in his Power lay to render them conspicuous.

There is some Dispute about this Prince's Birth, but on the Credit of *Leland*, I think it may be asserted, that he was the Son of *Redwald*, King of the *East Saxons*. This Monarch it seems had an elder Son, whose Name was *Erpwald*, his design'd Successor in his Kingdom. What the Temper of this young Prince was, appears not clearly at this Distance, this only we know, that in the Estimation of the People, he fell much short of his younger Brother *Sigibert*; and therefore to prevent any Disputes that might happen on his Demise, *Redwald* directed his Son *Sigibert* to quit his Kingdom, and to travel into *France*; during his Continuance there, the young Prince on his own Motive applied himself to Learning with such Assiduity, that he quickly became distinguished, even among the Learned themselves, and if we may rely on the Testimony of Foreigners, there are still some original Letters of his to a certain learned Bishop, whose Name was *Desiderius*, preserved in the Library of the Abbey of *St. Gall* in *Switzerland*; this is certain from the uncontested Authority of *Beda*, that while he lived in *France* he obtained the Character of a most learned and pious Man.

While

While *Sigibert* made such a Progress in his Studies abroad, great Confusion happened at Home. His Father *Redwald* who had been baptized, relapsed into Heathenism at the Request of his Wife, and as some say, tollerated not only both Religions, but both in the same Church. On his Demise *Erpwald* his Son succeeded, who pursued the same kind of Policy, and after a short and uneasy Reign, was murder'd by his People; after which followed much Disturbance, great Rapine, Bloodshed, and all the Miseries which usually attend a lawless Anarchy, till at length about the Year 636, the People wearied with the want of Government recalled *Sigibert*, and raised him to the Throne of his Ancestors after a long Exile.

He was no sooner seated in the Throne, but he projected within himself, the correcting the dissolute Manners of his Subjects, by restoring Religion and Learning, which by Degrees, and with the Assistance of several famous Men, both Natives and Foreigners, he in some Measure effected. There was at this Time in *England* one *Felix*, a Native of *Burgundy*, a pious, charitable Priest, who came into this Isle purely to preach the Gospel, this Man *Honorius* Archbishop of *Canterbury*, consecrated a Bishop, and sent him to teach the *East Angles*, which he did with great Industry and Devotion, and chiefly by his Assistance it was that King *Sigibert* restored Piety and Civility amongst his People. As both the King and the Bishop had been educated in *France*, they endeavoured to reduce all Things as near as they could to those Models, which in their Judgment came nearest to Perfection, that is the Seminaries of Learning wherein they had studied.

The Place where *Felix* fixed his See was *Dunwich* in *Suffolk*, which we must not too hastily pass over, since its present Condition is sufficient to remind us, that History is not always to be contradicted on account of seeming Improbabilities. Whoever views the Village of that Name at this Day, will scarce give Credit to what is recorded of it in the black Book of *Ely*, one of the oldest and most authentick MSS. in *England*, viz. That once it had two and fifty Parish Churches; but perhaps he would grow more tractable on hearing, that a little before the Time of *John Stowe*, there were in that Place six Parish Churches, two Monasteries, a House belonging to the Knights-Templers, two Hospitals, and three Chapels; and that in his Time there were left only the Churches of *St. Peter*, and *All-Saints*, the Sea having borrowed the rest, together with Part of a Forrest in the Neighbourhood. The same industrious Antiquary reports, that he had seen Pieces of Silver Money coined there, and inscribed with these Words, *Civitas Dunwich*. The good Bishop *Felix* remained here eighteen Years, leaving behind him amongst other Marks of his Piety, a publick School, which he erected at a Place called *Felixstowe*, now called *Flixstow*.

As for King *Sigibert*, he fixed his Royal Seat at *Soam* in the Isle of *Ely*, and is presumed to have placed the Academy he settled and endowed at *Cambridge*, not far from *Grantchester*, an ancient City then in Ruins, where it is reported, the *Britons* had long before had publick Schools. It must be admitted, that there is a good deal of Obscurity in the Account given us of this Event, by such as would date the Commencement of the University of *Cambridge*, from the Schools found-

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ed by this Prince, but withal, the Thing is not so utterly unfounded as the Advocates for *Oxford* would have us believe. *Beda*, who relates the Foundation by *Sigibert*, does not expressly say where it was ; but in another Part of his Works, he admits that the antient City of *Grantchester* lay then in Ruins, and as there are very ancient Authorities in support of the common Opinion, that *Cambridge* really was the Place where the Schools mentioned by *Beda* were fixed ; I cannot think it any great Error to believe the Thing to be so, especially, since we have the Testimony of *Polydore Virgil*, who being an *Italian*, and a Stranger, may be thought a very impartial Witness in this Controversy, as also the direct Assertion of *Leland*, whom all who know his Character, will allow a competent Judge.

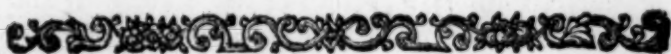
Be this as it will, the Reputation of *Sigibert*, as the Restorer of the Muses, is not at all affected, for though many have questioned the Place where, yet all agree that some public Schools were by him erected, and that he took great Care to procure the best Masters to teach the young Men, whom he maintained, whilst they followed their Studies. He also devised good Laws for regulating civil Affairs amongst his Subjects, and wrought many other useful Regulations during the short Space of his Reign, which did not much exceed three Years. *Furseus*, a learned and pious Man, descended of a noble *Scots* Family, coming into *England*, and applying himself to King *Sigibert*, he gave him the Castle of *Burgh*, in *Suffolk*, where he built a Monastery, into which, after settling all the Affairs of the Kingdom, and resigning his Crown to his Kinsman *Egfric*, the King himself retired about the Year 638.

It is apparent from the Histories of those Times, that the wisest Princes, when fatigued with the Cares of a Crown, were wont to take this Method of obtaining Rest. It seems too, that they were not wholly useless to their Subjects, but on the contrary, partly by their excellent Discourses, and more especially by their exemplary Conduct, they inspired them with strong Desires of emulating their Virtues, and of leading pure and pious Lives. In this, though there might be some Mixture of Superstition, yet there certainly was a great deal of Humility, and Contempt of sensual Pleasure, so that we ought not hastily to censure either as weak Men, or furious Bigots, all such Princes as changed their Crowns for Cows.

But though by this Means King *Sigibert* provided against most of those Impediments, which hinder Princes from enjoying quiet Lives, yet could he not secure himself from a sudden, and violent Death; for *Penda*, King of *Mercia*, invading the *East Angles*, King *Egfric* distrusting the Forces he had raised, as not sufficient to encounter the Enemy, would needs persuade King *Sigibert* to leave his Monastery, in order to come and encourage his Soldiers, which very unwillingly he did, and there, together with the King his Cousin, was slain by his barbarous Enemies, tho' he had no other Arms in his Hand than a white Wand. This Event happened in the Year 652.

It is clear enough from the Manner of this Prince's Death, that he was equally beloved, and revered by his Subjects, otherwise they would not have desired his Presence on such an Occasion. He likewise deserves to be commended for the Care he took in restoring public Schools, because

cause it imprinted a Desire of Imitation in the Minds of succeeding Monarchs ; for some of our ancient Historians informs us, that as *Alfred* the Great re-edified *Oxford*, so his Son, *Edward* the Elder, restored *Sigibert's* Foundation at *Cambridge*. Such small Beginnings had that flourishing Seat of the Muses, whence so many truly great Men, and bright Ornaments of this Nation have come forth, and which we may well hope is still in a Condition to produce many more.



LETTER III.

CELADON to FLORIMOND.

I Read with exceeding Pleasure your Letter to *Phaon*, and the little History of *Boadicea* inclosed therein. I agree with you entirely as to the ancient and modern Historians, and declare to you that I think the Life of *Ælfred the Great*, written by his Chaplain, an infinitely better Piece; than the laboured Life of that Prince by *Spelman*. However, I must allow that there is, and ought to be a Difference between such kind of Memoirs, and regular Histories, to enter into the Particulars of this would be tedious, and besides I can communicate my Meaning to you in few Words, they ought to differ as much as the Lives of *Plutarch* do, from the History of *Diodorus Siculus*; many Subjects are common to both, and yet in the Manner of handling, are made particular to each. It is a great Pity as you say, that some of our old

Writers are not translated, and translated with Life and Spirit. If a Person equal to the Task would publish a Volume in this Kind, in the Manner that Mr. *Hearne* did, with a proper Preface and Notes, I do not doubt but he would meet with as good Encouragement. There are throughout *England*, at least four or five hundred Persons curious in *English* History, especially if written in their Mother Tongue, and those would readily join to reward the Pains of any capable Person who employed himself in this Way. But enough of this, let me now return to the Plan you laid down, which I think a very good one, and equally fitted for Instruction and Entertainment. Experience derived to us from our Ancestors is most natural, and to an honest, well-meaning *Briton*, *British* Stories furnish the most pleasant Amusement.

Of these various Histories, I think we may well distinguish three several Kinds; by this I mean, that there are three Sorts of Lives proper to be written after this Manner, and though I am persuaded you are a better Judge of this Matter than I am, yet I will mention them to you with that Freedom there ought to be between Friends.

In the first Place, I think Time cannot be better employed, than in rescuing from Oblivion, the Exploits of remarkable Persons, with whose Characters in general the World rings, and yet hath but a very superficial Knowledge of the Particulars which concern them. For Instance, we know well enough that *Edgar Atheling*, was the lawful Heir of the *English* Crown, when *William*, Duke of *Normandy* seized it in right of his Sword; but as to the subsequent Adventures of this unfortunate Prince, though they are far from being unworthy

worthy of Notice, yet I do not know that they were ever collected as I could wish they were. The Name of *John of Gaunt* is in every Mouth, and a great deal is said of that ambitious and stirring Prince, in all our general Histories, yet where shall we find this Life regularly written. I might say the same of *Humphry*, the good Duke of *Gloucester*, whose Memory stands more indebted to *Shakespeare*, than any of our *English* Historians, though he was one of the worthiest *Englishmen* that ever existed. This then is my first Class, and though I am far from imagining I am well versed in this Sort of Learning, yet could I furnish a List of at least fifty such Instances, if I knew any body to whom they would be acceptable in the Light wherein I have mentioned them to you.

The second Class should consist of such as there is just Reason to believe have been transmitted in false Lights to Posterity. Truth is the Soul of History, and he who can recover any lost Circumstances thereof, deserves in a particular Manner the Thanks of the Public. After your Specimen of *Boadicea*, I should be glad to see you try your Skill on the Story of *Merlin*. It is a Shame to see that great Man treated daily like a Dr. *Faustus*, for the Diversion of the Great Vulgar, and the Small. I have often had Doubts about the Character of *Godwin*, Earl of *Kent*; our Historians are all so fond of *Edward, the Confessor*, that in order to make the King a Saint, they have made the Earl a Devil; perhaps at the Bottom, he was only a Patriot, and those I have mentioned before, a Set of Court Writers. King *John* seems to have been a better Prince, or at least a much better Sort of a Man than the Monkish Writers incline to make him; but of all the Outrages on

true History that ever was committed, the worst perhaps is the scandalous Story published of late Years of Sir *John Falstaff*, in complaisance to a Character which was originally written for Sir *John Oldcastle*, by *Shakespeare*. A Pen employed in this Way, would reap as much Honour as the Sword of a Knight-Errant, in rescuing distressed Damsels. Reputation is the only Jewel of Use to the Dead, and he who revives or restores this, is much a better Friend to their Memory, than he who erects a Monument, though both, without Question, are Works of Piety, and as such, worthy of universal Commendation.

The last Sort of Lives that have occurred to my Observation, as proper to be written in this Way, are such as are over-grown with Fable. The Life of Queen *Emma*, with a fair Account of her Plough-shares, would afford great Entertainment. A judicious History of Archbishop *Becket*, stripped of superstitious Prejudice on one Side, and free from all extravagant Passion on the other, would afford much Instruction. The genuine Adventures of *Richard I.* in the Holy Land, could not but be very pleasant. The Amours of *Edward IV.* with the celebrated *Jane Shore*, written with Spirit, and yet with a due Respect to History must be far preferable to most of our Romances; nor can I figure to myself a Narrative that would give me more Pleasure than a well wrote Account, of *Anne Boleyn*, interspersed with the secret History of her Family, and of the Fall of Cardinal *Woolsey*. It is a great Fault in most Writers on this Kind of Subjects to employ rather their Invention, than any Pains in searching for Truth, and hence it comes to pass, that so many improbable Lies have been told us with Respect to Matters which might
have

have been made more entertaining by setting down the naked Truth. Not that I am absolutely an Enemy to feigned Histories, provided they be wholly feigned ; but to ascribe fictitious Adventures to real Persons, is inexcusable, and no better than premeditated Lying, whatever our Writers of Novels and secret Histories may think, at least this is my Opinion, and therefore I abhor equally the Calumnies of the Popish *Saunders*, and the Puritan *Buchanan*.

It is of this last Kind, that the inclosed History is an Instance. I composed it chiefly from the Papers of my Wife's Physician, a Man more knowing in these Studies than any of my Acquaintance. The Way I came to mention it first to him was this. One Afternoon when he was here, the Conversation turned on *English Operas*, particularly on that written by Mr. *Addison*. In the Course of our Remarks, it was necessary to produce that Piece, which was accordingly brought out of my Study bound by itself in Quarto. On the back of the Title Page I had placed some Collections out of our common Historians concerning the fair Lady who is the Subject of that Piece. The Doctor read, and commended them, but told me withal, that whenever I thought fit to make him a Visit, he would furnish me with some other Collections relating to the same Person. Accordingly two or three Days after, I went to his House in order to challenge his Promise ; whereupon the Doctor took down a Quarto MS. which I found consisted of historical Collections for the Lives of famous Women. He turned to those relating to *Rosalind*, and when I had read them, he caused a Copy to be made while I staid, which I brought away with me. The same Gentleman has many other

Quarto's full of the like Collections, for his Method is to collect Memorials of illustrious Persons from all the Books he reads. He distributes these according to the Virtues for which they were famous. For Example, one Volume comprehends whatever he has met with relating to the Statesmen who have flourished in this Island; in three other Volumes, he preserves the Memoirs of illustrious Captains; in as many Volumes he has Collections relating to the Clergy; and so of Lawyers, Physicians, Historians, Poets, Painters, and all other remarkable Men who have done Honour to their Country. In one Respect I think his Plan a little narrow, for he confines himself wholly to *Britain*, which he excuses by saying that every Man is first bound to do Justice to his own Country, and that grasping at too much, frequently spoils all. I confess there is Reason in what he says, but yet I think Foreigners should not be entirely neglected. The Patriotism of a Man of Sense, ought to extend to the Universe. Works of Learning do Honour to human Nature, and as a Man, I have as much an Interest in *Aristotle* and *Plato*, in *Xenophon* and *Euripides*, as in *Bacon* or *Boyle*, in *Raleigh*, or in *Shakespeare*.

I flatter myself that this Physician will readily join our little Fraternity, and in case I can persuade him so to do, he will without Question be of great Use to us. We may then hope that our small Performances in this Way, will not be altogether unworthy of Notice. As to the Affairs of my Family, I have nothing new to write, which to me is a great Satisfaction. The Weather being bad, I have for a Week past kept pretty much within Doors, and in my Study. To reflect on the Time past in idle Company gives us Pain,

to remember that which hath elapsed in conversing with our Friends gives Satisfaction ; but when we look back on the Hours spent with our Books, and with ourselves, in collecting the Wisdom of past Ages, and in improving our own, it gives a Pleasure not to be expressed. The Mind is properly speaking the Man, and therefore whatever regards it in Conjunction with the Body, may be in some Sense said to be foreign. In another State we shall be free from this Impediment, and then such as are utterly unacquainted with Meditation, must surely find themselves much at a Loss. I know that I write to one who is not of that Number, otherwise I should not use this Freedom, which without the Addition of Compliments will convince you, with how much Truth and Zeal,

I am,

Your sincere Friend,

and very humble Servant,

CELADON.



The



The HISTORY of
ROSAMOND CLIFFORD,

Concubine to HENRY PLANTAGENET, the
 first of that Family, and the second of his
 Name King of *ENGLAND*.

IF Piety and Virtue only preserved the Remembrance of Persons long since deceased, or entitled as it only ought to Fame, then there would neither have been Materials, nor Occasion for a History like this; but in as much as we are equally instructed by perusing the Records of what has happen'd to vicious, as well as worthy Persons; so considering the general Reputation of this Lady, there seems to be no just Cause, that Posterity should not be inform'd, as well of her true and real, as of her false and fictitious Story. To glean up all that is reported of her in ancient Histories, would be a Task of greater Labour and Industry than the Subject might seem to deserve, but to lay before the Reader briefly what occurs concerning this famous Woman most worthy of Notice, will not prove either laborious to him that composes, or appear Prolix in the Eyes of the Peruser.

Rosamond, or rather *Rose Clifford*, for I look upon the former to have been a Name given her after
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she became the King's Mistress, was the Daughter of *Walter Lord Clifford*, and born, as I found it noted in an old Collection of Songs called, *The Garland of Good Will*, in 1151, on what Authority I know not. In her Infancy she was carefully educated in her Father's House, and when she grew up, she was sent for her Improvement to the Nunnery of *Godstowe*, not far from *Oxford*, where she was treated with equal Respect and Tenderness, as well on Account of her personal Merit, as because her Family, and her Father in particular had been very beneficent to this Monastery, where the Nuns lived religiously and pleasantly, being frequently indulged the Liberty of going to several pleasant Villages in the Neighbourhood, and there were allowed any sort of Mirth, provided it was Innocent.

As the young Boarder grew up, she became equally conspicuous for her Beauty, and for the Graces of her Mind. In Respect to the former, she is said to have been exquisitely perfect, and in the Dignity of her Mien as well as the Elegance of her Features, to have much surpassed *Jane Shore*, tho' there are no authentic Pictures left of her, as there are of King *Edward's* Mistress. In Needlework she excelled most of her Sex, even in that Age when it was held a Qualification worthy of Persons of the highest Rank. Many Testimonies of her Industry as well as Proficiency in this Female Mystery; she left not only here, but at other Places, particularly at the Abbey of *Bildwas* in *Shropshire*, where for many Ages they shewed a Cope curiously wrought, and in the Skirts were these Words; *Rosamunda Clifford propriis manibus me fecit*. But what chiefly endeared

endeared her to the Nuns was a quick, lively, and inoffensive Wit, for there was this peculiar in her Disposition, that with a very acute Understanding, she had an extraordinary Tenderneſs in her Nature, ſo that ſhe was alike incapable of offending others, or of ſeeing them offended without a ſympathetic Concern.

The Fame of her Beauty, Wit, and various Accompliſhments, having reached the Ear of King *Henry*, he became exceſſively enamour'd of her, and found Means, as what Means will not Princes find, to corrupt this lovely Woman at the Age of Seventeen, to the great Regreat of her noble Family, and of the Nuns of *Godſtowe*. She remained abſolute Miſtreſs of the King's Heart for many Years, which exceedingly inflamed his high ſpirited Queen *Eleanor*, who as ſhe brought him the Dutchy of *Aquitaine*, and the County of *Poitiers*, ſo ſhe warmly reſented his Infidelity to her Bed. This King, who had Reaſon to keep on the beſt Terms he could with her, fought to preſerve *Rofamond*, by keeping her privately ſometimes at one Place, ſometimes at another. *Farnham-Caſtle* in *Surry* was for a Time the Place of her Reſidence, and there ſhe brought forth her eldeſt Son. But afterwards at her own Requeſt, and for the Sake of being near the Monaſtry in which ſhe was bred, the King conſented that ſhe ſhould remove into *Oxfordſhire*, and built for her a curious Seat near the Royal Palace at *Woodſtock*, which in thoſe Days was called *Rofamond's-Bower*, and is ſaid to have been contrived in ſuch a manner, as that it was not eaſy to find out the fair Lady's Appartment; and beſides, there were ſubterraneous Paſſages to favour the Escape of *Rofamond*,

Rosamond, in case the jealous Queen should attempt any Thing against her. A *Welch* Knight whose Name was *Vaughan*, had the Care of her, and the Custody of the King's Treasures in the same Place, where she long dwelt, if not in Quiet, at least in Safety.

The Vicinity of this Apartment to the Palace, occasioned *Rosamond's* being pretty strictly confined, while the Court was at *Woodstock*, which however was some Way mitigated by the King's private Visits, and costly Presents. Such was his Love for this Lady, that whatever was rich or curious, splendid or beautiful, he bought it, and placed it in her Apartments; of which we have a strong Instance in a famous Chest or Cabinet of about two Feet in height, adorn'd with admirable Figures of Men, Fish and Fowl, which being bequeathed to the Nunnery of *Godstowe*, remained for several Ages in the Chapter-House of that Abbey. But when the Court was elsewhere, and consequently the Danger not so great, *Rosamond* went with her Keeper to most of the adjacent Villages, and diverted herself as she thought fit in an innocent Way; and so much was she beloved, that for a long Time the Memory of her little Adventures was preserv'd among the Country People, who marked every Brook, Grove, nay, and single Trees of which she took Notice, by her Name, calling them *Rosamond's* Ponds, Woods, Oaks, and something of the same Spirit remains to this very Day.

But of all the Places she frequented, the Nunnery of *Godstowe* afforded her most Delight. It seems the Nuns did not fail to tax her continually with the Life she led. *Rosamond* tho' of a gentle

gentle Disposition, at length gathered Spirit enough to answer, that tho' she was a Concubine, yet was she not without Hopes of being saved; but how, said some of the Nuns shall we know that? Why, reply'd she, if that Tree (pointing to one that had green Leaves upon it) be turn'd into Stone after my Death, then shall I have Life among the Saints. Accordingly this Tree, as the Nuns of *Godstowe* reported, actually became Stone after her Decease, and was shown at *Godstowe* to the Dissolution of the Monastery. But then we must observe, that *Rosamond* became an illustrious Penitent before her Death; and so the producing *Rosamond's* Stone was held an Encouragement to Sinners to turn from their evil Ways; and thus they reconciled this Story to themselves. Since the Dissolution of this Nunnery, there has been a Stone called *Rosamond's* at *Woodstock*, but those that shew'd it knew nothing of the original Story, which probably had been lost, had it not been recorded in some Papers of the famous Mr. *Thomas Allen*, once in the Possession of *Anthony Wood*.

I have before observ'd, that *Rosamond* did not always reside at *Woodstock*; but I confess, that I had no Idea of there being any Foundation, farther than some Similitude in Scituation, for naming other Places *Rosamond's* Bowers. My Surprize therefore was great, when in a MS. of *Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle*, I found the following Memorandum. Many Retreats had *Rosamond* the Concubine of *Henry II.* as at *Bishops-Waltham*, at *Martelestone*, at *Fromantel-Park*, and Castle of *Winchester*; besides others, as appears from a Roll in *Wigmore-Castle*. There may therefore be more Truth than is commonly imagin'd in some

some of the Reports that are still current about her, tho' not in all, any more than in the Story of her Death, which is generally, and yet falsely attributed to Poison.

The Truth is, that King *Henry* going from her's to the Queen's Apartment at *Woodstock*, drew after him with his Foot a Ball of Silk Twine, which the Queen taking up unperceiv'd, was guided thereby to the Chamber of her Rival, where she rated her in so furious a Manner, that the poor young Lady fell into Faintings, and after languishing for some little Time died, of the Consequences of that Fright. This expressed in Modern Language would run thus; *Rosamond* through a deep Sense of the Queen's Reproaches, and a timorous Apprehension of her Threats, contracted a Fever on the Nerves, which proved fatal to her in a small Time afterwards. Her Death, however was not so sudden, but that she gave evident Marks of her Repentance for her mispent Life, and her Desire to make Attone-ment for it, so far as was in her Power. Both in her Life-time, and at her Death, she was a Benefactress to the Abbey of *Godstowe*, where she desir'd to be buried, with which the Nuns readily comply'd.

This happen'd in the Year 1177, which was the xxivth of the Reign of *Henry II.* That Prince was extravagantly fond of her Memory, insomuch that he not only bestow'd great Favours on *Godstowe* Abbey, but also caused Crosses to be set up at every Place where the Body rested, when it was carry'd thither from *Woodstock*. One of these Crosses without *Tollbridge*, was standing in the Time of Mr. *Leland* the Antiquary, with this Inscription;

Qui

Qui meat hac oret, signum salutis adoret
Utque sibi detur veniam *Rosamunda* precetur.

*Let him who passes here, adore, and pray
That Rosamonda's Sins be done away.*

But this poor Lady's Ashes were far from resting in Quiet, for about fourteen Years after her decease, and two Years after the Death of the King her Lover, *Hugh* Bishop of *Lincoln*, in the Visitation of his Diocese, came to the Abbey at *Godstowe*, where entering the Church, and perceiving in the middle of the Choir a Tomb, cover'd with a filken Pall, and surrounded with Wax Lights, he enquir'd whose it was; and being inform'd that it was *Rosamond's*, the Concubine of the late King, who for her Sake had been a great Benefactor to the Place. Take hence, said he, the Harlot, and bury her without the Church, lest the Christian Religion should grow into Contempt, and that thro' this Example, other Women being made afraid, may keep themselves from such an adulterous Life as she led. The Nuns were forc'd to obey, yet they executed the Bishop's Command with the utmost Tenderness, and with all imaginable Respect to their Benefactress, whose Bones they put in a perfumed Bag, and having inclosed this in Lead, they re-interr'd them in the Chapter-house, erecting over them a handsome Tomb, adorn'd with Knots of Green and Red Roses interwoven, and in the midst of them a Cup, which gave great Credit to, and perhaps was the Foundation of the common Story of her being Poison'd, to the raising which Fiction it is

not

not impossible, the Bishop's Remark about deterring other Women, might some Way contribute. On this second Tomb was engraven that Epitaph in every Body's Mouth.

Hic jacet in Tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa
[munda,
Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

Thus Paraphrased rather than translated in *Stowe's Annals*.

*The Rose of the World, but not the cleane Flowre
Is now here graven, to whom Beauty was lent,
In this Grave full darke now is her Bowre,
That by her Life was sweete and redolent ;
But now that shee is from this Life blent,
Though shee were sweete, now foully doth shee stinke,
A Mirrour good for all Men that on her thinke.*

One would have thought that now the Relicks of this unhappy Woman might have rested undisturbed, but it happen'd otherwise, for at the Dissolution of the Abbey at *Godstowe*, the Tomb was broke to Pieces, and the Bones scatter'd about, as is also remark'd by Mr. *Allen* in his Papers. I know not on what Account this was done, but sure if it proceeded from any pretended Spirit of Religion, it was exceedingly ill placed, since the Mansions of the Dead ought ever to be sacred, whatever Opinions we entertain of the Person's Actions while living.

By this famous Lady *Rosamond Clifford*, King *Henry* had several Children, of these *William the Eldest*, was surnamed *Longspee* or *Longsword*, who

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was Earl of *Salisbury* in Right of his Wife. Her second Son was *Geoffrey*, Archdeacon, and afterwards Bishop of *Lincoln*, then Chancellor of *England*, and lastly Archbishop of *York*. King *Richard* the Son and Successor of *Henry II.* was very kind to his Mother Queen *Eleanor*, whom he released out of Prison, and yet very good to *Rosamond's* Children. *John* his Brother and Successor, shew'd much Respect to *Rosamond's* Memory, and for her Sake was kind to the Nunnery of *Gedstowe*; but withal he treated the Archbishop of *York* her Son, with great Severity, seizing his Lands, and persecuting him in Person. So various are the Passions of Princes, and so uncertain that Felicity which any Way depends upon them.



SELECT



SELECT
EPISTLES,
OR THE
Rational AMUSEMENT.

BOOK VI.

LETTER I.
THEODORUS *to* CELADON.



SHOULD certainly have written a Letter of Thanks to you, for the Favour of your late Visit, but in all Probability it would have been very short, as indeed I think all Epistles of mere Civility ought to be; but you will soon perceive, that this is of another Nature, grounded on the tender Concern you expressed at the melancholy Situation in which you found me, surrounded by a dying Son, an afflicted Wife, and a distracted Family. I can safely say, that I never intended to deceive any Body, and therefore

I am unwilling you should be a Moment in Sufpence as to the true State of my Mind; for tho' nothing can be more generous than your Pity, yet I would not have it flow from a mistaken Principle. I am melancholy indeed, but not dejected, full of Concern, but not in any Danger of sinking under my Grief, my Thoughts are truly occupied with the Consideration of solemn Ideas, yet not to such a Degree, as to depress my Spirits.

The Wisdom of our Creator appears in nothing more than the intellectual OEconomy of rational Creatures. Our Passions were certainly intended to increase our Happiness, tho' too often they are converted by us into the Causes of our Misery. There is no State less desirable than that which Nature leaves not in our Power, I mean an absolute Calm. If in this World a Man had nothing to hope or to fear, nothing to expect, or nothing to shun; in short, no Object of Desire or Terror, I will not say, that he would be miserable, but sure I am, he could not be happy; he would pass away his Time in a kind of Dream, his Sensations would be too faint to afford him any real Pleasure. This Sir, is the true Cause, why People of weak Minds, and large Fortunes, are so much troubled with the Spleen; having nothing to torment them, they torment themselves, that is, rather than have no feeling, they excite a Combat between Imagination and Reason, and become actually miserable, while it is in their Power to be more than ordinarily happy.

It is easy to conceive, how Joy, and all the Passions that contribute thereto, refresh the human Mind; it is also no difficult Matter to apprehend, how our Studies (tho' painful enough) tend
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also to delight as well as improve us ; but there seems to be an Absurdity in saying, that even Grief is beneficial, and yet the wisest of Men said, that there was a Time for Sorrow as well as Joy, that is, a Time wherein Sorrow is more eligible than Joy, fitter for Man, and more conducive to his Good. And this we ought to believe, because it is equally impious and absurd to think, that the all-wise and all-merciful Being, to whom we owe our Existence, and the Conditions on which we exist, should make any Thing that is really evil, absolutely necessary to us. It is impossible to shun Objects which give us Concern, and therefore we ought to conclude, that these may some Way be made useful, which Conclusion will necessarily lead us to consider, how they may be made so ; an Enquiry neither so tedious, nor so intricate as many People imagine.

The Happiness of Man is twofold, such as he is capable of here, and such as he may rationally hope for hereafter, and a due Respect to both is the highest Perfection of Prudence and Wisdom. If it was possible never to see any Thing but pleasant Sights, we might pass our Time here happily enough, provided we could banish the Thoughts of hereafter ; but inasmuch as a future State is necessarily to be provided for, it follows, there ought to be certain Objects fitted to put us in Mind of it. Now what is the Action of these Objects upon the human Mind, other than what we call Grief ? It is plain then, that Grief is agreeable to our Nature, and that the Injuries we receive from it, proceed not from the Passion itself, but from our suffering it to hurry us immoderately. We take Care to break our Horses for Use, and our Dogs for Game ; and if we would

take the same Care to break our Passions, and teach them to obey the Voice and Dictates of Reason, we should find no Occasion to complain of them; but if neglecting this we become subject to a variety of Inconveniencies, we are in Fault, and not Nature, Providence, or the Supreme Being. Alas, if we would but enter into ourselves, we should there find all the Principles of our Satisfaction, and of our Uneasiness, with the Means of increasing the one, and of lessening the other.

A Philosopher and a Man of Pleasure, are both touched at the Sight of a dead, or of a dying Friend, yet their Concern is very different; the former considers the Agonies he sees, as Circumstances attending the Passage from Body to Spirit, and therefore the chief Object of his Care is about the future State of the Person he loves; the other is frightened at the Agony itself, and at his Friend's going from him, and losing the Sense of those Pleasures which they were wont to taste together in this Life. Who sees not that the one is the Concern of a wise and noble Being; the other a feminine kind of Pity, which deserves rather Compassion than Applause. Rational Grief acts two Ways, with Respect to the Person for whom we are griev'd, and with Respect to ourselves, it leads us to afford him all the Succour which lies in our Power, and it inclines us to think gravely and justly on the Consequences of our being ourselves one Day in the same Condition. A Grief like this makes a Man wiser and better; we ought therefore to say of such a Sorrow, that it should be sought for rather than shunned. Tears, Shrieks, Soundings, are useless Demonstrations, not of Grief but of Fright,

a real and deep Sorrow is still and silent, whatever is rapid and furious, cannot either do Good, or last long.

The affecting Objects I am daily bound to see, must of Course incline me to wear a grave Countenance, and to have serious Thoughts, Thoughts of another State, and of the Employments of Souls therein; but I should think that I had made a bad Use of the many Years I have lived, if there was any Thing very frightful, ghastly, or terrible in these Meditations. It may be, that while I had not these Objects before me, I did not think so often on these Subjects as I ought to have done; perhaps therefore this Malady of my Son's is lengthened for my Sake, and if it be not, there is no Harm in my thinking so; the Condition in which I see him is without Question a proper Memento, and if I make a right Use of the Thoughts it excites, my present Melancholy will be the Cause of future Comfort, he that sows in Tears shall reap in Joy. Nay, there wants not a Degree of Pleasure in the indulging rational Grief, but this is a Pleasure rather to be felt than described, and a Description is the less necessary, because in the Course of his Life, almost every humane, thinking Man, must have been sensible of it, and that more than once.

There is also another great Use of such Calls to Meditation, and that is the giving us just Conceptions of this World, as well as a sort of Prospect into the other. We are too apt while all Things round us are serene and easy, to think of nothing beyond the Globe of Earth on which we tread; we call providing for what is to happen twenty Years hence, Business of Importance, and are apt to think our considering what may happen

the next Minute as a melancholy Meditation. But when we are roused by such and so near Visitations as that which is now in my Family, then we are constrained to open our Eyes, and to see the Vanity of placing all our Joys in Things of a transitory Worth, which is no Way in our Power, either to preserve or to follow. As therefore we are wont to say, that without certain Seasons of Joy, Life would not be worth possessing, so when we coolly reflect, we must also admit, that without certain Seasons of Sorrow, we should never know Life's true Value.

Thus Sir, I have set before you a true State of my Condition, by which you will see that I merit your Compassion, for which I shall be always grateful. I perceive that you are naturally of a serious Temper, and it may be, need not such Accidents as at present affect me, to stir in you such Thoughts as those I have mention'd. May your Wisdom and Goodness long defend you from feeling any such, and may your Prudence and Courage enable you to bear them patiently, whenever according to the course of Nature they shall be presented to your Eyes. These Wishes are agreeable to my Character and Condition, and at the same Time suitable to yours, I persuade myself therefore they will be more agreeable to you than vain Compliments, a Mode of Writing invented by such as would willingly express what they never feel, for which Reason their Professions swell most when they mean least. I conclude therefore with the Simplicity of a Friend, that I am truly, constantly, and zealously,

Your obedient Servant,

THEODORUS:



LETTER II.

SOPHIA to ELIZA.

I Cannot help thinking my dear Friend, that notwithstanding the great Inequality, between us and Men in point of Education, yet we are not quite so incapable of Judging as they would make us, and after revolving Things sometime in my Head, I am at last fully convinced that with respect to the Points which usually come before us, we decide not only as well, but even better than they. You know that the last Time we dined at your House, your Father asserted the contrary, and though *Phaon* and *Celadon* declined speaking on this Subject, yet it was easy enough to discern that they also were of the old Man's Opinion. If then they make it a common Cause, why should not we? I therefore assert, that the Right of directing domestick Affairs is by the Law of Nature in us, and that we are perfectly qualified for the Exercise of this Dominion. Hear then, and strengthen my Reasons, for no doubt, whenever we make our Claim, it will be strongly controverted.

Those who pretend to direct our bringing up, as well as that of their own Sex, seem to have destined us to that Power which they would afterwards dispute. A Girl from her very Infancy is put upon those Studies which are to employ her
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all her Life long. While Boys divide their Time between *Grammar* and *Tau*, two Things equally useful in the succeeding Part of their Days, we are employed at our Samplers, or diverting ourselves with our Babies. That is to say, we learn to work with our Needles, and to order Things about a House, neither doth this Mode alter as we grow up; but if proper Care is taken of us, we pass from our Mother's Nursery to our own, and from imaginary Visits, to real ones, without fatiguing ourselves with a variety of unnecessary Acquirements, on which most Men value themselves. I own that Singing and Dancing are Excrecencies even in our Education, and I believe that modern Families suffer in their Estates, from the too great Care of Parents about the Proficiency of their Daughters in these less necessary Accomplishments. And yet, what are Singing and Dancing to all the Drudgery of Schools and Universities!

I have often heard some who pass for great Sages affirm, that such as have studied any single Science, are the most perfect therein, because Diversity naturally induces Distraction. This must be allowed to us, that the Business of a Family when thoroughly performed, takes in the whole Circle of our Time, and affords no room for any Thing, except innocent Relaxations. I cannot help thinking therefore, that we are more likely to understand domestick Policy, than such as have twenty other Things to mind, and can therefore spare but a very small Proportion of their Time for this Sort of Study. I do admit that a mere Housewife, like a mere Scholar, is fit for nothing else, and will make a Man but a very unfociable Companion. But as some Men of great Application to their respective Professions, have not-
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withstanding a very polite Behaviour, so a Woman may make the Government of her House, the principal Care, without suffering it to become the perpetual Theme of her Discourse, neither do I think it at all necessary, that to establish a Character as a Manager, her Husband should twice or thrice a Week hear her scolding the Servants. I mention this, because it is one of the great Objections to female Government, and our Adversaries would fain represent it, as a Thing as necessary to us, as a standing Army to the Administration. But both may be Calumnies for all that, and mere Effects of a Desire to get into other Folk's Places.

The great Argument in a Case like this, ought to be Experience, and that is wholly on our Side, or I am much mistaken. Wherever the Master exceeds his proper Sphere, and pretends to give Law to the Cookmaid, as well as the Coachman, we observe a great deal of Discord and Confusion. The Servants never know what they are doing, and the Master himself is seldom pleased with what is done. He is a better Judge when Things are wrong, than of the Method of setting them to rights, neither does he consider, that entrenching on his Wife's Dominion is the ready Way to make the rest of the Family despise them both. But where a Woman of tollerable good Sense is allowed to direct her House without Controul, all Things go well, she prevents even her Goodman's Wishes, the Servants know their Business, and the whole Family live easy and happy. Every one's Memory retains Instances enough of these Truths, and therefore I shall not enter into any secret History, in order to confirm them.

One Thing I must confess that an over-bearing Woman, who will act as well out of the Com-
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pass of her Knowledge, as in Things which properly belong to her, is an insupportable Evil, and as great a Scandal to her own Sex, as she can be a Plague to the other. My Mother I remember told me an odd Story of an eminent Divine, who undertook to cure, and to marry one of these Termagants, after she had broke the Hearts of two Husbands. As soon as they were wedded, and the Lady brought Home, the Doctor shewed her his House, and after passing through some other Rooms, led her into his Study, where she immediately found Fault with the Distribution of his Books, she would have the Folio's which stood on the lower Shelves, placed at Top, and the other Volumes beneath them in proportion to their Size, all which the honest Man heard without a Word of Answer. Some Time after, they descended into the Kitchen, where, before the Lady had Time to find Fault, the Doctor directed a new Regulation of the Pewter, he would have the large Dishes stand underneath, the lesser above them, and the Plates above them all. The Bride declared loudly against this, and though it was the first Day of her Reign, could not avoid taking Notice of the Impropriety of his meddling in the Kitchen. *Why, my Dear*, returned the Doctor calmly, *my directing here is exactly conformable to the Change you proposed to make in my Study*. He continued to act on this Plan, and I never heard that his Lady got the better of him, though it has been suggested that her frequent Struggles for it, did not a little contribute to her out-living him, and remaining a Widow after his Decease, you will easily apprehend that I mean a Widow in spite of her Teeth.

It is with great Concern, dear *Eliza*, that I perceive our Sex of late begin to express much Readiness to relinquish their Prerogative, that is in plain Terms, incline to mind any Thing rather than their Families. This will have fatal Consequences, such as I dread to think of or to describe. Neither can I imagine how such a Notion as this ever came into the Heads of the Ladies. If they fancy that there is any Thing either mean or despicable in managing a great House, and many Servants; they are certainly mistaken, and in order to convince them, one need only observe to them, that they must take their Choice, either to manage their Servants, or be managed by them, and sure Common-Sense will not allow any body to think, the latter Situation preferable to the former. If Liberty be the Thing they aim at, they certainly mistake the Road, a Woman's Freedom consists in Power, and not in a License to gadd about, which is scandalous even in a Girl, and bespeaks a Giddiness of Soul, below Compassion.

The sole Method then of passing through a married Life with Ease and Decency, consists in dividing properly the Affairs of the Family. The Conduct of the Estate, ought surely to be in the Master. It is his Right, and if he parts with it, is an Act of Weakness, as it is a wrong turn of Thought, which puts a Wife upon attempting to wring any Part of it out of his Hands. The Conduct of the House belongs as justly to the Mistress, and no Man ought to marry a Woman whom he would not trust with the Management of such Concerns. Do you, *Eliza*, who discharge this Duty with such Applause, give to these indigested Thoughts a better Method, and stronger Reason

Reasons. You are to come hither it seems toward the End of the Month, and then we shall have a new Opportunity of discussing the Point, and of foiling our Lords and Masters at their own Weapons. Adieu! dear Friend! may Providence be as propitious in it's Gifts, as I am sincere in my Wishes, and most truly,

Your devoted Servant,

S O P H I A.



L E T T E R I I I .

PHAON *to* CELADON.

I Returned two Days ago from *Warwickshire*, and I could not allow a longer Respite than this to my Duty, of acquainting you with what has happened to me since I had the Honour to see you. You know my Father has some Concerns in that County, and besides taking Care of them, I had his Orders to call on an old Acquaintance, who having no Success in Trade, some thirty Years ago retired, or rather buried himself in a little Farm of his own in that Country, where he has dwelt ever since, without stirring ten Miles from Home. This Gentleman, as I have heard, was, a very pleasant, sociable, good Natured Man, but he is now a perfect *Humourist*, or as the Clowns about him say plainly and truly, just and honest,

honest, charitable to the Poor, and a good Neighbour, but withal, a little beside his Wits. This was the Character precisely, given him by an honest Farmer, who lives within a Quarter of a Mile of his House. Mr. *Testy*, whom I visited the next Day, came fully up to the Description. He received me with a cold Civility, just asked me how my Father did, and then inquired whether I had brought any Account. I answered in the Negative, adding, that the old Gentleman sending me to adjust some Matters with his Tenants, had directed me to inquire how he did. Upon this, he grew better Tempered, obliged me to pass the Evening, and take a Bed with him.

The Singularity of this Man's Disposition, gave me a good deal of Entertainment. I ask'd him how he diverted himself in the Country. I take, said he, no Diversion at all, and yet I don't labour neither, for I change my Work when I begin to be weary, and in variety of Employments, I find Rest. I then asked what News there was? I'll tell you Sir, said he smiling, the last Paper I read, *Charles XII.* of *Sweden*, was just returned from *Turkey*, into his Dominions, and from that Time to this, I know nothing of Domestick or Foreign Affairs. But sure, continued I, you read some other kind of Books. Yes, reply'd he, I am a pretty good Scholar. I have read over the Bible six Times, the Whole of Duty as often, which with Bishop *Wilkins's* Sermons, compose my Library. He shewed me his Garden in very good Order, though dressed by no other Hands than his own. He conducted me at Night to a very neat Appartment, where every Thing was plain, but perfectly in Order; then he retired to his own Chamber, where in the midst of the Night,

Night, I heard him pray very devoutly, and sing in a low Voice, either a Psalm or Hymn. I forgot to tell you we supp'd on a cold Chicken, good Butter, and excellent Cheese, but without seeing any Creature but himself. In the Morning I rose early, drank a Glas of Sack, eat a Bit of Toast, and took my leave.

Since this Interview, I have sometimes turned my Thoughts on this Species of Unaccountables, stiled *Humourists*, and am very willing to present you with the Fruit of my Observations. It seems to me, that as Apoplexies and other Distempers prejudice the Memory, the Judgment, and too frequently both; so in some Constitutions mental Disorders may do as much Mischief as bodily Infirmities in others. I am very sensible of the Obscurity of what I have advanced, and I will therefore endeavour to elucidate it as far as I am able. In the first Place then I say, there are mental as well as corporal Diseases, by which I mean, that the Frame of Man is alike liable to be disordred from Causes which affect the Mind and the Body. Sorrow, will turn the Hair Gray, in some Cases in the Space of a Night. Joy, has killed many upon the Spot, and so has Anger. These are Proofs that Disorders of the Mind work upon the Body, and I take it for granted (because every Days Experience shews it) that bodily Indispositions frequently obstruct the Operations of the Soul. I say next, that Melancholy, which is nothing more than thinking intensely on disagreeable Subjects, hath such an Effect on the animal Spirits, as produces that Kind of partial Madnefs which appears in such as we usually stile *Humourists*. I open this to you, purely as my own Conjecture, on which I should

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be glad to have your Sentiments, who I know have long studied human Nature, and if you can dispense with the Phrase, are much better versed in the Anatomy of the Mind than I. My small Experience hath convinced me, that all Notions on this Subject are worth examining, and therefore I am the bolder (whatever its Deficiencies may be) in proposing mine.

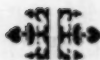
There is one Thing which has strongly confirmed me in the Belief of what I have advanc'd, and it is this; the only Method hitherto discover'd of curing this Disorder, and bringing these Men to their right Senses, is by a proper Diet, drawing them to take a Share in Diversions, feeding their Eyes with pleasant Spectacles, and delighting their Ears with agreeable Sounds, which leads me to apprehend, that by Degrees the lost Habits of the Animal Spirits are restor'd, and those Sensations return, the Interruption of which, produced the Distemper whereof we have been speaking. Besides, this Account gives us a very plausible Reason for that Difficulty, which is always found in effecting this Cure; because without Question the bringing the animal Spirits to act as they were wont, is a Matter not very easy, as we know, that where Limbs are numb'd, Juices of a much grosser Texture do not readily find their old Channels. If after all you discover an unusual Darkn^es in what I offer to your Consideration, you ought in some Measure to attribute it to the Subject I have attempted. There is nothing clearer than that the Soul and Body are united, nor any Thing so perplexed and obscure, as all the Accounts hitherto given of that Union. This however ought to comfort us, that we are sure it cannot long remain a Secret; our Souls
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will shortly escape out of our Bodies, and then this with a long Train of other important Truths will appear in the clearest Light.

These Speculations are interrupted by my receiving from a Friend in *Warwickshire*, a Letter with the following Essay, or whatever else you please to call it, enclosed. He assures me it was written by this Mr. *Tesby*, and came to his Hands from a Gentlewoman who found it in an Arbour in his Garden, where she went to pick some Marygolds. You must know, that without being a civil, he is a very kind Neighbour; that is to say, he refuses nothing, tho' he never parts with a Compliment, and is the most beneficent Creature living, tho' he looks sower, and will hardly make you a Bow. I persuade myself that what I send you of his, will in some Measure make you Amends for all this Impertinence of my own, which I shall conclude with a Maxim taught me by Experience, and therefore very likely to be true, *viz. That there is no Sense more sublime than that of Mad Men, as there is no Madness so extravagant, as the Madness of Men of Sense.* In order to shew you, that notwithstanding this Letter, I am still perfectly in my Wits; I need only add, that I am sincerely your Friend, and most unfeignedly

Your obedient humble Servant,

PHAON.



The



The LEGEND of

P O V E R T Y.

A Merchant of tollerable good Sense, not altogether unimproved by Education, found in Spite of all the Care he could take, his Affairs in such a Scituation, as rendered it necessary for him to quit a kind of Life, which he was so little qualified to lead, and to strike out some better Way of employing the small Residue of his Effects. Such Considerations have commonly a strong Effect on the Imagination, so as to fill it with gloomy Ideas, and even to prejudice the intellectual Faculties themselves. Such was the Case of this distressed Trader, who having unsuccessfully wearied himself in seeking to escape from a Labyrinth of Thought, at last sunk without perceiving it into a profound Sleep; Nature affording that Remedy which he wanted both the Will and the Power of applying.

His Eyes were scarce closed, when to his still waking Mind, the Image of a robust Woman, above the common Size presented itself; she was dressed in a home spun Stuff, and tho' her Head Attire was far from being fine, yet it was extremely White, and very agreeable disposed; the rest of her Garb was suitable, and her Air had something in it frank and noble, tho' nothing that favoured of the Boarding School; a modest Chearfulness shone in her Countenance, and alto-

gether she looked like some Person of Distinction, cloathed after a rustick Manner. The Merchant whose Thoughts even in his Sleep, ran on the Scituation he was in, saw this Phantom with Surprize, and hastily demanded who she was, and how she came to trespass upon his Privacy.

At this the Dame seemed to smile, and after a low Reverence proceeded thus. My Name is *POVERTY*, do not be startled, your being afraid is the only Thing can make me hurt you; calm your Thoughts, recollect your Spirits, and when you are cool enough to hear me I will go on. Having said this, she paused a-while, and then resumed her Discourse. My Parents, said she, were *CHANCE* and *INDISCRETION*; they made a Match almost without thinking of it, and tho' my Mother went her full Time, I came into the World when I was little expected; she had been marry'd more than once before, and I have a great many Sisters by different Fathers, and most of them have made their Husbands very unhappy. This doubtless you have heard, and therefore not without Reason, seem confounded at the Sight of me; but have Patience, you are the Person I have chosen for my Spouse, there is no being rid of me, yet if you will take my Advice, we may live together happily enough.

The poor Man sigh'd, but could not speak, he contented himself with bowing, and beckoning to her to proceed. Most of my Sisters, continued she, have never been able to gain the Love of their Husbands, they conversed with them as it were by Force, and the Consequence of such untoward Embraces hath in most of them been the bringing

bringing a Boy black as an Negro, called *SHAME*, alike hated by Father and Mother, and yet sticking so close to them, as never to be disowned.

A few of my elder Sisters have been more happy, some of them have matched with Country Clergymen, settled for the most part either in *Wales*, or in the North, and the Men being discreet, they have liv'd in Peace and Comfort; most of their Issue have been Females, such as *TEMPERANCE*, *FRUGALITY*, and *PIETY*, with these Maids when they grew up to Maturity, their Parents passed their Time very agreeably, returning the World's Favours in kind, and pitying with good Reason, such as pitied them.

Others have married Soldiers, and had no Reason to repent their Choice; you must have heard of *FORTITUDE*, the Son of one of my Sisters by a Martial Spouse. It has been often remarked, that the greatest Heroes have been best satisfied with Ladies of our Family; and if I am rightly informed, you may read in some *Greek* and *Latin* Authors of several Men of great Distinction, who would not be divorced from us when they might, and if I mistake not *Epaminondas* and *Cincinnatus* were of that Number.

By this Time I hope you are convinced, that being joined to me will not necessarily render you miserable; but I shall go farther still, and shew you, that tho' I have no Fortune to brag of, yet the Possession of me is attended with some Blessings; for Instance, from the Moment we are united, you will see no Flatterers, a Look of mine obliges a false Friend to unmask himself, and doubles the Tenderneſs of him who's

really so. Idle Visitors and Gossips also very rarely come where I am, so that if I bring you no good Company, I shall at least keep you from the Plague of bad, which, the Corruption of the present Age considered, is of no small Consequence.

I am a great Enemy to Luxury, and very fond of Exercise, for which Reason, Health is more ready to visit me, than Ladies who make a much better Figure. I can also boast that Quiet is my constant Companion, and that there are very few Vices able to live under the same Roof with me. The most troublesome, and perhaps you will think it strange, is Pride; but she is an insinuating Hussy, and never wants some Art or other of recommending herself in Cottages as well as Courts; when she pesters me too much, I have no Remedy but listening a little to Rumour, for no sooner do I hear what other People say of me, than presently I resume my Wits.

You have a little Freehold in *Warwickshire*, let us go down together; make it your Study to remember your Condition, and that Experience has convinced you, your Parts are not of a kind to make it better, tho' it may easily be made worse. Your Income small as it is, will keep Necessity at the Door, if you yourself are not imprudent enough to let her in. Labour will supply many Wants, and at the same Time divert Care; he can never think himself a Slave who has no Master, or believe any Office beneath him which Nature requires; you must shun Company, because you cannot entertain them, the ill judging World will call this Spleen, but your own right judging Heart will acquit you. Accustom yourself to go often to that Tribunal, and never dispute

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pute its Decrees. Time which lessens all Evils, will make the Pains of which you are apprehensive become Pleasures. In the Course of a few Years I shall render you so many Services, you will begin to love me; I am so thoroughly persuaded of this, that I will venture to felicitate you on your Nuptials; for know my dear Spouse, that Providence matches for the best, and that Men commonly owe their Miseries to a vain preferring their own Choice.

At these Words the decay'd Trader started from his Seat, and stretching out his Hand with great Alacrity, the sudden Motion wak'd him; he recollected, he considered his Dream, and having bowed himself in humble Thankfulness before his Maker, he readily embraced that State of Life which alone was left him, fully persuaded, that a virtuous Poverty might afford as much Happiness as the most elevated Condition, and that Content with a little, might prove as agreeable to him as Riches to others.



LETTER IV.

FLORIMOND to CELADON.

ON my Return from *London*, I was inform'd of your kind Visit, and of the earnest Desire you expressed of hearing from me as soon as possible. I take therefore this Opportunity of informing you, that I took up my Residence while in Town with *Hipolytus*. He is I think grown gayer, and much more conversable than former-

ly, and which in my Judgment is still more extraordinary, his Lady seems to have taken up that part of his Temper which he has laid aside. Instead of the giddy Creature you and I remember her, she is become one of the gravest Ladies in the City; she is fallen exactly into her Husband's Maxims with Respect to Oeconomy, extremely rigid to her Servants as to their Behaviour, and at the same Time more attentive to their Welfare than themselves. I confess to you, I was quite astonished at the Change, and much more so at the Decorum observ'd in the Family. I verily believe the Courts of some Princes are not near so regular, or themselves so well attended.

After paying all this Respect to our Friends, let me without Ceremony give you an Account of an Evening's Conversation with *Hipolytus*. He had communicated to me a very curious Letter from *China*, and took Occasion from thence to advance what I thought a very extraordinary Doctrine, that Men were generally speaking, equal in all Respects among themselves, and that the Almighty had made little or no Distinction amongst the several Nations of the World, whatever the Vanity of some Men might tempt them to suggest. He grounded his Sentiment on that equal Relation in which all Men stand to their Creator, and the Improbability there was that a Being wise and good, should deal more or less favourably with any of his Creatures, whereas considering this Notion as flowing from the Frailty of human Nature, nothing could appear to be more fairly accounted for.

Upon this I took the Liberty of representing to him, that tho' nothing was more laudable than
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entertaining exalted and magnificent Ideas of the Supreme Being ; yet there was at the same Time nothing more unsafe, than to pretend to desert his revealed Will, in order to set up our own Conjectures in its Stead. That this was a Liberty we durst not take with human Laws, which constrained us to submit to a certain Constitution, chosen for us, and did not allow us to strike out into such Ways of Living as best pleased ourselves. That after all, human Reason could find nothing amiss in those Distinctions, which we were taught to believe God had made amongst Men. That in the beginning, while all were alike obedient to his Laws, alike he considered all ; but in process of Time, according to their Conduct, he neglected some and regarded others. That this Notion was agreeable to Experience, and to the general Rule observed by his Providence, which annexes Rewards to good Actions, and Punishments to such as are bad.

Hipolytus took some Pains to convince me, that I had mistaken his Meaning. I assert no more, said he, than that God has given to all his Creatures the Means of being happy. It appears to me, that all the several Countries on the Globe, have their Conveniencies and their Inconveniencies. That amongst all Nations, there are some Fools and some Wise, and that some Things which are esteemed, or which may be in Fact great Blessings to some Countries, might not be so in others. To make myself as intelligible as I can, continued he, I will give you an Instance, I think that the *Chinese* Literature serves all the Purposes of that Nation better than if they received, and even attained Perfection in the Sciences most in Esteem with us.

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To this I replied, that I was glad to see I had driven him from one of his sceptical Ports, but I told him, I could not rest satisfied with that, while he still continued to maintain Notions every Way as repugnant to right Reason, I observed to him, that the Reason of Things was the same in all Ages, and in all Countries. That as to Science, it ought to be distinguished into what was properly, and what was falsely so called. The former I took upon me to prove never varied, as I instanced to him in the Mathematical Writings of the Ancients, which were now as much esteemed, and as readily assented to, as when they were written. But as to false Sciences, such as *Astrology*, *Augury*, and *natural Magick*, as they were in reality nothing better than Fictions, so they appeared sometimes in one Form, sometimes in another. That besides these, there was a mixed Kind of Science, partly true, and partly false, because built on different Foundations, *viz.* Conjecture and Experiment, which Kind was capable of continual Improvement, as Men were able to depend less upon Opinion, and more upon Facts. So that to assert Men had equal Degrees of Knowledge, with Respect to their Necessities, was false, since the present Inhabitants of *Greece*, knew not how to build such Edifices, as had been erected by their Predecessors, nor even how to repair the Ruins of such as were left, and yet the Soil and Climate remained the same, and consequently their Necessities alike.

As to the Literature of *China*, I observe that hitherto we have very indistinct Accounts of it, but that however, this was certain, the wisest and most learned of the *Chinese*, preferred our Knowledge to their own, and took a great deal of Pains
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to acquire it; if therefore their natural Abilities were so great, they plainly decided the Question against him, since the most knowing of them became Disciples to the *Jesuits*, ; that as to their Government, their Arts, their Manufactures, I did not dispute they might be more convenient for them than ours would be, but that this did not flow from any occult Cause as he seemed to suggest, but from one very apparent, *viz.* because they had adapted all these to the Nature of their Country, and their own Dispositions. On the whole therefore, the only Influence that could be drawn from this was, that Wise Men in all Countries acted according to their different Lights.

Hipolytus smiled at my Manner of reasoning. You have found out, said he, Arguments to justify that Sentiment which I would have expressed, for not being used to such philosophical Deductions, I did not attend to all the Consequences which might be drawn from my Manner of delivering my Thoughts. I perceive that we agree pretty well in the main, and therefore let us no longer dispute. We are both satisfied that our Creator is wise and good, and that he has left none of the human Race Reason to complain. This Point settled, take the Paper you like so well into the Country, and let us go down to Supper, I hate Controversies whence no Profit is to be drawn.

I must own to you freely, *Celadon*, that upon considering this Matter more attentively, I begin to doubt whether the Matter be so clear as I at first apprehended. There are certainly many Things out of the reach of human Understanding, and those perhaps are the least knowing, who entertain the fewest Jealousies of their own Knowledge.

ledge. We have just Faculties sufficient to manage properly our own narrow Affairs, but when we pretend to extend these beyond their natural Bounds, or foolishly offer to grasp at universal Science, we only discover our own Weakness, and like Men who venture to Sea in a Wherry, discern our Folly by our Danger, and then pull round in order to gain the Shore. Sometime or other however, this thirst of Knowledge will certainly be gratified, for we have no irregular Desires implanted in us by Nature ; but the Irregularities we discern are the Effects of our Misapplications. How wisely then in that Scheme which God has given us of his Will, are mortal Duties so much more warmly pressed, than speculative Considerations. While we are here, Action is more our Business than thinking, though we may certainly indulge this too, so it be not to the Prejudice of that. But I am again entering into the Labarynth, and that I may not weary you and myself with my Endeavours to get out, I will conclude this Letter with a short Account of the Paper inclosed.

It was written to our Friend according to its Date, by a Gentleman who has been in the *East-India* Company's Service thirty Years. It contains no more than a naked Narration of Facts which as they are new and curious, must be allowed to be entertaining. For my own Part, I am always better pleased with Accounts delivered to me in this plain Way, than with any of those pompous Relations which charm the rest of the World. For the same Reason I dislike an unnecessary Train of Compliments which seem to me an Equipage that does by no means bespeak Friendship,

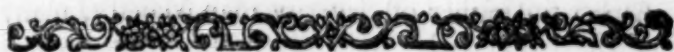
ship, since then this is my Opinion, judge of my Sincerity by this unpolite Conclusion,

I am,

And shall ever be as much Yours,

As I am my own.

FLORIMOND.



EXTRACT of a LETTER from CHINA,
Containing an ACCOUNT of the then

E M P E R O R.

Canton, Oct. 1. 1716.

IN my last, I gave you the best Account I could of the Government of this Country, in which if I give you less Satisfaction, by keeping close to common Occurrences; yet of this, I dare assure you, that I wrote nothing but what was exactly true, and made not the least Use of that Privilege which Custom and common Speech extend to Travellers, and which has been but too much practised by the Travellers into this Country in particular. I am now according to my Promise, to give you the best Idea I can of the Ruler of this great Empire, which that I might the better do, I applied myself to some of the Court, whom I have found very faithful and honest in
other

other Matters, where they might have found their Account in cheating me, and therefore I cannot suspect their Veracity in Points where to speak Truth, would do them Credit, and to deceive me would do them no good.

The Name of the reigning Emperor is *Kambi*, the Grandson of that *Tartar*, Conqueror, who subdued *China*. He is now in his grand Climate-rick, and has reigned about fifty Years. As to his Person, he is tall, well made and active. His Face is long, his Eyes quick and piercing, and his Aspect full rather of Severity than Majesty, many of the Missionaries have given out, that he is a Christian in his Heart, for which however, there is not much Foundation. He outwardly favours the Superstition of the *Bonzes*, but those who have conversed with him in private, affirm that he is in reality a Deist, and entertains a high Contempt of the Idolatry he tolerates. It is not however improbable that he might by this Time have been a Christian, if any but the Missionaries had discoursed with him on religious Subjects, but the Zeal of some of these for superstitious Ceremonies, hath so strongly prejudiced him against revealed Religion, that he has no more Respect for them than his own Priests. He is jealous of being imposed upon, and he gives more Credit to his own Judgment than theirs.

This Monarch hath all the Pride and Haughtiness of the *Asiatic* Princes, keeps steadily to the old Forms, not only in his Management of the Government, but in that also of his private Affairs, and the Concerns of his Palace. His ruling Passion is a strong Thirst of Knowledge, and yet even this will not allow him to prefer Truth to certain vain Conceits, which have been long entertained

tained by his Predecessors. For Instance, it is a received Opinion amongst the *Cbinese*, that their Country is the Centre of the World, and that it comprehends a great Part of the habitable Earth. The *Jesuits* with whom the Emperor often confers on Subjects of Learning, took a great deal of Pains to satisfie him of the Falschhood of both these Positions. But in vain, the Emperor remains fixed in his Opinion, and a learned *Italian* Father who drew a Map of the World by the Emperor's Direction, thought proper to comply with his Instructions, and to place *Cbina* where he would have him.

The more intelligent *Cbinese* readily own that these Notions ~~are~~ absurd, and they assert that nobody knows this better than the Emperor, but that he pretends the Contrary for two Reasons. First, because he thinks the old Opinion very agreeable to the People, and that therefore it would be dangerous to subvert it. Secondly, he is resolved to shew that he is obeyed by the *Jesuits*, and that they cannot govern him as they pretend they have governed other Princes. However this be, I can assure you that after having viewed a Pair of fine Globes that were brought over in our Ship, and which far exceeded any that were in his Possession, he refused to purchase them because *Cbina* did not stand in the Centre, and made but a very small Figure in Comparison of the rest of the World. I am however, since informed, that these Globes were privately bought for the Emperor, and are now in the Royal Palace at *Pekin*.

Among other Instances of his Curiosity, there happened lately one which was whimsical enough, he had a Mind to know what it was to be drunk, and

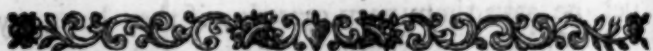
and for that Reason ordered a Nobleman, or as they are called here a *Mandarin*, who had a very strong Head, to sit down and drink with him. The Liquor they chose was *Canary*, and in the Space of a couple of Hours, the Emperor grew dead drunk, and fell fast asleep. When the *Mandarin*, who continued sober, saw this, he retired out of the Room, and sent for some of the Chiefs of the Eunuchs, to whom he addressed himself in Words to this purpose. My Friends, whatever a Monarch does, is no light Matter. Our Master seems but too well pleased with the Juice of the Grape, he commended it at every Glass, and expressed himself in Raptures, when he had well nigh got his Dose. Consider with yourselves, that if he is already capricious, and somewhat addicted to Cruelty, how insupportable he will grow, if once he becomes a Drunkard. Take my Advice therefore, load me instantly with Chains, and thrust me into a Dungeon. When the Emperor wakes, and enquires for me, tell him it was done by his Order, and leave the rest to me. The Eunuchs approved this Scheme, and instantly put it in Execution.

As soon as the Emperor came to himself, and perceiv'd he was alone, he enquired for the *Mandarin*, and being told that he was in a Dungeon loaded with Irons, and that they had sent for an Executioner to put him to Death by his Majesty's Orders; he was amazed, and began to reflect within himself, what it was that had thus provoked him. Being able to recollect nothing, he gave Directions, that the *Mandarin* should be sent for, who came into his Presence with Irons on his Hands and Feet, and with a dejected Countenance throwing himself at the Emperor's Feet, requested

quested that he might at least know his Offence ; upon this his Irons were taken off, and the Company withdrawing, the Emperor told him plainly, that he remembered nothing of the Matter, but that his Head ached extreamly, and that how well soever he liked the Taste of the Wine, he would never drink above three Glasses a Day of a Liquor prejudicial alike to the Mind, and to the Body; which Resolution he has ever since maintained, and may therefore boast of having once been happily deceived.

This Prince is very curious as to *European* Manufactures of all kinds, especially Vessels of Brass and Copper ; whenever any of these of a new Invention are brought hither, he employs some of his own Workmen to imitate them, and then shewing their Performances to the Missionaries, he asks them very gravely, if they have any such Things in *Europe*. Never certainly was there any Prince more jealous of the Honour, or more studious of the Interests of his Subjects than he ; for which Reason the Grandees are extreamly devoted to him, tho' he has some Qualities unprincipely enough, especially Covetousness, for which however he fails not to make Excuses, for he is too penetrating not to distinguish his own Fault, as well as those of others. He says, that he is at vast Expences for the Good of his Subjects, which they know nothing of, and therefore he must take Ways they are unacquainted with to supply his Coffers. This he usually does by borrowing or fining for some slight Offence, any of his Officers who have the Reputation of being very rich ; for says the Monarch, by this Means I discourage Extortion, and at the same Time take nothing but what is justly my own.

He is also much given to Women, of whom he has several hundreds, and upwards of three-score Sons and Daughters, yet hitherto he has declined naming his Successor, alledging, that it is Time enough to lie down, when one can no longer sit up. He is far from being indolent, nor is he quite so obstinate as he is commonly reputed; but being a great Politician, he affects to disguise his Sentiments, and those who are well acquainted with the Temper of his Subjects, cannot but admit that he has some Degree of Reason. In a Word, he has more Virtues than most, and at least as few Vices as any Person of Distinction of that Country. I believe I shall write to you no more from hence, expecting every Day to depart, &c.



LETTER V.

THEODORUS to FLORIMOND.

I Receiv'd Yesterday my dear Friend, your kind Letter, and understanding from my Son that he has written what little News we have here to his Sister, I will without Ceremony apply myself to answer as well as I am able, the Question you propos'd. It is a Point I have often considered, and therefore I hope I shall give you some Satisfaction. Whether I do or do not, I expect you will tell me freely; for the great End of all these Enquiries is Truth, which ought never to be sacrific'd to Complaisance. Your Question runs thus, *What are the Natures, and what the proper*

proper Bounds of Credulity and Incredulity, and how are they to be avoided? I will consider this Question just as it lies, that is to say, I will speak first of the Qualities you mention, and then of the Means of guarding against them.

Credulity is in few Words believing too readily, and this we may do either in Respect to the Thing believed, when we credit what we may know to be false, by the Use of our Reason; or in Respect to the Testimony when we credit a Witness, to whom strictly speaking, no Credit was due; or when one might have had better Testimony if one had sought it. I beg Leave to give you some few Instances, in order to make my Definitions clear. We have heard of a certain Philosopher who asserted, that there was no such Thing as Motion, now either to have received the Opinion, or even to have entertained a Doubt whether it might be true, had been an Act of Credulity; because if we know any Thing, we know this to be false. If a common Fellow reports a Thing, of which there is just Occasion to believe he is no competent Judge, I am not bound to believe him, tho' I have an Opinion of his Honesty; neither ought I to credit a Witness of a better Reputation, so far as to raise any System upon his Experiments, if I may conveniently make them myself. Many have affirmed, that hot Water will freeze sooner than cold, and have pretended to assign Reasons for it; but whoever will carefully make the Experiment, cannot avoid discovering that it is a Falstiy, and therefore had he attempted to reason on this Subject without making the Experiment, he might have been justly condemn'd for Credulity; because it is Madness to enquire why a Thing is so, till we are sa-

tified it is so. Thus I think I have given a clear Account of the Nature and Causes of Credulity, which is itself one great Source of Ignorance.

As to Incredulity, it is the opposite Vice to the former, and no less a Vice than it. To believe Things without Reason, or without Evidence is a Fault, and it is a Fault likewise to dispute, or which is the same Thing, not to admit the Testimony of Reason and Evidence. He is justly stiled incredulous who refuses to believe, because he does not absolutely comprehend. It is not necessary, that a Thing should be obvious to my Reason in order to be true; it is sufficient that it is not repugnant. For instance, a Man born in a Climate where Snow and Frost is never seen, cannot well conceive a feathered Rain, or a River with Coaches upon it; but should he deny the Possibility of such a Thing, he would deceive himself, and be deservedly laugh'd at. He is likewise incredulous, who refuses to believe a competent Witness, because he testifies somewhat he would not willingly have true. Thus for Fear of admitting the ridiculous Story, that a certain kind of Geese grew upon Trees; some have resolved to deny, that ever any living feathered Creatures were found floating upon rotten Wood; whereas a *French* Virtuoso has lately found by repeated Experiments, that the Thing is really so, and that the Eggs of living Creatures being thus hatched as they floated, gave Birth to the common Report. In like manner the old Story, that a Camel preserves Water in false Stomachs, and is thereby enabled to travel long without drinking, after being for a considerable Time exploded as a Fable, is at length owned by Anatomists for a Truth.

Absolutely

Absolutely to avoid these contrary Errors, is perhaps a Perfection not attainable by our Nature; but it is certain, that with a reasonable Degree of Care, we might prevent our being so much subject to these Errors as we usually are. We might err sometimes through want of Capacity, whereas now most of our Errors proceed from the Untowardness of our Wills, which we might easily correct. In order to this, I would recommend it as a Point of the highest Importance, to acquire a proper Notion of the Value, and in Consequence thereof, a just Affection for Truth. We commonly say, that it is the most amiable Thing in the World, but perhaps we say this with too little Sense of what we affirm. Truth is amiable, because it is the Perfection of whatever we can desire. It is the Knowledge of Truth that makes us wise; in virtue of our loving Truth, we are honest; and by Reason of our speaking Truth we are sincere. Now as these are Qualities which have been ever admired, and every where esteemed, it follows, that Truth must be an amiable Thing. If so, we ought to seek it in all Things; it may indeed be more important in one Respect than another; but is ever of some Importance, and therefore never to be sacrificed to our Complaisance for others, to our Fondness for our own Opinions, or an indolent Disregard on which Side of the Question it lies.

In the next Place, I would recommend a great Modesty in speaking, and an honest Fear of asserting or denying, but upon full Conviction and just Grounds. There are so many Things which we have not had an Opportunity of knowing, and so many more that we never can know; what we are acquainted with we know so superficially, and

we are such improper Judges of Things strange to us, that a wise Man is scarce ever peremptory, and a Man's being positive, is a strong Proof that his Judgment is weak. I do not pretend to recommend a general Scepticism, or the bringing our Doubts into Practice. In respect to the common Affairs of Life, we have all the Certainty that is necessary; all therefore that I ask is, that where Nature has denied this Certainty, we should not affirm we have it.

Lastly in my Judgment, Diligence is a very commendable Remedy, I mean Diligence in Enquiries. There are many more Things within the Reach of human Understanding, than is commonly apprehended, and if we would trust Reason more, and Imagination less, the Kingdom of Ignorance would quickly lose many a large Province. With respect to the Theory of Vision and Colours, we know what strange Mistakes possessed not only the Vulgar, but the Learned, and this for Ages. At length Sir *Isaac Newton* came, and merely by dint of Honesty, in not persuading himself he knew what in reality he knew not, dissolv'd the Charm, and opened a new Field of Knowledge to the admiring World; he did the same Thing with respect to many other Branches of Science, and has thereby established a just and lasting Reputation. We had another Philosopher who was at once the most credulous, and the most incredulous Man living, I mean *Thomas Hobbs* of *Malmesbury*; whatever his own Imagination suggested, that he believ'd, against Reason, against Experience; whatever was generally received by others, he would obstinately reject, and set his Wits to work to devise Objections almost against self evident Truths. These Exam-
ples

ples considered, will afford more Light towards the Solution of your Question, than a long Train of Reasoning.

One sees by observing the Course of Things in this World, that Credulity is the more shameful Error of the two; but I own, that I do not see why. Incredulity is as much wide of Reason, and to the full as destructive of Knowledge, yet it escapes better, which is a Fate it does not deserve; the most difficult Thing I know is to preserve a right Conduct with respect to what are called vulgar Opinions. Some are certainly too ready in receiving them, but many are as certainly blameable for treating them with Contempt. Common Consent is an Argument, tho' not an irrefragable Argument, and there is a Degree of Vanity, to say no worse, in a Man's pretending to set up his Judgment on all Occasions, against that of the rest of Mankind. To speak freely, I think a common Notion, ought *prima facie* to be esteem'd right; but if any Man will modestly offer Proofs to the contrary, I think he ought by all Means to be heard. To enquire is the only Road by which the human Understanding can arrive at Knowledge; and therefore we can never suppose, that Mankind came to an Agreement to bar it up, and if they had, this would not bind their Successors. On the whole, too great Modesty, and too great Assurance, are alike to be avoided, we ought to be afraid of advancing nothing that we are sure is true, and we ought to have a like Fear of denying what may be so. I am sure I act agreeably to this Rule, in telling you that I am, most heartily,

Your Friend and Servant,

THEODORUS.



LETTER VI.

PHAON to CELADON.

I HAVE read with all imaginable Satisfaction that Letter of *Florimond's*, with the inclosed Paper, which you were pleased to send me. I confess, it is my fixed Opinion, that Mankind are pretty much the same throughout all the Countries of the Earth, if we except the Impressions made on them by Religion and Education; and hence it is, that I am amazed, that some who would pass for Politicians, give themselves so little Trouble about Religion, and scarce think of Education at all.

We must be Children, before we are Men, and it is then only that we suffer Instruction, or think we have need of it. To let this Time slip without making a right Use of it, is to leave Seeds when they are once sown, without weeding, or watering them. It is a hundred to one, that they are choaked, and never grow up at all, or if they do, it is a thousand to one that they become good for nothing. We may say the same Thing with respect to Men, it is impossible they should pass through the World without having some Notion of Religion; since their own Happiness, and the Happiness of those they have to deal with, depends strongly on their having right Notions in this Respect.

Such therefore in all Countries, as have little Tincture either of Education or Religion, follow

low blindly their Inclinations, and devote themselves wholly to the Gratification of their Passions. Among such Men, what Difference can there be, none surely, but what arises from the Customs and Laws of the Countries in which they live. I have not confined myself in regulating my Notions on this Head, to the bare Dictates of my own Judgment, but have endeavoured to call Experience to the Assistance of my Reason, that if possible I might not be deceived. It is true, my Knowledge of Mankind hath not been very extensive, but as far as it reached, it confirmed me in this Notion, nor could I ever find that Men were either better or worse for living in this or that Climate, but merely from their having the Benefits of a liberal Education, or acting from the Principles of solid Piety.

You know the *Italians* are generally stigmatized for many Vices, neither do I think it is altogether without Reason, but then this is wholly owing to most flagrant Faults in their Education, and to those opposite Mischiefs which prevail equally there, Atheism and Superstition. Such of the *Italians* as have been happy in a regular kind of Breeding, and in consequence thereof, have juster, I mean sincerer Notions of Religion, of whom, I have known several, are Men of excellent Characters, and every Way worthy of Esteem. All the Enquires I have been able to make of Persons who have travelled in the most distant Parts of the World, have issued in supporting this Notion of the Equality of Mankind, considered in their natural State.

Give me leave to add to this, that there are certain epidemick Follies which afflict all Climates, and all Ages, which serve to distract the Understandings,

standings, and corrupt the Morals of those among whom they prevail; out of many, I will instance two, Idolatry and the love of Money. The first exterminates all true Religion, and the latter tears up Virtue by the Roots. Whoever will consider all the Religions that prevail in the World, will discover that a kind of Idolatry prevails among weak People, and induces them to place all their Hopes in Things, idle and insignificant, and this I think has been carried so far, as to fill some People with idolatrous Rage against the Decency of other Folks Worship; neither could there be any Thing more opposite to the Principles of the antient *Quakers*, than their making it a Point to distinguish themselves by Habit, for if Dress be, as it really is, a Thing of no Consequence, then all Distinctions are unnecessary. As to a Fondness for Money, I need say the less of it, because it is almost every where but too notorious; but the Vice that I mean, is not a Passion for Wealth, on Account of the Pleasures it enables us to taste; but that Passion which extends no farther than Money itself, and which is so far from considering it as the Harbinger of Pleasure, that it makes the bare Possession of it, which is really of no Use, the utmost of its Views. Of all our Vices, this is the least Rational, and for that Reason, perhaps the most furious. Other Foibles are wore out in Time, but this increases with our Years, though to speak the Truth, it is properly an old Man's Vice, since it consists in desiring what we cannot Use.

Although in other Respects, People strongly touched with these Vices, act in such a Manner as shew they do not want either Parts or Prudence, yet in Respect to that which takes up
most

most their Minds, they are so intoxicated that they act like Madmen. For what is there more grossly stupid than for a Man, otherwise of good Sense, to think of making himself acceptable to the Governor of all Things, by praying in a certain Place, by honouring certain Images, or by performing certain Ceremonies, whereas nothing is clearer than that Rectitude of Mind, and good Works, are all that can make Men pleasing unto God. On the other Hand, how amazing is it to see Persons who have a strong Passion for Money, part with it readily on the most idle Pretences, provided only that a vast Profit be promised. We have never hitherto seen a Lottery, however disadvantageous, which has not met with Encouragement. Those who have spared no Pains, and which is still worse, such as have spared no Crimes to get together a Sum of Money, part with it for a few Pieces of Paper, charged with Words to this Purpose, *When the Sky falls, you shall catch Larks*. In short, Men are in both Cases, Idolaters; in both, they forget the Ends of their Creation, and deliver themselves up to delusive Ideas, which end commonly in Distraction or Despair.

Among all the Methods that have been thought of to amuse the Avaritious, and to practise on the Lovers of Money by the sole Means whereby they can be practised on, the Hopes of getting more, the Philosopher's Stone seems to be the best contrived. It is to speak in the modern Phrase, an old Bite. There were many Pretenders to this Art in the Time of the holy War, and amongst our old Statutes, there are not a few for encouraging, and for preventing such Enterprizes, according as our Princes were either Dupes to *Alchymists*, or perswaded of their Rogueries:

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In the Time of King *James I.* A Law forbidding the Art of Multiplication was repealed, and we may see from *Ben. Johnson's Alchymist*, how much the Notion of making Gold by Art was in Vogue, though it had been before fully exposed by *Erasmus*, and by our learned and elegant Poet *Chaucer*, long before him. The Reason assigned for repealing that Statute was, that People might not go Abroad, and consume their Estates to avoid its Penalties, and in Truth I think it was a good one. Because if Men will beggar themselves, it is better they should do it at Home, because then Poverty only changes Hands, and while they willingly hurt themselves, they unwittingly do good to others.

There is not a Country in *Europe*, where at certain Seasons this Madness of making Gold hath not prevailed; but what is still stranger, the Effects of this Fury were never so warmly felt here, as in the *East*, where thousand of Volumes have been written upon this Art of converting Gold into Smoak, and where Numbers of Persons truly rich, have been fooled out of all their Wealth, by a vain Pursuit of Riches never to be enjoyed. I cannot tell whether it will be News to you, that there are Shools of *Alchymists* in *China*; but I am sure it was so to me, when I transcribed the inclosed Paper, which as I am informed, came from a Jesuit, who had been long resident in that Country, it contains a very curious History of the bad Effects of this silly Notion, and of the great Address of Cheats and Impostors in all Parts of the Earth, both which are in my Opinion, Proofs of the Truth of what I have laid down; that human Nature is universally the same, and that all Nations

Nations are alike composed of the Wise and the Weak, the Virtuous and the Wicked.

It was the History you sent me of the *Chinese* Monarch, which put me in Mind of this, otherwise it might have lain by me, as hitherto indeed it hath done, unthought of, and consequently useless. But if it is so lucky as to entertain you, and thereby procure me the Favour of another Letter ; I shall think my Time well spent in copying it, as indeed I do whenever it is any way laid out for your Service, there being nothing which I more esteem than the Honour of approving myself in all Things,

Your sincere Friend, and

Obedient humble Servant,

P H A O N.



THE



THE
WISE MAN'S FOLLY,

Extracted from MEMOIRS of CHINA,

Written in ITALIAN,

By FATHER SCHOTTI,

THE Passions of Men are pretty much the same, wherever Men dwell, neither do I remember to have seen any Vice or Folly practised at *Venice*, which I did not find naturalized in the *Indies*. The Humour of appearing Wise in show, rather than in fact, prevails in *China*, as much as in *Europe*, and one sees there a Multitude of grave Men of all Professions, who are desirous of passing for Sages and Saints, though secretly as indulgent to their Inclinations, as any of their Neighbours. The *Mandarin*, who was our Protector in the Northern Provinces, was a remarkable Proof of this. The following Story I had from his favourite Domestic, who placed so much Confidence in me, as to believe I would not divulge it, where it might turn to his Master's Prejudice, neither do set it down purely as it is a singular Event, but because I apprehend it shews the Genius of these People, and their extraordinary Reach in Cunning, beyond any Thing we commonly meet with in *Europe*,

Europe, even amongst those who are said to live by their Wits. This *Mandarin* piques himself much on his Knowledge in the most curious Sciences, is really a Man of great Parts, and as much Learning as any I ever conversed with in that Country, one would wonder that such a one considering also his Quality, should be fixed upon by a Sharper for his Dupe, but as one wittily observes without a certain Degree of Sense, a Man cannot be made a Fool.

The Person who formed this Project of deceiving him, either was, or pretended to be a Native of *Great Tartary*, he came with his Wife and Family into the Neighbourhood of this *Mandarin's* Palace, and there practis'd Chymistry. He was a Person properly qualified for his Profession, he had a grave Countenance, a reserved Behaviour, seemed very modest in his Discourse, and affected more than ordinary Piety. He was certainly skilled in Physic, and did several very considerable Cures which brought him to the *Mandarin's* Knowledge, who finding him an ingenious Man, conversed with him frequently, and by Degrees began to have great Confidence in him, the rather because the Stranger paid him a profound Respect, and seemed to listen to his wife Discourses with Admiration.

After some Months had passed in this Manner, our itinerant Physician took Occasion to show the *Mandarin* a little Treatise on the Philosopher's Stone, as if he meant to have his Opinion of it.

The *Mandarin* smiled, and told him that if he engag'd in such Studies, he would soon become Poor. The Stranger replied, that he was sensible there was no shorter Way to be Poor, than by hurrying to be Rich; but that notwithstanding this,

this, he was firmly persuaded that a Man of moderate Desires, and who would make a good Use of his Riches, would not repent the Study he made the Object of his Ridicule. The *Madarin* who affected to be very Wise, was curious to know what he meant, but however, carefully concealed his Curiosity, and pretended to persist in his former Opinion.

A Day or two after, he sent for the Physician to his House, and after many Protestations of Kindness and Affection, exhorted him to quit those idle Studies, and keep to his Profession. The Stranger fought to defend the Science he had commended by many Arguments, which the *Mandarin* confuted, and had visibly so much the better of the Argument, that at length his Antagonist said in a seeming Passion, that he knew what he was doing; that he had practis'd this Art for many Years; and that he made Use of Physic only to conceal the Means by which he acquired his Wealth. He acted his Part so dexterously, that the *Mandarin* with all his Skill swallowed the Bait, and eagerly desired to see a manifest Proof of what a little before he affirmed to be an impossible Thing.

The Physician as if he had recollected himself, would willingly have retracted Part of what he said, but finding that impracticable, he related, not without some reluctancy, the Story of his attaining this Secret. He said, that he had learned all he knew from a *Gaur*, or *Fire-worshipper*, that is one of the ancient *Persians*, of whom there are still some remaining who reside in the Neighbourhood of the City of *Balk*. This Man he said had taught him not the great Secret, but one of an inferior Nature, which however was very valuable, and
that

that was the Art of transmuting Brass, Lead, Copper, and in short, all base Metals into Silver, by adding to them a tenth Part of their weight of a certain kind of Liquid, of which his Instructor furnished him with a large Quantity, and with the Process by which it might be made. This he said, he shortly intended to enter upon, his Stock being near out. Sometime after, the Physician invited his Patron to his House, in order to see the Operation performed.

The *Mandarin* by the Direction of our Adept, brought with him about three Pounds of Lead and Pewter, which he put with his own Hands into a glazed refining Pot; this being placed in the Furnace, and such a Heat given thereto as melted it, the Physician directed the *Mandarin* to take it out, and then showing him a Bottle full of a clear Liquor like Water, but extremely heavy, he bid him pour out a Cup full, and then gently decant it on the melted Metal. After this the refining Pot was again placed on the Furnace, and a stronger Degree of Heat given it than before. At length he bid the *Mandarin* take it out, and having poured it into a Tub of Sand, it appeared when cold, an Ingot of pure Silver, at which the *Chinese* who understood Metals well, and had never had it out of his Sight, appeared not a little amazed. The whole however was certainly a Trick, as the *Mandarin* was afterwards fully persuaded, though he could never discover how he had been imposed upon.

There wanted no more to make him eager in endeavouring to extract the Secret, but his Endeavours were in vain. The Physician assured him, that he had no more than a certain Quantity of the Liquor, which he shewed him, and that hi-

therto he had never made any of this *Elixir Lune* himself; but that he had so excellent a Receipt in Writing, that he was in no Doubt of succeeding whenever he went about it; a Thing he deferred only for want of Conveniencies, since he had by him Money enough to purchase all the necessary Ingredients, and to subsist him while he was engaged in the Operation, which he owned to be a Work of Time. His Patron heard this Discourse with Satisfaction, not from any want of Generosity, or fear of furnishing Money for the Expence; but because he thought it a convincing Proof of the Man's Sincerity, and that he was in no Danger of being deceiv'd or cheated.

On this Supposition he offer'd the Chymist an Apartment in his Palace, with excellent Accommodations, and whatever he thought requisite for going through this Process. The Offer was too obliging to be refused, the Physician therefore remov'd immediately to the House of the *Mandarin*, with his Wife, two Servants, and all his Effects. After they had been there sometime, the Physician introduced his Patron to his Spouse, who as he told him, was the Daughter of that *Gaur* from whom he had this Secret. The *Persian* Ladies are esteem'd remarkably handsome, and the Wife of our Virtuoso, had Beauty enough to be distinguished, even amongst her Countrywomen; but that was not all, the Vivacity of her Wit, join'd with the Modesty of her Conduct, and a prodigious Fund of Good Sense, made her extremely amiable, so that our *Mandarin* could not help thinking himself perfectly happy when admitted to converse with her.

The grand Operation went on all the Time, with all imaginable Signs of Success; the Physi-
cian

cian fasted several Days in a Week, he made long Prayers, and observ'd other strange Rites, which he told the *Mandarin* were agreeable to the Religion of the *Gaurs*. He likewise acquainted him with their Theological System, and amongst other Things, with their Notions of tutelary or presiding Angels, which have the Custody and Direction of the several Elements, and are consequently to be invoked by all such, as would either gain, a deep Acquaintance with, or perform any extraordinary Change, in Nature. At last these favourable Appearances vanish'd at once, and the Physician appeared for some little Time amazed, and at his Wit's End; however recovering himself by Degrees, he declared he would make a Journey to *Balk*, in order to be set right by his Father-in-law; after which he promised to return and finish what he had undertaken, proposing to leave his Wife, his Servants, and his Effects, which were very considerable, as a Pledge for the keeping of his Word. The *Mandarin* readily consented, for he had now the utmost Confidence in him, as believing him both a very learned, and a very pious Man.

The Journey our Chymist was to make, was such a one as would take up three Months at the least; his Absence therefore afforded Leisure for the *Mandarin* to become so deeply enamoured of the Stranger's Wife, as to leave no Means untry'd, in order to obtain his Ends. With some Difficulty he prevailed, and growing still the fonder of her, he saw the three Months elapse with no small Satisfaction, supposing some Accident had befallen the Physician, and that of Course the Lady would become lawfully his own, which she also seem'd as earnestly to desire. It happen'd

however otherwise. After four Months the Husband return'd, and going hastily into his Laboratory, He there inspecting certain Glasses; flew into a dreadful Passion, cryed out, that he was abused, dishonour'd, betray'd, that his Wife was an Adulteress, and the *Mandarin* a perfidious Villain; he said, that it was their foul Practices which hinder'd the Angels from assisting his Work, that his Father-in-law the *Gaur*, had discover'd it to him, and that he would go immediately to the *Chinese* Court, and demand Satisfaction for so flagrant an Injury.

The *Mandarin*, who knew the Consequences such an Accusation would inevitably produce, endeavoured by all Means he could think of to pacify him, which at length he brought about, and the Physician was contented to depart with his Wife and Servants, and a very large Satisfaction in Gold and Jewels, which shewed but too plainly what the Philosopher's Stone was, of which he boasted so much. Yet, which is not a little surprizing, even this Accident hath not been sufficient to free the *Mandarin* entirely from his Propensity to the occult Sciences. So much stronger is a favourite Folly than Reason and Experience put together.



LETTER



LETTER VII.

LEANDER to CELADON.

I HAVE since my Return from my Fathers, where I left all the Family in tollerable good Health, been favoured by *Phaon* with a Sight of several entertaining Letters, which were written during my Retirement there; and with which I have been exceedingly delighted. To fetch up lost Time, permit me, dear Sir, without Apology, to enter on the same Strain of Correspondence; for to dwell on Compliments to a Person of your good Sense, would instead of raising, most infallibly sink me in your Opinion. In the just Sense of this, I quit the formal, for the useful Stile in Writing, and shall immediately give you my Thoughts on the Subject, I am told you expressed some Desire to see me handle, and this too, with that Freedom you require. To Friends we should send Thoughts to other Mens Words.

The Theme given me by *Phaon* was this, to assign the Causes why this Island of ours hath not produced as great Men as *Athens* or *Rome*, since it seems to have possessed all those Advantages, which are commonly looked upon as the Means whereby those Common-wealths rose to such a Height, and produced such Citizens. To offer my Sentiments ingenuously, I must confess, that I doubt whether the Case be as it is stated; I

doubt whether *Athens* or *Rome* ever produced Men unequalled by Persons born in *Britain*; and on the other Hand, I much question whether *Britons* may not be named, whom neither *Greeks* nor *Romans* have equalled. I say I doubt this, for I have Sense enough to know, that it very little becomes so young and so unexperienced a Person as myself, to determine in such a Point.

Amongst the *Greeks* I do not know a more excellent, a more amiable Character than that of *Xenophon*; he was a Philosopher, an Historian, and withal his own Historian; he was indeed the Disciple of *Socrates*, but he was the first of his Disciples, and as a Captain, History affords us no Account of his Superior, either in Courage or in Conduct. So admirable was his Talent in Writing, that he could have given Immortality to any whom he celebrated; so virtuous, so noble his Actions, that the bare Relation of them would be sufficient to preserve his Memory for ever. Yet all illustrious as he is, I can name an *English* Man his Equal, Sir *Walter Raleigh* is the Man. Alike conspicuous in Arms, and in Arts, he would have been the first Man in a University, if he had confined himself to a studious Life; but being too active for this, he became one of the first Men in the Kingdom; first, in all Senses, in the Cabinet, in the Camp, and in the Court; he was the closest Speaker in the House of Commons, and the most accomplished Gallant in the Queen's Drawing-Room. In a Word, wherever Sir *Walter Raleigh* was, he was the most considered; his various Expeditions by Sea and Land, make him *Xenophon's* Equal as a Commander, his elegant History of the World, sets him on the Level with him as a Writer, his Conduct in his
Cala-

Calamities, and that cool Courage with which he received Death, raises him above *Xenophon* as a Philosopher, and equals him even to *Socrates*. You will admit that there is a strong Similitude between these two Characters, and that each of them is alike remarkable for Quickness of Parts, and which is very rare in such Persons, a just and steady Application.

If the best of the *Roman* Writers was a proper Judge of *Roman* Merit, then ought we to consider the elder *Cato*, as the greatest Man that Republic ever produced, he was wise without affecting any Thing of that Soweriness which too often abates the Relish we should otherwise have for the Conversation of eminent Men: He had Wit which was always instructive, as well as always agreeable, and with these Qualifications he had a Probity beyond Example; his Conduct was so steady, that all *Rome* confessed, that whatever *Cato* did was right. He was considerable in the State, by dint of his great Parts, but more so by the universal Opinion Men had of his Integrity. Can human Nature afford a more exalted Character? I believe not, and yet I think Sir *Thomas More* was no Way his Inferior. His Wisdom and his Wit appear in his Writings, his Uprightness in the Uniformity of his Conduct. When he was a young and a private Man, he disappointed the wisest of our Monarchs, assisted by the ablest Ministry in their Designs, by a Speech of his in the House of Commons. He checked the Pride of *Wolsey*, when he was Speaker of the House, though he was made Speaker through the Interest of the Court. He had so great a Respect to his own Conscience, that he could not keep his Masters long. He had so little Regard to

Life, that he chose rather to part with his Head, than to depart even in Appearance from what he thought was right; so composed when he receiv'd Sentence, that he directed the Bench to proceed decently, and yet so unconcerned at the Moment of his Departure, that he jested at the Block; he was too wise to place his Heart on the Things of this World, and too innocent to have any Terrors about that which was to come.

I ought next to give you some Instances of *English* Men who are not to be equalled, either by *Greeks* or *Romans*; but this I chuse to do in Conversation. At present I shall proceed in pointing out what seem to me to be the Causes, why the Heroes of *Greece* and *Rome* have a greater Reputation, and seem more considerable in the Eyes of the World, than Men of equal Worth and Virtue, who have flourished in this Island; for though I am satisfied, that many of our Ancestors have as equitable a Title to Glory, as any of those excellent Persons whom you and all the World so much admire in the Works of *Plutarch*, yet I do readily confess, that the latter have a more general Repute, for which I think several Reasons may be given. I shall very gladly hear any Thing that may be urged against my Notions, for I speak for Instruction Sake, and not out of any established Prejudice in Favour of my Countrymen.

All that we know of the World before the Times of Christianity, which are less than two thousand Years, is derived to us from *Greek* and *Latin* Writers. The Story of the ancient *Egyptians*, *Affyrians*, *Lylians*, *Medes*, *Persians*, are come to our Hands from *Greek* Historians, who have not scrupled to paint, as well as call them

Bar-

Barbarians, and to deprectate their Manners in order to advance their own. It is the same Thing with respect to the *Romans*, for after that Republic became the Mistress of the World, we know nothing of the Affairs of other Nations; but in Consequence of the Relation they stood in to her; we need not wonder therefore, that *Greeks* and *Romans* appear to us superior to all other People, because we have no Representations of other People and of them, but from their own Pens. You know what the Lion's Answer was, on his being told that there were no Statues representing the Victories of his Species over Men, true, said he, because amongst us Lions, we have no Statuaries. Do you think this is altogether unapplicable to the Matter before us? I am sure if you do, a Moments Recollection will make you change your Sentiment. The *Greek* and *Latin* Authors if we examine them closely, will be found to charge each other with this Kind of Injustice, and therefore we may very safely go so far at least as to distrust both.

Another Cause of the wide Extent of these Heroes Fame, lies in the Languages wherein it is preserved. These are become universal, and of consequence, the Subjects of which they treat are universally known. When we speak of Learning in general, we mean the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, and the Knowledge of what is written in them. This being so, we need not wonder at the mighty Difference there is between the Credit of their Heroes and ours. The Merit of *Cæsar* is alike known in *Poland* and in *Britain*, whereas a Man who should talk of the Worth of *Jaggelo* here, or of *Alfred* there, instead of being listned to, would scarce be understood. It is the Style of
Cassimer's

Casimer's Odes, and their Allusions to *Roman* History, which make them read, and admired throughout *Europe*; as to the *Polish* Prelates and Statesmen, to whom they are addressed, no body, comparatively speaking, enquires about them. Is not this catching the Prejudices of the Antients? Ought we not to do the same Justice to the Memories of Men who lived three hundred, as to those who lived three and twenty hundred Years ago? Ought we to confine Virtues like Fruits, to certain Soils and Climates, or ought we to have any other Standard for Praise, than the Excellency of the Subject? As an *Englishman*, shall I repine that *Fleury* is not a Native of this Island? or ought the rest of the World to cry down Sir *Isaac Newton* because he has no Parallel?

To these, if my Letter was not already of an enormous Length, I could add many slighter Considerations, which contribute also to this seeming Difference, but I flatter my self I have already said enough to bring you over to my Side of the Argument, and if once I do that, your Penetration and Learning will furnish you with a Variety of Reflections on this Subject, to which I am a Stranger. I long to have your Decision on so curious and so important a Dispute, and I confess to you that my longing is so much the greater, because I should then know whether you looked upon this Letter as filled with Reasoning or with Dreams. To me your Approbation or your Correction will be alike agreeable. I should not be more delighted with your owning me in the Right, than with your convincing me that I am in the Wrong. Truth is all in all, we are Happy if we have her, and happy in having her brought to us.

I have scarce left myself Room to tell you how sensible I am of the numerous Obligations you have heaped upon me, and how thoroughly I am persuaded that you do not so much as expect Thanks for all you have done, but Sir, how much soever you hate Flattery, you must give me leave to be grateful, and to glory in the Sile of,

Your most humble,

Your most devoted Servant.

LEANDER.



LETTER VIII.

CELADON *to* PHAON.

I Return you the Book you sent me, which I have read with a great deal of Satisfaction. I was very sensible that we had not thrown away our Time while we were in the Country, but I must confess till I read your Collection, I did not think we had spent it so well. I perfectly approve of your preserving our Letters in the Manner you have done, and I think you have struck out personal Particularities with great Judgment. It always was my Opinion, and I apprehend I intimated as much to you before, that a genuine Collection of *English* Letters might prove as instructive and entertaining as any Thing of a like Kind in another Language. Without Question it had been better, if your poetical Essays
had

had been entirely finished, and yet had you staid for that, perhaps intervening Accidents might have put the Thing entirely out of your Head. It is very likely they will be finished next Summer, and yet it is very possible they may not. As you manage it, the Variety is greater, and consequently so is the Entertainment, than if they had been finished already. If therefore the Friend you mention concurs with you in Opinion, I, for my Part, have no Objection to their being committed to the Press. I have no Idea of depriving Others of a Pleasure which it is in my Power to communicate, and as you have taken Care to conceal our Names, there is no Evil as I apprehend, can attend their Publication. However, consult the rest of our Friends, and do nothing without their Consent at least, nor if possible without their Approbation.

We are busied here in packing up, intending next Week to return to *London*. I have a good deal of Business to do, but do not intend this as an Excuse for any long Silence. As I shall there have greater Conveniencies in consulting Men and Books, I purpose sometimes to trouble you with more regular Epistles than I have hitherto written. There are various Subjects which fall more naturally into the converse of Friends, than under the Decision even of Miscellaneous Authors. I could point out many of these, but that to you, I know it would be unnecessary. However, since we are upon this Topic, and I have my Pen in my Hand, I fancy it will not be altogether amiss if I communicate to you some Observations I have made with the same Freedom they rose in my own Mind. The Mistakes of one Man, prove the indirect Causes of another's Wisdom. We some-
times

times owe good Writers to the Appearance of bad Writings. If there had been no such Poets as *Ogilby*, *Flecknoe*, or *Shadwell*, we should never have seen the finest Satyr in the *English* Language. If many Things had not been written falsely concerning the Civil War, the great Earl of *Clarendon*, would not have made it the Business of the best Part of his Life, to set it in its true Light. As on the other Hand, had not this History been scurrilously attacked, Posterity had wanted those indubitable Proofs of its Authenticity, and that valuable, shall I say, or invaluable Vindication, which fell from the Pen of a certain Prelate in Exile.

Friends may be useful to each other, by communicating freely their Discoveries as to Books. It frequently happens that a very wretched Performance passes through various Editions, and maintains its Reputation, which at first was stolen, longer than an Author of real Merit. For Instance, many voluminous Collections of the *Quack Salmon*, have been, and still are current in the World, merely for want of being properly exposed. A Man not well versed in Arts, may be easily deceived by one of his specious Title Pages, and when he has read over a Load of antiquated Lumber, may fancy he knows something of Painting, Chymistry, Physic, though he is in Fact more ignorant than he was before. On the other Hand, there are not a few excellent Books, which are lost and buried in Oblivion, for want of being properly taken Notice of by such as discover and taste their Beauties. Let me put you in Mind of *Hakewill*, on divine Providence, an old Folio, I shewed you at the Beginning of the Summer, which if either sound Sense, or deep Learning could

could recommend to universal Esteem, would not be so little known as it is. There was a Design set on Foot some Years ago, which would have perfectly answered this purpose. I mean the *British Librarian*, of which however, there is but one Volume, though nothing in that kind was ever so well received. If its Author, who is of all Men living, the most capable, would pursue and perfect this Plan, he would do equal Justice to the Living, and to the Dead. But till this is done, such Notices as I speak off, will be equally useful and entertaining, will prevent our losing Time in reading bad Books, and procure us the Pleasure of Reading many that are good, which otherwise might never have come to our Hands.

The Memoirs of living Persons, and of such as are lately dead, affords a judicious Man frequent Opportunities of writing both useful and pleasant Letters. Something of this Kind I shewed you in a Letter on the Death of Sir *Richard Steele*, who though he was not without Failings, as indeed what Man is without them, had ten Times more real Merit, than some of his Contemporaries who have been cried up to the Skies merely because they had a little better Fortune. Had any Care of this Sort been taken about the celebrated Author of *Hudibras*, we had not seen such wretched Accounts of him, as have been lately published. I own it gives me very great Concern when I see those who have contributed to make Mankind wiser and better, laid in their Grave without Distinction, as if they had done nothing worth Remembrance; whereas he who has had a Share in knocking o'the Head twenty thousand Men, or without any Sharers has acquired as many thousand Pounds, is transmitted to Posterity

as a very remarkable Man, though Posterity reaps nothing from his Labours. One well written Page, or the Example of one remarkable upright Action, is of more real Use to the Public, than all the fine Things that adorn some modern Monuments I could mention. How much soever a Friend of ours laughs at the Obituary I once shew'd you, it still appears to me a very useful thing, and I would freely give a hundred Pounds to have it continued, though in no better a stile for another forty Years.

All remarkable Accidents deserve likewise a Place in such a Correspondence. Not very long ago we had an Account of some prodigious, subterraneous Discoveries which were made by a Surgeon not far from *Paris*, I think it was at *Montemart*, but I believe few People know what is become of them. We had likewise a Rumour of a City found under Ground at no great Distance from *Naples*, but this was never thoroughly explained. Whereas the Tale we had many Years ago of an uninhabited City in *Tartary*, stumbled upon by some of the *Czar's* Subjects, was reduced into a distinct and clear Memoir, which will always remain a Curiosity, and to which no reasonable Man can refuse Credit. The Result of our Intelligence in Journies, Conversations with Travellers, or other accidental Discoveries, may well be referred to this Head, and ought always to be committed to Writing, and sent to our Friends, that as far as may be no real Point of Knowledge, should be in danger of Oblivion through our Carelessness.

The last Thing I shall take Notice of is our Doubts or Incertainties about Persons, Things, Passages in Books, or whatever else exercises the Understanding. If these were communicated from
one

one Friend to another, they would be much sooner and more certainly cleared up, than by our vexatious Enquiries, according as either Chance or Opportunity directs us. There are none but weak People who look upon it as an Imputation to acknowledge their Ignorance of any Thing how dark or obscure soever, though there are certainly many Points in which the wisest Men must be at a loss, and in which perhaps they might be helped out by Persons far less Wise. If I mistake not, *Osborn* somewhere observes that the famous Chancellor *Bacon*, conversed with much Ease, with all Kinds of *Mechanics* about their own Employments. He could never have done this, if he had been ashamed of enquiring into such Things as he desired to be acquainted with. Doubts are in most Cases the Grounds of Science, and he who has never experienced them, though he may believe many Things, can however know but very few.

Farewell, dear *Phaon*, pay my Respects to your Family, and to all our Friends, and be assured that there is no Man who either wishes you better, or would more readily contribute to whatever might augment your Happiness, than,

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Your faithful Servant.

CELADON.

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